

# SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY.

VOL. VII.

NOVEMBER, 1873.

NO. I.



LOUISIANA to-day is Paradise Lost. In twenty years it may be Paradise Regained. It has unlimited, faery, enchanting possibilities. Now, upon its bay-

ou-penetrated soil, on its rich uplands and its vast prairies, a gigantic struggle is in progress. It is the battle of race with race, of the picturesque and unjust civilization of the past with the prosaic and leveling civilization of the present. For a century and a half it was coveted by all nations; overrun by the great dominant European powers—the French, the English, the Spaniards. It has been in turn the plaything of monarchs and the bait of adventurers. Its history and tradition are leagued with all that was romantic in the eighteenth century. From its immense limits sprang the noble sisterhood of south-western States, whose inexhaustible domain affords ample refuge for the poor of all the world. A little more than half a century ago the frontier of Louisiana, with the Spanish internal provinces, extended nineteen hundred miles; the territory boasted a line of sea-coast of five hundred miles on the Pacific Ocean; drew a boundary line seventeen hundred miles along the edge of the British-American dominions; thence followed the Mississippi by a comparative course for fourteen hundred miles; fronted the Mexican Gulf for seven hundred miles, and embraced within its territory nearly a million and a half square miles. Texas was a fragment broken from it. California, Kansas, and the Indian Territory, Missouri and Mississippi, were made from it, and still there was an Empire to spare, watered by five of the finest rivers of the world. Indiana, Arkansas, Iowa, Minnesota, and Nebraska were born out of it. Europe, in John Law's time, went Louisiana-mad. From French Bienville to American Claiborne the administrations were dramatic, diplomatic, bathed in the atmosphere of conspiracy. Superstition cast a weird veil of mystery over the great rivers, and Indian legend peopled every nook and cranny of the Territory with fantastic creations of untutored fancy. The humble roof of the log cabin on the banks of the Mississippi covered all the grace and elegance of the French society of the Great Monarch's time. Jesuit and Cavalier carried European thought to the Indians. Frenchman and Spaniard, Canadian and Yankee, intrigued and planned on Louisianian soil with an energy and fierceness displayed nowhere else in our early history. What wonder, after this cosmopolitan record, that even the fragment of Louisiana which has retained the name—this remnant



THE CATHEDRAL ST. LOUIS—NEW ORLEANS.

embracing but a thirtieth of the area of the original Territory,—yet still covering more than thirty millions of acres of upland prairie, alluvial and sea marsh,—what wonder that it is so richly varied, so charming, so unique?

Six o'clock, on Saturday evening, in the good old city of New Orleans. From the tower of the Cathedral St. Louis the tremulous harmony of bells drifts lightly on the cool spring breeze, and hovers like a benediction over the antique buildings, the blossoms and hedges in the square, and the broad and swiftly-flowing river. The bells are calling all in the parish to offer masses for the repose of the soul of the Cathedral's founder, Don Andre Almonaster, once upon a time "perpetual regidor" of New Orleans. Every Saturday eve for three-quarters of a century, the solemn music from the Cathedral belfry has brought the good Andre to mind; and the mellow notes, as we hear them, seem to call up visions of the quaint past. Don Andre gave the Cathedral its dower in 1789, while the colony was under the domination of Charles the Fourth of Spain. The original edifice is gone now, and in its stead, since 1850, has stood a composite structure which is a monument to bad taste. Venerable and imposing was the old Cathedral, with its melange of rustic, Tuscan, and Roman Doric orders of architecture, with its towers crowned with low spires, and its semicircular arched door, with clustered Tuscan columns on either side, at the front; and many a grand pageant had it seen. The new church seems like an impudent *parvenu*, beside its neighbors. Under the pavement of the Cathedral was buried Father Antonio de Sedella, a Spanish priest, who, in

his time, was one of the celebrities of New Orleans, and the very recollection of whom calls up memories of the Inquisition, of intrigue and mystery. Father Antonio's name is sacred in the Louisianian capital, nevertheless; for although an enraged Spanish Governor once expelled him for presuming to establish the Inquisition too sharply in the colony, he came back, and flourished until 1837, under American rule, dying at the age of ninety, in the odor of sanctity, mourned by the women and worshiped by the children.

Now the sunlight mingles with the breeze bewitchingly; the old square,—the gray and red buildings, with massive walls and encircling balconies, the great door of the new Cathedral—all are lighted up. See! a black-robed woman, with downcast eyes, passes silently over the holy threshold; a blind beggar, with a parti-colored handkerchief wound about his weather-beaten head, hears the rustling of her gown, and stretches out his trembling hand for alms; the market-women hush their chatter as they near the portal; a mulatto lazzaroni is lounging in the shade of an ancient arch, beneath the old Spanish Council House;—this is not an American scene, and one almost persuades himself that he is in Europe, although ten minutes of rapid walking will bring him to streets and squares as generically American as any in Boston, Chicago, or St. Louis. The city of New Orleans is fruitful in surprises. In a morning's promenade, which shall not extend over an hundred acres, one may encounter the civilizations of Paris, of Madrid, of Messina; may stumble upon the semi-barbaric life of the negro and the native Indian; may see the overworked American in his business establishment and in his elegant home; and may find, strangest of all, that each and every foreign type moves in a special current of its own, mingling little with the American, which is dominant; in it, yet not of it—as the Gulf Stream in the Ocean.

But the older colonial landmarks here in the city, as throughout the State and the Mississippi Valley, are fast disappearing. The imprint of French manners and customs will long remain, however; for it was made lasting by two periods of domination. The hatred of Napoleon the Great for the English was the motive which led to the cession of Louisiana to the United States: had he not come upon the stage of European politics, the Valley of the Father of Waters might have been French to-day; and both sides of Canal street would have reminded the European of Paris and Bordeaux. The French

Emperor, fearful lest the cannon of the English fleets might thunder at the gates of New Orleans when he was at war with England, at the beginning of this century, sold the "Earthly Paradise" to the United States. "The English," said the man of destiny, "shall not have the Mississippi, which they covet." And they did not get it. Seventy years ago the tide of crude, hasty American progress rushed in upon these lovely lowlands bordering the river and the Gulf; and it is a wonder that even a few landmarks of French and Spanish rule are left high above the flood. You may compass the perfection of contrast in a brief time here. Yonder is the archbishop's palace: stand upon one side of it, and you seem in a foreign land; stand upon the other, and you catch a glimpse of the rush and hurry of American traffic of to-day along the levee; you see the sharp-featured "river hand," hear his uncouth parlance, and recognize him for your countryman; you see huge piles of cotton bales; you hear the monotonous whistle of the gigantic white steamers arriving and departing; and the irrepressible negro slouches sullenly by with his hands in his pockets, and his cheeks distended with tobacco.

You must know much of the past of New Orleans and Louisiana to thoroughly understand their present. New England sprang from the Puritan mould; Louisiana, from the French and Spanish civilizations of the eighteenth century. The one stands erect, vibrating with life and activity, austere and ambitious, upon its rocky shores; the other lies



A. M. H.

prone, its rich vitality dormant and passive, luxurious and unambitious, on the glorious shores of the tropic Gulf. The former was Anglo-Saxon and simple even to Spartan plainness at its outset ; the latter was Franco-Spanish, subtle in the graces of the elder societies, self-indulgent and romantic at its beginning. And New Orleans was no more or less the antipodes of Boston in 1773 than it is in 1873. It was a hardy rose indeed which dared to blush in the New England even of Governor Winthrop's time, before June had dowered its beauty on the land ; it was an o'er modest Choctaw rose in the Louisiana of De Soto's time which did not shower its petals on the fragrant turf in February. In Louisiana summer lingers long after the rude winter of the North has done its work of devastation ; there the sleeping passion of the climate only breaks now and then into the lightning of anger or the terrible tears of the thunder-storm ; there is no chronic March horror of deadly wind or transpiercing cold ; the sun is kind, and the days are pearls.

Wandering from the ancient Place d'Armes, now dignified with the appellation of " Jackson Square," through the older quarters of the city, one may readily call to mind the curious changeful past of the commonwealth and its cosmopolitan capital ; for there is a visible reminder at many a corner, and on many a wall. It requires but little effort of imagination to restore the city to our view as it was in 1723, five years after Bienville, the second French Governor of Louisiana, had undertaken the dubious project of establishing a capital on the treacherous Mississippi's bank. Discouraged and faint almost unto death, after the terrible sufferings which he and his fellow-colonists had undergone at Biloxi, a bleak fort in a wilderness, he had dragged his weary limbs to the only spot which seemed to him advantageous on the river-coast, and there defiantly unfurled the flag of France, and made his last stand ! Bienville was a man of vast courage and supreme daring ; he had been drifting along the Mississippi, through the stretches of wilderness, since 1699 ; had vanquished Indian and beast of the forest ; was skilled in the lore of the backwoodsman, as became the hardy son of a harder Canadian father. When he succeeded the brave and courageous Sauvole as Governor of the colony, which had then become indisputably French, he entered upon a period of harrowing and petty vexations. He had to keep faithful and persistent watch at the entrance of the river from the Gulf ; for during many years England, France, and Spain were

at war, and the Spaniards ever kept a jealous eye on French progress in America. The colony languished, and was inhabited by only a few vagabond Canadians, some dubious characters from France, and the Government officers. On the 14th of September, 1712, Louis the Magnificent granted to Anthony Crozat, a merchant prince, the Rothschild of the day, the exclusive privilege, for fifteen years, of trading in all the territory which was so indefinitely bounded and claimed by France as Louisiana. Crozat obtained with his charter the additional privilege of sending a ship once a year for negroes to Africa, and of owning and working all the mines to be discovered in the colony, provided that one-fourth of their proceeds should be reserved for the king. One ship-load of slaves to every two ship-loads of independent colonists : such were the proportions established for emigration to Louisiana more than a century and a half ago. Slavery was well begun.

In 1713 Bienville was displaced to make room for Cadillac, sent from France as Governor ; a rude, quarrelsome man, who saw no good in the new colony, and hated and feared Bienville. But Cadillac's daughter loved the quondam Governor whom her father's arrival had degraded ; and to save her from a wasted life, the proud Cadillac offered her in marriage to Bienville. The latter did not reciprocate the maid's affection, and Cadillac, burning with rage, and anxious to avenge himself for this humiliation, sent Bienville with a tiny



AT THE HOLY WATER FOUNT.



THE ARCHBISHOP'S GARDEN.

force on a dangerous expedition among the hostile Indians. He went ; he returned successful and unharmed. Cadillac's temper soon caused his downfall, and others, equally unsuccessful, succeeded him. Crozat's schemes failed, and he relinquished the colony.

And then ? Louisiana the indefinite and unfortunate fell into the clutches of John Law. The regent Duke of Orleans had decided to "foster and preserve the colony," and gave it into the hands of the "Company of the Indies," a commercial oligarchy into which Law had blown the breath of life. The Royal Bank sprang into existence under Law's enchanted wand ; the charter of the Mississippi Company was registered at Paris, and the exclusive privilege of trading with Louisiana, during twenty-five years, was granted to that company. France was flooded with rumors that Louisiana was the long-sought Eldorado ; dupes were made by millions ; princes waited in John Law's anterooms in Paris. Then came the revulsion, the overturn of Law. Louisiana was no longer represented as a new Atlantis, but as the very mouth of the pit ; and it was only colonized by thieves, murderers, beggars, and gypsies, gathered up by force throughout France and expelled from the kingdom.

After the bursting of the Law bubble, Bien-

ville was once more appointed Governor of Louisiana, and in 1718 he chose the spot where now stands the goodly capital as the site of a city, and left a detachment of infantry there to build barracks. Five years thereafter, when the colony, yearly increasing in strength and numbers, had undergone the Pensacola war and a terrible famine, Bienville's favorite town was named as the capital of the territory, and the seat of government was removed from New Biloxi to New Orleans, as the city was called, in honor of the title of the regent of France.

Let us look at the New Orleans of that period, between 1723 and 1730. Imagine a low-lying swamp, overgrown with a dense ragged forest, cut up into a thousand miniature islands by ruts and pools filled with stagnant water. Fancy a small cleared space along the superb river channel, a space often inundated and but badly reclaimed from the circumambient swamp ; a space divided into a host of small correct squares, each exactly like its neighbor, and each so ditched within and ditched without, as to render the least wandering after nightfall almost perilous. The ditch which ran along the four sides of every square in the city was filled with a black swamp and refuse composite, which, under the burning sun, sent forth a most deadly odor. Around the city was a huge palisade and a gigantic ditch ; tall grasses and reeds grew up to the very doors of the houses, and the hoarse chant of myriads of frogs mingled with the vesper songs of the colonists. Away where the waters of the Mississippi and of Lake Pontchartrain had formed a high ridge of land, was the "Leper's Bluff;" and among the reeds from the city thitherward always lurked a host of criminals. The negro, fresh from the African coast, strode defiantly then along the low shores by the stream ; he had not learned the crouching, abject gait which a century of slavery gave him. He was punished if he rebelled ;



THE ARCHBISHOP'S PALACE.



THE SUPREME COURT—NEW ORLEANS.

but he kept his dignity. In the humble dwellings which occupied the much-drained squares there were noble manners and graces ; all the traditions and each *finesse* of the time had not been forgotten in the voyage from France : and airy gentlemen and stately dames promenaded in this queer, swamp-surrounded, river-endangered fortress, with Parisian grace and ease. There were few churches, and the colonists gathered about great wooden crosses in the open air for the ceremonials of their religion. There were twice as many negroes as white people in the city. Domestic animals were so scarce that he who injured or fatally wounded a horse or a cow was punished with death. Ursuline nuns and Jesuit fathers glided about the streets upon their sacred missions. The principal avenues within the fortified enclosure were named after princes of the royal blood,—Maine, Condé, Conti, Toulouse, and Bourbon ; Chartres street took its name from that of the son of the regent of Orleans, and an avenue was named in honor of Governor Bienville. Along the river for many miles beyond the city, marquises and other noble representatives of aristocratic French families had established plantations, and lived luxurious lives of self-indulgence, without especially contributing to the wealth of the colony. Jews were banished from the bounds of Louisiana. Sundays and holidays were strictly observed, and negroes found working on Sunday were confiscated. No worship save the Catholic was allowed ; white subjects were forbidden to marry or to live in concubinage with slaves, and masters were for-

bidden to force their slaves into any marriage against their will ; the children of a negro slave-husband and a negro free-wife were all free ; if the mother were a slave and the husband free, the children shared the condition of the mother. Slaves were forbidden to gather in crowds, either by day or night, under any pretext, and if found assembled, were punished by the whip, or branded with the mark of the flower-de-luce, or executed. The slaves all wore marks or badges, and were forbidden to sell produce of any kind without the written consent of their masters. The protection and security of slaves in old age was well provided for ; Christian slaves were permitted burial in consecrated ground. The slave who produced a bruise, or the "shedding of blood in the face," on the person of his master, or any of the family to which he appertained, by striking them, was condemned to death ; and the runaway slave, when caught, after the first offence, had his ears cut off, and was branded ; after the second, was ham-strung and again branded ; after the third, was condemned to death. Slaves who had been set free were still bound to show the profoundest respect to their "former masters, their widows and children," under pain of severe penalties. Slave husbands and wives were not permitted to be seized and sold separately when belonging to the same master ; and whenever slaves were appointed by their masters tutors to their children, they "were held and regarded as being thereby set free to all intents and purposes." The Choctaws and Chickasaws, the neighbors to the colonists, were waging destructive war against each other ; hurricanes regularly destroyed all the engineering works erected by the French government at the mouths of the Mississippi : and expeditions against the Natchez and the Chickasaws ; arrivals of ships from France with loads of troops, provisions, and wives for the colonists ; the building of levees along the river front near New Orleans, and the occasional deposition from and renewal in office of Bienville, were the chief events in those crude days of the beginning.

I like to stand in these old Louisianian byways, and look back on the progress of French civilization in them, now that it has been displaced by a newer one. I like to remember that New Orleans was named after the regent of France ; that the beautiful lake lying between the city and the Gulf was christened after the splendid Pontchartrain, him of the lean and hungry look, and of the "smile of death," him to whom the heart of

Louis the Fourteenth was always open ; and that the other beautiful lake, so near the city, was named in memory of Maurepas, the wily adviser of Louis the Sixteenth and unlucky. I like to remember that Louisiana itself owes its pretentious name to the devotion of its discoverer to the Great Monarch whom the joyous La Salle could not refrain from calling "the most puissant, most high, most invincible and victorious prince." I like to picture to myself Allouez and Father Dablon, Marquette and Joliet, La Salle, Iberville, and Bienville, following in the footsteps of Garay and Leon, Cordova and Narvaez, De Vaca and Friar Mark; and finally tracing and identifying the current of the wild, mysterious Mississippi, which had been but a tradition for ages, until every nook and cranny, from the Falls of St. Anthony to the Gulf of Mexico, re-echoed to French words of command and prayer, as well as to gayest of French chansons. The French held out vigorously and merrily against the encroaching English and the intriguing Spaniards ; and Bienville himself could not refrain from a Yankee trick, when in early days he was anxious to turn back an English vessel, whose commander, having entered the river, wished to found a British colony thereabouts. We can well afford to feel friendlier towards the French now than did our ancestors when they were encroaching on the northwest ; and we almost forget that Napoleon the Great and Marbois abominated us as much as they admired the growing power of the United States, even when, in 1803, "on the tenth day of Floreal,

in the eleventh year of the French Republic," they ceded to us the tract then understood under the name of Louisiana, in consideration of the sum of sixty millions of francs.

Let us take another picture of New Orleans, from 1792 to 1797, thirty years after the King of France had bestowed upon "his cousin of Spain" the splendid gift of Louisiana, ceding it, "without any exception or reservation whatever, from the pure impulse of his generous heart." That a country should by a simple stroke of the pen strip herself of possessions extending from the mouth of the Mississippi to the St. Lawrence, is almost incomprehensible. Possibly, France had already learned that her people had not in their breasts that eternal hunger for travel, that feverish unrest, which has made the Anglo-Saxon the most successful of colonists, and has given half the world to him and to his descendants. But the French had nobly done the work of pioneering. Sauvolle, grimly defying death at Biloxi ; Bienville, urging the adventurous crew of his ship through the reeds at the Mississippi's mouth, are among the most heroic figures in the early history of our common country.

New Orleans from 1792 to 1797. Its civilization has changed ; it is fitted into the iron groove of Spanish domination, and has become bigoted, narrow, and hostile to all innovations. Along the streets, now lined with low, flat-roofed, balconied houses, out of whose construction peep little hints of Moorish architecture, stalks the lean and haughty Spanish cavalier, with his hand upon his sword ; and the quavering voice of the night watchman, equipped with his traditional spear and lantern, is heard through the night hours proclaiming that all is "serene," although at each corner lurks a fugitive from justice, waiting only until the watchman has passed to commit new crime. Six thousand souls now inhabit the city ; there are hints in the air of a plague, and the Intendant has written home to the Council of State that "some affirm that the yellow fever is to be feared." The priests and friars are half-mad, with despair because the mixed population pays so very little attention to its salvation from eternal damnation ; and because the roystering officers and soldiers of the regiment of Louisiana admit that they have not been to mass for three years. The French hover about the few taverns and coffee-houses permitted in the city, and mutter rebellion against the Spaniard, whom they have always disliked. The Spanish and French schools are in perpetual collision ; so are the manners, cus-



THE JACKSON STATUE.



BIENVILLE, THE FOUNDER OF NEW ORLEANS.

toms, diets, and languages of the respective nations. The Ursuline convent has refused to admit Spanish women who desire to become nuns, unless they learn the French language; and the ruling Governor, Baron Carondelet, has such small faith in the loyalty of the colonists that he has had the fortifications constructed with a view not only to protecting himself against attacks from without, but from within. The city has suddenly taken on a wonderful aspect of barrack-yard and camp. On the side fronting the Mississippi are two small forts commanding the road and the river. On their eighteen-feet thick brick-coated parapets, Spanish sentinels are languidly pacing; and cannon look out ominously over the town. Between these two forts, and so arranged as to cross its fires with them, fronting on the main street of the town, is a great battery commanding the river; then there are forts at each of the salient angles of the long square forming the city, and a third a little beyond them,—all armed with eight guns each. From one of these tiny forts to another, noisy dragoons are always clattering; officers are parading to and fro; government officials block the way; and the whole town looks like a Spanish garrison gradually growing, by some mysterious process of transformation, into a French city. For the Spanish civilization did not and

could not take a strong hold there. The race was started, and the Spanish character could not be grafted upon it. Spain did not give to New Orleans so many lasting historic souvenirs as France. Barracks, petty forts, dragoon stables, and many other quaint buildings have disappeared, leaving only the "Principal," next the Cathedral, and its fellow on the other side of the old church; some aged private dwellings, rapidly decaying, and a delicate imprint and suggestion of former Spanish rule scattered throughout various quarters of the city. Spanish society flourishes still; and in some parts of the old town the many-balconied, thick-walled houses for the moment mislead the visitor into the belief that he is in Spain; but echoing from those very balconies he hears the French language, or the curious Creole *patois*.

Or let us take still another picture of New Orleans,—this time under American domination. The Spaniard has gone his ways; Ulloa and O'Reilly, Unzaga, Galvez and Miro, have held their governorships under the Spanish King. Carondelet, Gayoso, Casa Calva, and Salcedo alike have vanished. There have been insurrections on the part of the French; many longings after the old banner; and at last Napoleon the Great has determined to once more possess the grand territory. Spain knows well that it is useless to oppose his wishes; is not sorry, withal, to be rid of a colony so difficult to govern, and so near to the quarrelsome Americans, who have many times threatened to take New Orleans by force if any farther commercial regulations are made by Spaniards at the Mississippi's outlet. Napoleon has three things to gain by the possession of the Territory: the command of the Gulf; the supply of the islands owned by France; and a place of settlement for surplus population. So that, at St. Ildefonso, on the morning of October first, 1800, a treaty of cession is signed, its third article reading as follows: "His Catholic Majesty promises and engages, on his part, to retrocede to the French Republic, six months after the full and entire execution of the conditions and stipulations herein relative to His Royal Highness the Duke of Parma,—the colony or province of Louisiana, with the same extent that it now has in the hands of Spain, and that it had when France possessed it; and such as it should be after the treaties subsequently entered into between Spain and other states." This treaty is kept secret while the French fit out an expedition to sail and take sudden possession of the reacquired Territory; but



AT THE CORNER OF JACKSON SQUARE.

the United States has sharp ears ; and Minister Livingston besets the cabinet of the First Consul at Paris ; fights a good battle of diplomacy ; is dignified as well as aggressive ; wins his cause ; and Napoleon tells his counselors, on Easter Sunday, 1803, his resolve in the following words : "I know the full value of Louisiana, and I have been desirous of repairing the fault of the French negotiator who abandoned it in 1763 ; a few lines of a treaty have restored it to me, and I have scarcely recovered it when I must expect to lose it. (The English were then hurrying their fleets into the Gulf.) But if it escapes from me, it shall one day cost dearer to those who oblige me to strip myself of it than to those to whom I wish to deliver it." And it was forthwith ceded to the United States.

The Spaniard and the Frenchman have gone their ways, and Governor Claiborne has taken up the power let fall by the defunct hybrid government. Half a generation has brought the conflicting national elements into something more of harmony, and has made Louisiana a territory containing fifty thousand souls. The first steamboat has ploughed through the waters of the Mississippi, but more stirring events have also taken

place. Great Britain has sent a hostile force to Louisiana, and fifteen thousand men have besieged it by land and sea, only to be ingloriously beaten off and sent home in disorder, by the raw troops of the river States, the stalwart Kentuckians, the gaunt men of Tennessee, the rough, hard-handed sons of Illinois, the dashing horsemen of Mississippi, and the handsome athletic Creoles of New Orleans. In front of old Almonaster's Cathedral in the square henceforth to commemorate the name of Jackson, is a grand parade, and the victorious troops of the iron, angular, unbending General are drawn up in order of review. Under a triumphal arch, on each side of which are ranged allegorical groups, and backed by glittering avenues of bayonets stretching to the river, the hero of Chalmette passes, and with laurel-crowned head bows low to receive the apostolic benediction of the venerable abbé at the Cathedral door.

Or let us take some pictures from New Orleans of to-day. The hideous nightmare dream of "the war" has passed away, leaving no pictures which we care to bring anew before the country's eyes ; and the Crescent City has grown to giant proportions since the times of Claiborne and Jackson. As fast as the territory itself has shrunk, the city has gained more and more in wealth and population, until, even after the terrible crushing which it and its interests received during the war, it stands among the first commercial ports of the world. The renaissance of commerce since the close of the late struggle has been in many respects astonishing in its



OLD SPANISH HOUSE ON ROYAL STREET.

progress. The discouraged Louisianians have been startled at their own sturdy strength. The work has gone on under the most disheartening and depressing conditions; but trial seems to have brought out a reserve energy of which its possessors had never suspected themselves.

And first, we must take the gayer pictures. We will not go too deep in our analysis, until, in our quality of loungers, we have passed lightly over the picturesque and unique points of this venerable and varied city.

Step off from Canal street, that avenue of compromises which separates the French and the American cities, some bright February morning, and you are at once in a foreign atmosphere. Three paces from the corner have enchanted you; the surroundings of a Southern-American commonwealth have vanished; this might be Toulouse, or Bordeaux, or Marseilles! The houses are all of stone or solid brick, stuccoed or painted; the windows descend to the floors of each story, and open, like doors, on to airy, pretty balconies, protected by iron railings; quaint dormer windows peer from the great roofs; and the street doors of the houses are massive, and large enough to admit horses and carriage into the stone-paved court-yards, from which half-a-dozen stairways communicate with the interiors. Sometimes, through the portal, you catch a glimpse of a delicious garden, filled with daintiest blossoms, purple and white and red gleaming from the vines clambering over a gray wall; rose-bushes, with the grass about them strewn with loveliest petals; symmetrical green bouquets, and luxuriant hedges, arbors, and refuges, trimmed by skillful hands; banks of verbenas; bewitching profusion of peach and apple blossoms; dark green of the magnolia; in a quiet corner, the rich glow of the orange in its nest among the thick leaves of its parent tree; the defiant palmetto, the frost-fearing catalpa, and a mass of rich bloom which laps the senses in slumberous delight, when—suddenly the door closes behind some dark-haired, flashing-eyed, slender Creole girl, clad in black, and your paradise is lost, while Eve remains inside the gate!

From the balconies hang, idly flapping in the lazy breeze, little tin painted placards, announcing "Furnish-

ed apartments to rent." Alas! in too many of the old mansions you are ushered in by a gray-faced woman clad in deepest black, with little children clinging jealously to her skirts, and you instinctively note by her manners and her speech that she has never rented rooms before the war. You pity her sad heart, and think of the multitudes of these gray-faced women you have seen; of the numbers of these silent, almost desolate houses. Sometimes, too, a knock at the porter's lodge will bring to your view a bustling Creole dame, fat and fifty, redolent of garlic and new wine, and robust, in voice as in person. Hola! how cheerily she retails her misfortunes, as if they were blessings. An invalid husband—*voyez-vous ça!* Auguste a Confederate, of course—and is yet; but the *pauvre garçon* is unable to work, and we are very poor! All this merrily, and in a high-pitched key, while the hybrid young negress who is the housemaid stands lazily listening to her mistress's French, with her two huge lips nervously polishing the handle of the broom she holds in her broad corded hands.

Here, too, business, as in foreign cities, has usurped only half the domain; and the shopkeepers live over their shops, and communicate a little of the aroma of home to their commerce. The dainty *salon*, where the ladies' hairdresser holds sway, has its doorway enlivened by the hairdresser's baby, who gambols therein; the grocer and his wife, the milliner and his daughter, are all behind the counter. Here you pass a little *café*, with the awning drawn down exactly as in France, and, peering in, can distinguish half-a-dozen bald, round old boys drinking their evening absinthe, and playing picquet and vingt-et-un. Here, perhaps, is a touch of Americanism: a lazy negro, recumbent in a two-wheeled cart, with his eyes languidly closed, and his dirty feet sprawled on the sidewalk. No! for he responds to your question in French, and is



THE NEW URSULINE CONVENT.

willing to do an errand for you. French signs abound ; there is a warehouse for wines and brandies from the heart of Southern France ; here is a funeral notice, printed in deepest black : "The friends of Jean Baptiste, etc., are respectfully invited to be present at the funeral, which will take place at precisely four o'clock on the \_\_\_\_." The notice is printed on black-edged note-paper, and nailed to a post. Here pass a group of French negroes, the buxom girls dressed with a certain grace, and with gayly-colored handkerchiefs wound about an unpardonable luxuriance of wool ; their cavaliers clothed mainly in antiquated garments rapidly approaching the level of rags ; and their conversation resounding for half-a-dozen blocks, interspersed with a laughter which ripples like wine, effervesces like champagne. The streets are solidly paved with square blocks of stone, brought all the way, in some cases, from New England, and the surface drainage, which necessitates ugly angles of opening at street corners, is carefully attended to. Turning into a side street leading off from Royal, or Chartres, or Bourgogne, or Dauphin, or Rampart streets, you may glance at odd little shops, where the cobbler sits at his work in the shadow of a grand old Spanish arch, or a nest of curly-headed negro babies is ensconced on tailor's bench at the window of a fine ancient mansion ; you may see in a narrow room, glass-fronted, a long and well-spread table surrounded by twenty Frenchmen and Frenchwomen, all talking at once over their eleven o'clock breakfast ; or you may enter more aristocratic restaurants, where the immaculate floors are only surpassed in cleanliness by the immaculate linen of the tables, where a solemn dignity, as befits the refined pleasure of dinner, prevails, and where the waiter gives you the names of the dishes in both languages, and bestows on you a napkin large enough to serve you as a shroud, if this strange melange of French and Southern cooking gives you a fatal indigestion. The French families of position usually dine at four, for the theater begins promptly at seven, Sundays and week days. There is the play-bill, in French, of course ; and there are the typical Creole ladies, stopping for a moment to glance at it as they wend their way shop-ward. For it is the shopping hour ; from eleven to two the streets of this old quarter are alive with elegantly, yet soberly attired ladies ; always in couples, for French etiquette prevails here, and the unmarried lady is never allowed to promenade without her maid or her mother. One sees beautiful faces on the Rue Royale, *Anglice*, Royal



A Brace of Old Spanish Governors.

street ; and in the balconies and lodges of the Opera House ; sometimes, too, in the cool of the evening, there are fascinating little groups of the daughters of Creoles on the balconies, gayly chatting, while the veil of the superb southern twilight is torn away, and the glory of the white moonlight and the stars is showered over the quiet streets. The Creole ladies are not, as a rule, as highly educated in the education of the schools as the gracious daughters of the American quarter ; but they have enviable accomplishments of manners, an indefinable grace, a charming *savoir* in dress, and a piquant and alluring charm in person and conversation, which makes them universal favorites in society, and they are much liked abroad. They are self-possessed, easy in manner in all company, and receive the most courtly attention abroad, as if it were customary and frequent. The French quarter will always furnish many of its most charming belles to the society of New Orleans. One of the chiefest of their charms is the staccato and queerly-colored English, grammatically correct, but French in idea and accent, which many of them speak. At the Saturday matinées, in the opera or comedy season at the French Theater, you will see hundreds of the ladies of this quarter ; rarely can a finer grouping of lovely brunettes be found ; nowhere a more tastefully-dressed and elegantly-mannered assembly.

It is perhaps an abnormal quiet which reigns in the old French city since the war ended ; but it would be difficult to find village streets more tranquil than the main avenues of this foreign quarter after nine at night. The long splendid avenues of Rampart and Esplanade streets, with their rows of trees planted in the center of the driveways, the white-washed trunks giving a fine effect of green and white, with their solid prepossessing two-story verandah-encircled mansions, set down

in the midst of pretty gardens, are peaceful, and the negro nurses stroll on the sidewalks, chattering in quaint French to the little children of their former masters—now their “employers.” There is no attempt on the part of the French or Spanish families to inaugurate style and fashion in public in the city; quiet home society, the making of matches and marrying of daughters, the games and dinner-parties among the “old boys,” and the church, shopping, and calls, in simple and unaffected manner, content the young ladies. The majority of the people in the whole quarter seem to have a total disregard of the outside world, and when one hears them discussing the distracted condition of local politics, one can almost fancy them gossiping on matters entirely foreign to them, instead of subjects so vitally connected with their lives and property. They seem as remote from New York and Washington as if limitless oceans rolled between. The Americans do not come to them, bringing even a faint reflection of the excitements in these United States; they live very much among themselves, and it is astonishing to see how little the ordinary American citizen of New Orleans knows about the French; how illy he appreciates them. It is hard for him to talk five minutes about them without saying, “Well, we have a non-progressive element here, and it will not be converted.” Having said which, he may perhaps paint in glowing colors the virtues and excellences of his French neighbors, but cannot forgive them for taking so little interest in public affairs.

Here we are again at the Archbishop's Palace, once the Convent of the Ursulines, who now have a splendid convent and school further down the river, surrounded by beautiful gardens. This ancient edifice was completed by the French government in 1733, and is the most ancient in Louisiana. Its Tuscan composite architecture and its queer roofs and chimneys, its porter's lodge and its interior garden, make it well worth preserving, even when the tide of progress sets in as far as this nook on Condé street. The Ursuline nuns occupied this convent for nearly a century, and it was only abandoned by them because they were tempted, by the great rise in real estate in that vicinity, to sell. The new convent is richly endowed, and is one of the best seminaries in the South.

Many of the owners of property in the vicinity of the Archbishop's Palace have removed to France, since the war, and spend their rent-rolls there,—doing nothing for the benefit of the metropolis which gave them their



THE ST. LOUIS HOTEL.

fortunes. The rent of these solidly constructed old houses brings them a fortune, which, when translated from dollars into francs, is colossal, and which the Parisian tradesmen tuck away into their strong-boxes. With the downfall of slavery, and the advent of reconstruction, came such radical changes into Louisiana politics and society that those belonging to the *ancien régime* who could flee, fled; and a prominent historian and gentleman of most honorable Creole descent told me that, among his immense acquaintance, he did not know a single person who would not leave the State if he or she had the means. The grooves in which society in Louisiana and New Orleans had run before the late struggle, were so broken that even a residence in the State was distasteful to him and the society he represented; since the war, he said, five hundred years seemed to have passed over the commonwealth. The Italy of Augustus and the Italy of to-day were not more dissimilar than Louisiana before, and Louisiana after the war. There was no longer the spirit to maintain the grand, unbounded hospitality which was once so characteristic of the South. Formerly, the guest would have been presented to planters who would have entertained him for days, in royal style, and who would have sent him forward in their own carriages, commended to the hospitality of their neighbors. Now, these same planters were living upon corn and pork. “Now,” said the gentleman, “all these rich people have vanished from their homes, and I actually know ladies of culture and refinement, whose income was one hundred thousand dollars yearly before the war, who are

washing for their daily bread. The misery, the despair, in hundreds of cases, is beyond belief. Hosts of lovely plantations now remain entirely deserted; the negroes will not remain upon them, but flock into the cities, or work on land which they have purchased for themselves." He did not believe that the free negro did as much work for himself as he formerly did for his master. The conditions of labor for planters at the present time he considered terribly onerous; the negroes were only profitable as field-hands when they worked the lands on shares, after the planters had furnished them the land, tools, horses, mules, and advanced them their food. He said that he would not himself hire a negro for a very small sum monthly; he did not believe it would be profitable. The discouragement of the native Louisianians, he believed, arose in large degree from the difficulty of obtaining capital with which to begin anew. He knew many cases where only ten or twenty thousand dollars were needed to make improvements in water-powers and on lands which would net hundreds of thousands. He had himself written repeatedly, urging people at the North to invest, but they would not; and alleged that they should not alter their determination so long as the present condition of politics prevailed. He said with great emphasis that he did not think the people of the North would believe a statement which gave a faithful transcript of the present condition of affairs in Louisiana. The natives of the State could hardly realize it themselves; and it was not to be expected that strangers, of differing habits of life and thought, should be able. He did not blame the negro for his present incapacity, but always proceeded on the basis that the black man was an inferior being who had been peculiarly unfitted for what he was now called upon to undertake, by ages of special training. The negro was, he thought, by nature kindly, generous courteous, susceptible of civilization only to a certain degree; somewhat devoid of moral consciousness, and usually, of course, ignorant. Not one out of one hundred, the whole State through, could write his name; and there had been fifty-five in one single Legislature who could neither

read nor write. There was, according to him, scarcely a single man of color in the last Legislature who was competent in any large degree. The Louisiana people were in such terror of the negro government that they would rather accept any other species of despotism. A military dictator would be far preferable to them; they would go anywhere to escape the ignominy to which they were at present subjected. The crisis was demoralizing every one. Nobody worked with any will; every one was in debt. There was not a single piece of property in the city of New Orleans in which he would at present invest, although one could now buy for \$5,000 or \$10,000 property originally worth \$50,000. He said it would not pay to purchase, the taxes were so enormous. The majority of the great plantations had been deserted on account of the excessive taxation. How deep the despair was, only those familiar with its real causes could imagine. Benefit by immigration, he maintained, was impossible under the present régime; white men from more bracing climates became demoralized in Louisiana in a few months, and also mingled in the distracted politics in such a manner as to neglect all proper development of the country. Thousands of Louisianians were fleeing to Texas: (and I could vouch for the correctness of that assertion.) He said that the mass of emigrants became readily discouraged and broken down in the Louisiana climate, because they began by working harder than that climate would permit. The Germans who had come into the State had in some instances been ordered by organizations both of white and colored native workmen not to perform so much daily, as they were setting a dangerous example! Still, he believed that almost any white man would at any time do as much work as three negroes. He hardly thought that in fifty years there would be any negroes in Louisiana.



THE UNITED STATES BRANCH MINT.

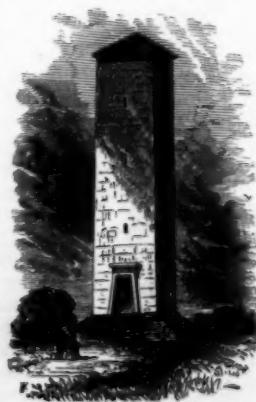
The race was rapidly diminishing. Planters who had owned three or four hundred slaves before the war, had kept a record of their movements, and found that more than half of them had died of want and neglect. The negroes did not know how to care for themselves. The women who still lived on the same plantations where they had been owned as slaves now gave birth to only one child where previously they had three. They would not bear children as of old; and the negro population was rapidly decreasing. All the potatoes, turnips, and cabbages consumed by white people in New Orleans came from the West; gardening, he said, had proved an unprofitable experiment, in the present condition of society.

These are very nearly the exact words of a careful observer who is by no means bitterly partisan; who frankly accepted the results of the war, so far as the abolition of slavery and the consequent ruin of his own and thousands of other fortunes were concerned; who has, indeed, borne with all the evils which have arisen out of reconstruction, without murmuring until now, when he and thousands of his fellows are pushed to the wall. He is the representative of a very large class; his picture of the ruin and dejection prevalent is the absolute truth. It is written on the faces of the citizens; you may read and realize it there.

Ah! these faces—these faces, expressing deeper pain, profounder discontent than that caused by the iron fate of the past few years! One sees them everywhere; on the street, at the theater, in the *salon*, in the cars: and pauses for a moment, struck with the expression of entire despair—of complete helplessness, which has possessed their features. Sometimes the owners of the faces are one-armed and otherwise crippled; sometimes they bear no wounds or marks of wounds, and are in the prime and fullness of life; but the look is there still. Now and then it is subordinated by a noble will, the pain of which it tells having been trampled under the feet of a great energy; but it is always there. The struggle is over, peace has been declared, but a generation has been doomed. The past has given to the future the dower of the present; there seems only a dead level of uninspiring struggle for those who are going out, and but small hope for those coming in. That is what the faces say; that is the burden of their sadness. These are not of the loud-mouthed and bitter opponents of everything tending to reconsolidate the Union; these are not they who will tell you that

some day the South will be united once more and will rise in strength and strike a blow for freedom; but these are the payers of the price. The look is on the faces of the men who wore the swords of generals, who led in measures which were disastrous; on the faces of women who have lost husbands, children, lovers, fortunes, homes, and comfort for evermore. The look is on the faces of the strong fighters, thinkers, and controllers of the Southern mind and heart; and here in Louisiana it will not cheer or brighten, because the wearers know that the great evils of disorganized labor, impoverished society, scattered families, race legislation and compensating tyranny and terrorism, coming like the Nemesis of old, with power to wither and blast, leave no hope for this generation. Heaven have mercy on such, for their fate is too hard for bewailing—too utterly inevitable not to command the strongest sympathy.

Of course in the French quarter there are multitudes of negroes who speak French and English both, in the quaintest, most outlandish fashion, eliding whole syllables which seem necessary to sense, and breaking into most extravagant exclamations on the smallest pretexts. The French of the negroes is very much like the French of young children—spoken far from plainly, but with a pretty abandon which ill accords with the exteriors of the speakers. The negresses, young and old, wander about the streets bareheaded and barearmed, now tugging their mistresses' children, now carrying huge baskets on their heads and walking under their heavy burdens with all the gravity of queens. Now and then one sees a mulatto girl hardly less fair of skin than the brown maid he saw at Sorrento, or in the vine-covered cottage at the little mountain town near Rome; now a giant matron, black as the tempest, and with features as pronounced in savagery as had any of her Congo ancestors. But the negroes seem somewhat shuffling and disorganized, taken as a whole; and apart from the



THE MONUMENT ON THE CHALMETTE BATTLE-FIeld.



ENTRANCE TO THE U. S. BARRACKS.

statuesque old house and body servants, who seem to have caught some dignity from their masters, they are by no means inviting. They gather in groups at the street corners just at nightfall, and while they chatter like monkeys, furiously smoke cigarettes, and gesticulate as if enraged. They live without much work, for their wants are few, and two days of labor in a week, added to the fat roosters and turkeys who *will* walk into their clutches, keep them in bed and board, and they find ample amusement in the "heat o' the sun," the passers-by, and tobacco. There are, naturally, families of color noticeable for intelligence and accomplishments; but, as a rule, the negro of the French quarter is thick-headed, light heeled and hearted, improvident, and not too conscientious.

Perhaps one of the most patent proofs of the poverty now so bitterly felt among the hitherto well-to-do families in New Orleans, was in the temporary suspension of the opera last winter. Heretofore the Crescent City has rejoiced in brilliant seasons, both the French and Americans uniting in subscriptions sufficient to bring to their scene artists of unrivaled talent and culture. But this year the expenses were too heavy to be borne, and a comedy company from the Paris theaters took their places upon the lyric stage. The French Opera House is a handsomely arranged building of modern construction, at the corner of Bourbon and Toulouse streets. The interior is elegantly decorated, and during the season of six months the *salle* is nightly visited by hundreds of the regular subscribers, who take tickets for the whole season, and by the city's floating population. Between each act

of the pieces all the men in the theater rise, stalk out, puff cigarettes, and sip iced raspberry water and absinthe in the open air, returning in the same mechanical fashion just as the curtain rises again; while the ladies receive the visits of friends in the *loges* or in the private boxes, which they often occupy four evenings in a week. The New Orleans public, both French and American, possesses excellent theatrical taste, and is severely critical, especially in opera, as it is difficult to find a Creole family of any pretensions in which music is not cultivated in large degree.

Society is no longer what it was before the war, even in the relations of one family to another; there is no pretense at ceremonious society in New Orleans. The older American and French families once constituted a very brilliant coterie, but there is only now and then an effort as of yore in the French quarter. "People," said an excellent authority to me, "are really so poor that they have no taste for comparing *poverties*." Of course there is a round of informal visiting, as a vast number of families are related by marriage, and the relations of all kinds are as intimate as might be expected in a city where the resident population changes so little.

People very generally speak both prevailing languages in the French quarter of the city; while the majority of the American residents do not affect the French. The Gallic children all speak English, and in the street-plays of the boys, as in their conversation, French and English idioms are strangely mingled. American boys call birds and fishes and animals by corrupted French names, handed down through seventy years of perversion, and a dreadful threat on the part of Young America is, that he will "malerroo" you, which seems to hint that our old French friend *malheureux*, "unhappy," has undergone corruption with other words. When an American boy wishes his comrade



SCENE ON THE NEW BASIN.



THE OLD SPANISH FORT.

to make his kite fly higher, he says, *pousser* ! just as the French boy does, and so on, *ad infinitum*.

Any stranger who remains in the French quarter of New Orleans over Sunday, will be amazed at the great number of funeral processions. It would seem, indeed, as if folks conveniently made their dying day as near the end of the week as possible, that they may be laid away on the Sabbath. The cemeteries, old and new, rich and poor, are scattered throughout the city, and most of them present an extremely beautiful appearance—the white tombs nestling among the dark green foliage. It would be difficult to dig a grave of the ordinary depth here in the "Louisiana lowlands" without coming to water; and, consequently, burials in sealed tombs above ground are universal. The old French and Spanish cemeteries present long streets of cemented walls, with apertures into which once were thrust the noble and good of the land, as if they were put into ovens to be baked; and the queer inscriptions, dated away back in the middle of the eighteenth century, may still be read. Great numbers of the monuments both in the old and new cemeteries are very imposing; and, as in all Catholic communities, one sees long processions of mourning relatives every day carrying flowers to place on the spot where their loved and lost are entombed; or catches a glimpse of some black-robed figure sitting motionless before a tomb. The St. Louis Cemetery is fine, and many dead are even better housed than they were in life. The St. Patrick, Cypress Grove, Firemen's, Odd Fellows, and Jewish cemeteries, in the American quarter, are filled with richly-wrought tombs, and traversed by fine, tree-planted avenues.

The St. Louis Hotel is one of the most imposing monuments of the French quarter, as well as one of the finest hotels in the United States. It was originally built to

combine a city exchange, hotel, bank, ball-rooms, and private stores, and is a superb edifice, with a façade composed of Tuscan and Doric orders of architecture. The rotunda, now metamorphosed into a dining-hall, is one of the most beautiful in this country, and the great inner circle of the dome is richly frescoed with allegorical scenes and busts of em-

inent Americans, from the pencils of Canova and Pinoli. The immense ball-room is also superbly decorated. The St. Louis Hotel was very nearly destroyed by fire in 1840, but in less than two years was restored to its original splendor. The old Bank of Louisiana building, at the corner of Royal and Conti streets, is also a noticeable edifice. On the eastern and western sides of Jackson Square are the Pontalba buildings, large and not especially handsome brick structures, erected by the Countess Pontalba, many years ago. Chartres street, and all the avenues contributing to it, are thoroughly French in character; cafés, wholesale stores, pharmacies, shops for articles of luxury, all bear evidence of Gallic taste.

At the corner of Esplanade and Old Leeve streets, on what was once Jackson Square, and the site of "Fort St. Charles," stands the United States Branch Mint, quite an imposing structure, built of brick plastered to imitate granite. It is a center building projecting, of the Ionic order, with two wings; and is surrounded with a profusion of shrubbery, planted in well-kept grounds. About three miles below Esplanade street, and near the outskirts of the town, stand the United States barracks, built in 1834-5, at a cost of \$182,000. They occupy a parallelogram of about three hundred feet on the river by nine hundred in depth, giving ample room for a very handsome parade-ground.

Every street in the old city has its legend, either humorous or tragical; and each old building which pleads to an hundred years has memories of Spanish domination hovering about it. The old families speak of their "ancestor who came with Bienville," or with such and such Spanish Governors, with bated breath and touching pride; and there is many a name among those of the Creoles there, which has descended untarnished to its present

possessors through centuries of valor and adventurous achievement.

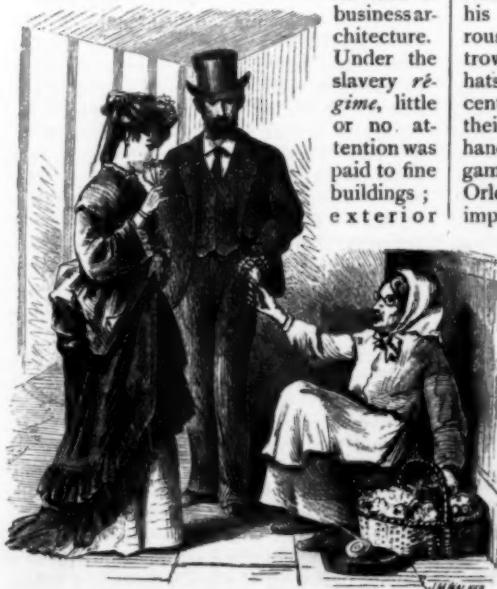
Canal street cuts this cosmopolitan capital in twain, and until recently was itself divided into two parts by the canal which gave it its name, and which ran from the river to Lake Pontchartrain. New Orleans is as dependent upon its canals for safety and health as are Amsterdam or Rotterdam ; the lowlands are only reclaimed from overflow by most energetic measures, of which we will speak more anon ; and it was only when a large number of other canals had been opened that the principal one on Canal street was closed. The wide, fine avenue is bordered by shops of no mean pretensions, and by many handsome residences ; it boasts of Christ Church, the Varieties Theater, the noted restaurants of Victor and Moreau, the statue of Henry Clay, and the new Custom House, which is by no means as elegant as it is useful. The buildings on Canal street are not high and crowded together as in New York and Paris ; they are usually only two or three stories high, and along the first story runs a porch which serves as a balcony to those dwelling above, and as protection from sun and rain to promenaders below. The banks, insurance offices, and wholesale stores fronting on Canal street are elegant and modern ; and since the war there has been a great improvement in the general tone of business architecture. Under the slavery *régime*, little or no attention was paid to fine buildings ; exterior



THE OLD LOUISIANA BANK.

decoration, save that which the magnificent foliage of the country gave, was entirely disregarded. But now the citizens begin to take pride in their public edifices. A promenade on Canal street is quite as picturesque as any in the French quarter. There the negro boot-black sits sprawled in a chair, with his own splay-feet on the blacking-block ; the old bouquet-sellers, both black and white, are ranged along the walls at some convenient corner, with baskets filled with breast-knots of violets, and a host of rosebuds and camellias and other rich blossoms. The newsboy, vociferous as his brother of Gotham, yells his yells ; the roustabouts from the levée, clad in striped trowsers of miraculous hues, and in coats and hats which seem to have been slept in for a century, tumble homeward to dinner, with their cotton-hooks clenched in their brawny hands ; the elegantly-dressed ropers for gambling-houses—one of the curses of New Orleans—haunt each conspicuous corner, and impudently scan passers-by. On the broad

raised level, stone-curbed and tree-planted, in the middle of the street, the heroic mule struggles with the convenient car, which in other cities two horses draw ; and he whirls the airy vehicle along the well-laid tracks, while his driver watches the passengers, who are required to drop their fare into a little box, glass-faced, fastened near the front platform. There are six of these city railway-lines, all centering on Canal street ; one of them, the New Orleans and Carrollton, running six miles into the suburbs, is presided over by General G. T. Beauregard, and is bordered by some of the most beautiful residences



VOL. VII.—2

THE FLOWER-WOMAN.

in Louisiana. From twelve to two, the American ladies monopolize Canal street, coming to it from all portions of the city, on errands of shopping ; and there hundreds of lovely brunettes may be seen, in carriages, in cars, in couples with mamma, or accompanied by the tall, dark, thin Southern youth, attired in black broadcloth, the jettest of slouch hats, and the most irreproachable of morning-gloves. Then the confectioners' shops are crowded with dainty little women, who have the Italian rage for *confetti*, and the sugared cakes of the pastry-cook vanish like morning dew. The *matinées* at the American theaters, as at the French, begin at noon ; and at three or half-past three twice a week, the tide of beauty floods Canal, St. Charles, Carondelet, Rampart, and a host of other streets. At evening, Canal street is very quiet, and hardly seems the main thoroughfare of a city of two hundred thousand people. The population delights in parades in the great avenue ; and from Carnival to midsummer there is many a pageant of importance, followed by hundreds of screaming negro urchins, who are always on hand wherever there is noise or disturbance.

The American quarter of New Orleans is vastly superior to the French in width of avenues, in beauty of garden and foliage, and in driveways communicating with the open country ; but the driveways of many of the streets are villainously out of repair, the desperate condition of the city's finances accounting therefor. Some of the avenues are grass-grown, and filled with ruts and hollows, even in front of superb mansions, the very gardens surrounding which must have cost

fortunes. In that section not inaptly designated the "Garden City," there is street after street lined with spacious houses set down in the midst of delicious gardens, parks and orchards ; orange trees grow in the yards, and roses clamber in

at the windows. Louisiana and Napoleon avenues; Prytania, Plaque-mine, Chestnut, and Camp, Jena, Cadiz, Valence, and Borddeaux, and the long and superb St. Charles streets, are the homes of well-to-do Americans, who have



DR. PALMER'S CHURCH.

been able to keep about them some little comfort even after the rude march of war. The city is making its most rapid growth in the direction of Carrollton, a pretty suburb filled with pleasant homes, and within three-quarters of an hour's ride of the central business avenue. Along St. Charles street, near Canal, are the famous St. Charles Hotel, the Academy of Music, and the St. Charles Theater, both well-appointed theatrical edifices ; the Masonic, City, and Exposition Halls. Opposite the City Hall,—which is one of the noblest public buildings in New Orleans, and is built in granite and white marble, after the Grecian Ionic order, with a fine portico, and granite pillars sustaining a massive pediment,—is Lafayette Square ; on its south-western side the First Presbyterian Church ; and at its southern extremity the Odd Fellows' Hall, where the McEnergy Legislature held its sessions. On Common street, one of the business thoroughfares of the town, is the University of Louisiana, a handsome edifice flanked by two wings, one of which is now occupied by the dilapidated State Library, and the other by the Law School. Just around the corner, on Dryades street, when the Legislature is in session, you may see the law-making body which is upheld by the executive department of the United States. Around the doorway of the Mechanics' Institute one or two negro policemen, armed with clubs and revolvers, are standing ; mounting a staircase covered with old and tobacco-stained matting, you may enter a long hall carpeted with dirtier matting ; and there, at clumsy desks, sit the law-makers,—a heterogeneous mass of negroes standing outside the



CHRIST CHURCH.

railings, and listening with open mouths to the eloquence of their fellows, who have been dignified with office. Nearly all the honorable representatives are black ; and their opposition is instant and determined to anything which is likely to better the present horrible condition of white society in Louisiana. In the Senate-chamber the same scene is repeated ; if a colored man is in the chair, he is constantly falling into the profoundest errors with regard to his "rulings" and "decisions," and finds it extremely difficult to follow any bill the moment it becomes the subject of dispute ; and there is always the black man who is perpetually hopping up to say, "No, sir ; no, sir ; I object to that, sir ! " and the lean white man, dressed in the extraordinarily new clothes, and with a general mushroom aspect about him, who smiles withering smiles of contempt on the striving negroes, as he endeavors, from a carpet-bag point of view, to show them where they are in error. The scene would be ludicrous were it not so sadening ; had it not already been enacted for five weary years, while the State has meantime gone nearer and nearer the verge of ruin, deeper and deeper into the abyss of crushing taxation. Even the Governor, who has to do with this Legislature, must now and then wish that he had better material to work with.

There are one hundred and sixteen churches in New Orleans, and one can hardly hope to peer into them all ; but here on Baronne street you may steal for a moment into the shade of the Jesuit Church, and entering the dimly-lighted nave, see the black-robed girls at confessional, and the richly-dressed women making their rounds before the chapels with prayer-book in hand, kneeling beside the market-woman and the serving-girl. The Jesuit Church, St. Augustine's, St. Joseph's, St. Patrick's, and the Mortuary Chapel, are among the finer of the Catholic religious structures ; St. Patrick's is a fine Gothic structure.

The Protestant churches are nearly all elegant specimens of modern church architecture, the older edifices having given way. The oldest of the Episcopal organizations in New Orleans, dating back to 1806, is Christ Church, on Canal street, founded by Bishop Chase. It was the germ of Protestantism in the southwest. The present edifice is the third erected by the society. Trinity and St. Paul's are considered the fashionable Episcopal churches. The McGhee Church, of which Rev. Dr. Tudor is pastor, is the principal of the Methodist Episcopal churches South. The Northern *post-bellum* settlers are mainly Congregational or Methodist, and

have gathered at the First Congregational Church, and at the Methodist Episcopal Ames Chapel. The most noted Presbyterian preacher in the city is Rev. Dr. Palmer, pastor of the "First Church," whose eloquence has attained more than a local reputation. The principal Baptist society assembles at the Coliseum Place Church. There are great numbers of colored church organizations, many of which are in a very flourishing condition, having been largely aided by Northern missions.

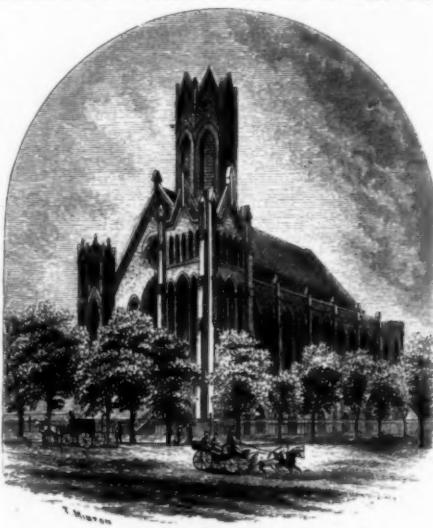
New Orleans extends from the Mississippi River, whose wayward bend gives authority for the appellation of "Crescent City," to Lake Pontchartrain, lying several feet below the level of the river, and having an outlet on the Gulf. The city is laid out as far as the very borders of the Lake, although the cypress swamps there have not yet been filled up ; and the rain-fall, the sewerage of the town, and the surplus water from the Mississippi, are drained into the Lake. The canals, which run from the city to Pontchartrain, are very picturesque. Both the Old and the New Basins are navigable ; little and large steamers run through them into the Lake, and thence along the coast ; and schooners and barks, laden with lumber and produce, are towed in and out by mules. The city is divided into drainage districts, in each of which large draining machines are at work, pumping vigorously, to keep the city free from



THE ST. CHARLES HOTEL.

the encroaching river. After a heavy rain the lowlands for miles around would be entirely submerged, were it not for the canals and the drainage system. The talented city engineer, Mr. Bell, now has in construction a superb levée, to extend four miles and a half along the front of Lake Pontchartrain, furnishing a grand driveway and promenade on the shore of as delicious an inland sea as the world can boast. This levée will counteract the action of the lake, which now hinders the perfection of the system for draining the city, and will bring a new location for fine residences into market. Two canals now cut through the ridge of land known as the "Metairie"—lying half-way between the river and the lake—and the levées on the Pontchartrain border are now necessary.

When you are tired of the French quarter and have seen all the antiquities in that section, drive lakeward, along the shell-road which leads from Canal street straight out past the Metairie and Oakland parks, along the New Basin, to the lake. On Sundays this driveway is crowded with teams of every grade, and the charming restaurants, half hidden in foliage, along the way, reécho to boisterous merriment. But on a week-day you may drive quietly along the dark, gleaming canal-waters' brink, finding a strange mixture of Bois-de-Boulogne and Rotterdam-Park suggestions at every turn. Along the canal the schooners glide lazily; negro-boys fish wearily on the banks; the intense green of the leaves makes strange reflection in the water; and, arrived at the lake, you catch a lovely view of dark canal-surface in the foreground, with a gayly painted sail-boat lying close to the bank; an ornamental gateway just beyond; a flock of goats browsing at the roadside; and, miles away, the blue gleam of the lake-surface, and a white lighthouse standing lonely on a narrow point of land. Or you may go to the levée and watch the dredging machines plunging their long pans into the lake-bed, and bringing up half a ton of earth at every clutch, swinging it around and depositing it on the progressing breakwater. Or you may step into a sail-boat and let a brown, barefooted Creole fisherman sail you away, swift as thought, down the lake to the pier where the railroad from New Orleans terminates; then back again, up the Bayou St. John, until he lands you near the walls of the old Spanish fort; there you will find, set down upon the site of the vanished fort, a lovely summer-house, an orchard, and a rose-garden; from the balcony you can note a long mole running out to sea,—the sun's gold



ST. PAUL'S CHURCH.

on the rippling water; the oranges in the trees below; the group of sailors tugging at the cable of their schooner; the pretty assemblage of cottages near the levée's end; the dismounted ancient cannon, half-buried under the rampant grasses; the wealth of peach-blossoms in the bent tree near the parapet; and the bevy of barelegged children playing about their mother, as she sits on the sward, cutting rose-stems, and twisting the blushing blossoms into bouquets;—all this in March!

Nay, more; you shall sail home as the day deepens, and, seated in the fragrant dining-room in the restaurant near the canal, look out upon the passing barges and boats, noiselessly gliding toward; hear the shouts of festive parties as they wander on the levée, or along the cypress-girt shore; hear the boatmen singing catches; see a blood-red moon, rising slowly, and casting an enchanted light over every object, even the burnished surface of the water-way, whereon a path of crimson is for a moment traced, then suddenly lost in shade.

If capital could only flow in here and develop all these wonderful lowlands! That thought strikes you at every turn. But the people have given up hoping. "It were far better," said a native Louisianian to me, "that our State be reduced to the condition of a territory, and that Congress assume the debt we have made, for the present, than to allow our actual condition to continue. This stagnation is becoming intolerable."

New Orleans suffers peculiarly, its taxable property being cumbered with two huge debts—that of the city itself, now estimated at about \$22,500,000, and over three-fifths of the State's various liabilities of \$42,000,000. While the city groans under such enormous taxation, it is loaded down with grievous license-burdens on all trades, professions and occupations, amounting to nearly \$1,000,000 annually. Under these burdens it is not astonishing that real-estate in the city has declined more than thirty per cent. in most and more than fifty in many cases. The double public debt of the city is already more than one-fourth of its property assessment, and many times more than the value of all the available property owned by the corporation. The annual expenditures of the city have been increased from \$3,767,000, in 1862, to \$6,961,381 in 1872; and still mount upward. Meantime the streets remain uncared for, and the treasury is empty. Where has the money gone? The city certificates are sold on the street at enormous discounts; the Legislature's sessions cost the people half a million dollars yearly, instead of \$100,000 as in 1860, and this also the city is compelled mainly to pay; therefore, of course, whoever buys property in the city of New Orleans buys with it a share of a great and discouraging public debt.

Here are two or three instances which will show the present status of property: A gentle-



MECHANICS' INSTITUTE—SEAT OF THE KELLOGG LEGISLATURE.

man was, six months ago, offered a loan of \$6,000 on the security of certain real-estate owned by him. He did not then need the money; but recently went to the capitalist, and said, "I will now accept your kind offer." "I would not," said the capitalist, "lend you \$600 on the property now. It is worth nothing as security. No property in the city, in the current condition of politics, is worth anything."

A gentleman who purchased, a short time before the war, a fine wooded estate in a rich section of Louisiana, for \$100 in gold per acre, informed me that he had tried repeatedly to borrow upon the security of that estate, and that he could not get any one to lend a sum equivalent to \$1 per acre on it.

Another, a person of influence and good position, took occasion some time since to make a round of inspection among the foreign emigrants, who were preparing to leave in large numbers. On inquiring among the Germans, who were rapidly departing, he found that they were all discouraged at the continuance of the crisis, and had either decided to emigrate to Texas, California or the North, or to return to Germany.

Many people have paid no taxes for eight or ten years. In talking with a collector the other day, he said: "I'd rather do most anything than try to collect taxes. When I present the papers, folks generally pay the city taxes if they have the money, and then refuse to pay the State tax at all. They just



TRINITY CHURCH.

fold up the paper, and hand it back to me, 'n that's all the good it does. I reckon the small dealers and poor folks pay taxes quicker'n the rich ones 'n the big traders do." The opposition to the payment of the sums levied by the present Legislature certainly is a formidable one,\* and comprises all the principal commercial men of the city and State. The organization has been so formed that poor and rich alike are to be enabled each to resist as long as the other. Meantime, the debt grows larger and larger; city officials receive no salaries for their labor; every department is in arrears; the discouragement grows deeper and deeper.

Some three years ago a prominent capitalist was addressed by a Louisianian, who represented that a great many rich estates could be purchased in various sections of the commonwealth for at least one-third of their original value; and added, as an inducement to speedy decision, that he did not think property would ever be lower in Louisiana. The capitalist replied that he differed with his much-esteemed friend; that in a few years those estates would, by the various derangements consequent on the then predominant legislation, be reduced to almost no value whatever, and that he was therefore determined to wait. But it is possible that capital may be compelled to wait too long. It will certainly be very loath to fix in Louisiana so long as it is subject to five per cent. taxation, with prospect of a continuous increase. The

bitterest needs of the people of the State will not move it out of currents in which it can run more freely than it may hope to run here under existing legislation. But the present condition of things must not, cannot endure. Whenever people find their burdens utterly unbearable, they throw them aside with a giant effort, and the world is convulsed by the shock of the fall. People here should not be crowded so closely to the wall; they should not be placed at the mercy of irresponsible governing officials, whose main purpose is the acquisition of wealth. There is no rebellious spirit in Louisiana against the United States—no desire to undo the war's legitimate results; but there is a gradual accumulation of indignation against the plunderers, who have been numerous in the State, which bodes something very like the ugly form of revolution. Capital and immigration must be allowed to come in, and the legislators who stand much longer in the way of an influx of those two prime necessities will do so at their extremest peril.

The blood of the commonwealth is thin; it needs thickening. More money, more muscle must be conveyed to the State. If the money be put in circulation, the men who are interested in their homes will find a way out of their political troubles without undoing the proper "results of the war." The negro can defend himself now; he is protected as thoroughly as needs be: let us not utterly exterminate the white man on the Louisiana lowlands.

The Carnival keeps its hold upon the people along the Gulf shore, despite all the trou-

\* This article was written in March of the present year.





THE THEATERS OF NEW ORLEANS.

bles, vexations, and sacrifices to which they submit. White and black join in its masquerading, and the Crescent City rivals Naples in the beauty and richness of its displays. Galveston has caught the infection, and every year the King of the Carnival adds a city to the domain loyal to him. The saturnalia practiced before the entry into Lent are the least bit practical, because Americans find it impossible utterly to lay aside business even on *Mardi-Gras*. So into the very heart of the masquerading the device of the advertiser pokes its ugly face, and, being base reality, whose hideous features outline under his domino, puts a host of sweet illusions to flight.

The Carnival in New Orleans was organized in 1827, when a number of young Creole gentlemen, who had recently returned from Paris, organized a street-procession of maskers. It did not create a very profound sensation—was considered the work of some mad wags; and the festival languished until 1837, when a very fine procession paraded, and was succeeded by another still finer in 1839. From two o'clock in the afternoon until sunset of Shrove Tuesday, drum and fife, valve and trumpet, rang in the streets, and hundreds of maskers cut furious antics, and made day hideous. Thereafter, from 1840 to 1852, Mardi-Gras festival had a vacillating popularity—such of the townspeople as had the money to spend now and then organizing a very fantastic and richly-dressed rout of mummers. At the old Orleans Theater, balls of princely splendor were given; Europeans even came to join in the New World's

Carnival, and wrote home enthusiastic accounts of it. In 1857 the "Mistick Krewe of Comus," a private organization of New Orleans gentlemen, made their *début*, and gave a luster to the Carnival, which, thanks to their continued efforts, has never since quitted it. In 1857 the "Krewe" appeared in the guise of supernatural and mythological characters, and flooded the town with gods and demons, winding up the festive occasion with a grand ball at the Gaiety Theater, previous to which they appeared in tableaux representing the "Tartarus" of the ancients, and Milton's "Paradise Lost." In 1858 this brilliant coterie of maskers renewed the enchantments of Mardi-Gras, by exhibiting the gods and goddesses of high Olympus and of the fretful sea, and again gave a series of brilliant tableaux. In 1859 they pictured the revels of the four great English holidays, May Day, Midsummer Eve, Christmas and Twelfth Night. In 1860 they illustrated American history in a series of superb groups of living statues mounted on moving pedestals. In 1861 they delighted the public with "Scenes from Life"—Childhood, Youth, Manhood and Old Age; and the ball at the Varieties Theater was preceded by a series of grandiose tableaux which exceeded all former efforts. Then came the war; maskers threw aside their masks; and, after the agony of the long struggle, Comus once more reassembled his forces in 1866, and the transformations which Milton attributed to the sly spirit, Comus himself, were the subject of the display. The wondering gazers were shown how Comus,

" Deep-skilled in all his mother's witcheries,  
By sly enticement gives his baneful cup,  
With many murmurs mixed, whose pleasing poison  
The visage quite transforms of him that drinks,  
And the inglorious likeness of a beast  
Fixes instead."

In 1867 Comus became Epicurean, and blossomed into an ambulant bill of fare, the maskers representing everything in the various courses and *entrées* of a gourmet's dinner, from oysters and sherry to the *omelette brûlé*, and the Kirsch and Curaçoa. A long and stately array of bottles, dishes of meats and vegetables, and desserts, moved through the streets, awakening saturnalian laughter wherever it passed. In 1868 the Krewe presented a procession and tableaux from "Lalla Rookh;" in 1869, the "Five Senses;" and in 1870, the "History of

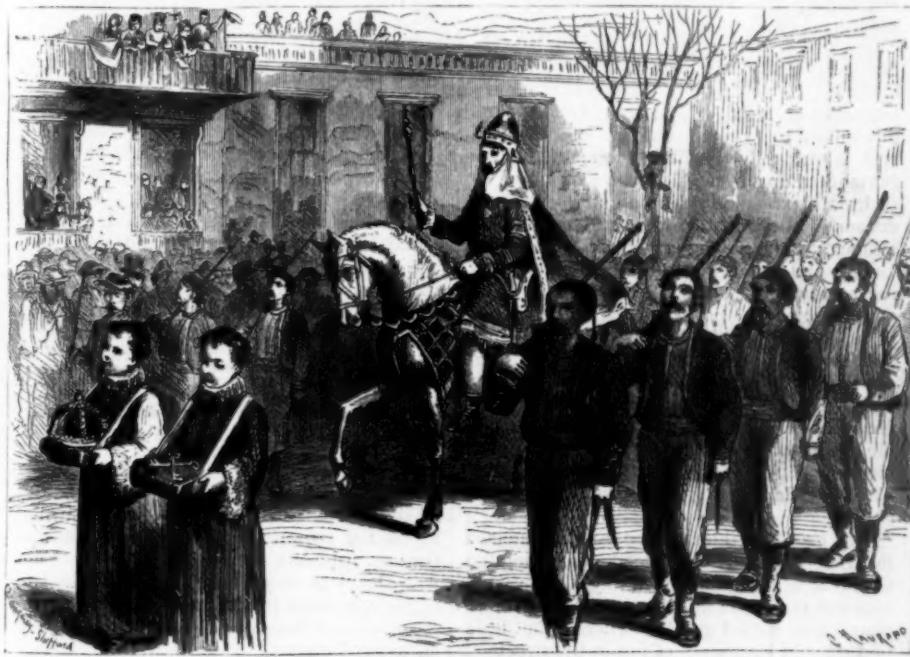


THE CARNIVAL WATCHING THE PROCESSION.

Louisiana." Old Father Mississippi himself, De Soto and his fellow-discoverers, the soldiers, adventurers, cavaliers, Jesuits, French, Spanish and American governors, were all paraded before the amazed populace. In 1871, King Comus and his train presented picturesque groupings from Spenser's "Faery Queene;" in 1872, from Homer's "Tale of Troy;" and this year detailed the "Darwinian Development of the Species," from earliest beginnings to the gorilla, and thence to man. The Krewe of Comus has always paid the expenses of these displays itself, and has issued invitations only to as many people as could be accommodated within the walls of the theater to witness the tableaux. It is composed of one hundred members, who are

sworn severally to conceal their identity from all outsiders, and who have thus far succeeded admirably in accomplishing this object. The designs for their masks are made in New Orleans, and the costumes are manufactured from them in Paris yearly. In 1870 appeared the "Twelfth-Night Revelers"—who now yearly celebrate the beautiful anniversary of the visit of the wise men of the East to the manger of the Infant Saviour. In 1870 the pageants of this organization were inaugurated by "The Lord of Misrule and his Knights;" in 1871, "Mother Goose's Tea Party" was given; in 1872, a group of crea-

but still robust and warrior-like, made his first appearance on the Mississippi shores in 1872, and issued his proclamations through newspapers and upon placards, commanding all civil and military authorities to show subservience to him, during his stay in "our good city of New Orleans." Therefore, yearly, when the date of the recurrence of Mardi-Gras has been fixed, the mystic King issues his proclamation, and is announced as having arrived at New York, or whatever other port seemeth good. At once thereafter, and daily, the papers teem with reports of his progress through the country, and anecdotes



THE CARNIVAL. ARRIVAL OF THE KING.

tions of artists and poets and visionaries, from lean Don Quixote to fat Falstaff, followed; and in 1873 the birds were represented in a host of fantastic and varied tableaux. The two societies, Comus's Krewe and the Twelfth-Night Revelers, will soon bring the revels of New Orleans up to the level of Italian magnificence.

Another feature has been added to the festivities, one which promises in time to be most attractive of all. It is the coming of Rex, the most puissant King of the Carnival. This amiable dignitary, depicted as a venerable man, with snow-white hair and beard,

of his heroic career, which is supposed to have lasted for many centuries. The court report is usually conceived somewhat in the following terms,—supposed to be an anecdote related at the "palace," by an "old gray-headed sentinel":

"Another incident, illustrating the King's courageous presence of mind, was related by the veteran. While sojourning at Auch (this was several centuries ago), a wing of the palace took fire, the whole staircase was in flames, and in the highest story was a feeble old woman, apparently cut off from any means of escape. His Majesty offered two

thousand francs to any one who would save her from destruction, but no one presented himself. The King did not stop to deliberate ; he wrapped his robes closely about him, called for a wet cloth—which he threw aside—then rushed to his carriage, and drove rapidly to the theater, where he passed the evening listening to the singing of ‘If ever I cease to love.’”

This is published seriously in the journals, next to the news and editorial paragraphs ; and yearly, at one o’clock on the appointed day, King Rex, accompanied by Warwick, Earl-Marshal of the Empire, and by the Lord High Admiral, who is always depicted as suffering untold pangs from gout, arrives on Canal street, and surrounded by fantastically dressed cavalry-men and infantry-men, and followed by hundreds of maskers on horseback and on foot. The parade is continued through all the principal streets of the city ; and is gradually becoming one of the important features of the Carnival. Mounted on pedestals extemporized from cotton-floats are dozens of allegorical groups, and the masks, although not so rich and costly as those of Comus and his crew, are quite as varied and mirth-provoking. The costumes of the King and his suite are gorgeous ; and the troops of the United States, disguised as privates of Arabian artillery and as Egyptian spahis, do escort-duty to his Majesty. Rumor hath it, even, that on one occasion, the ladies of New Orleans presented a flag to an officer of the troops of King Rex, little suspecting that it was thereafter to grace the Federal barracks. Thus the Carnival has its pleasant waggery and surprises.

Old Froissart thought the English amused themselves sadly ; and indeed, comparing the Carnival in Louisiana with the Carnival in reckless Italy, one might say that the Americans masqueraded grimly. There is but little of that wild luxuriance of fun in the streets of New Orleans which has made Naples and Rome so famous ; people go to their sports with an air of pride, but not of all-pervading enjoyment. In the French quarter, when Rex and his train enter the queer old streets, there are shoutings, chaffings, and dancings ; the children chant little couplets on Mardi-Gras ; and the balconies are crowded with spectators. The negroes make but a sorry show in the masking : their every-day garb is more picturesque than their masquerading.

Carnival culminates at night, after Rex and the “day procession” have retired. Thousands of people assemble in dense lines along the streets included in the published route of

march ; Canal street is brilliant with illumination, and swarms of humanity occupy every porch, balcony, house-top, pedestal, carriage and mule-car. Then comes the train of Comus, who appears only at night ; and torch-bearers, disguised in *outré* masks, light up the way. At the last Carnival, one hundred figures represented “The Missing Links in Darwin’s Origin of the Species.” After the round through the great city is completed the torch-light on the sky dies away, and the Krewe betake themselves to the Varieties Theater, and present tableaux before the ball opens.

The Varieties Theater, during the hour or two preceding the Mardi-Gras ball, presents one of the loveliest sights in Christendom. From floor to ceiling, the parquet, dress-circle and galleries are one mass of dazzling toilettes—for none but ladies are given seats. White robes, delicate faces, dark, flashing eyes, luxuriant folds of glossy hair, tiny, faultlessly gloved hands,—such is the vision that an humble looker-on of the masculine gender may see through his lorgnon.

Delicious music swells softly on the perfumed air, the tableaux wax and wane like kaleidoscopic effects ; then suddenly the curtain rises, and the joyous, grotesque maskers appear upon the ball-room floor. They dance ; gradually ladies and their cavaliers leave all parts of the galleries, and come to join them ; then,

“ No sleep till morn, when youth and pleasure meet,  
To chase the rosy hours with flying feet.”

Meantime, the King of the Carnival holds a levee and dancing-party at another hall ; and all the theaters and public halls are delivered up to the votaries of Terpsichore ; and the fearless, who are willing to usher in Lent with sleepless eyes, stroll home in the glare of the splendid Southern sunrise, yearly swearing that each Mardi-Gras hath verily surpassed its predecessor.

From early morning until nightfall the same quaint, distorted street-cries which one hears in foreign cities ring through the streets of New Orleans ; and in the French quarter they are mirth-provoking, under their guise of Creole *patois*. The Sicilian fruit-sellers also make their mellifluous dialect heard loudly ; and the streets always resound to the high-pitched voice of some negro or negress who is rehearsing or grieves or joys in the most theatrical manner. Negro-beggars adorn the steps of various banks and public edifices ; and they sit for hours together with outstretched open hands, too lazy to close them over the few coins the passers-



THE MARDI GRAS.

by bestow. A multitude of youthful darknesses, who have no visible aim in existence save to sport in the sun, abound in the American quarter; and they are apparently well fed and happy. The mass of the negroes are recklessly improvident; as in all cities, they are crowded together in ill-built and badly-ventilated cabins, and are ready victims for almost any fell disease. The charges of corruption made against them by the majority of the white native population are rather sweeping; and when they are applied to the legislative conduct of the negroes, are severer than that conduct will justify.

The present condition of the educational system of Louisiana is encouraging, although disfigured by evils which arise from the political disorganization. The State superintendent of education is a mulatto gentleman of evident culture—seems, indeed, quite up to the measure of his task, if he only had the means to perform it. He could not tell me how many schools were in operation in the State at the time of my visit; nor, indeed, how much the increase had been since the war; and explained that there was the greatest difficulty in procuring returns from the interior districts. Even the annual reports are forwarded very tardily; sometimes not at all. The school-tax has heretofore been two mills on the dollar, but it is to be raised to one-fourth of 1 per cent. The State is divid-

ed into six divisions, one of which comprises New Orleans, and there is a superintendent for each division. There are now in Louisiana two hundred and ninety-one thousand youth between the ages of six and twenty-one; and it is fair to presume at least one-half of them to be children of colored parents, since the Louisianian population is very equally divided into white and black. The Legislature appropriates half a million dollars yearly for the use of the schools, of which about seven-eighths is annually expended. There are but few actually mixed schools now in the State. To the *you must!* of the law, the white man has replied, *I will not!* and the mingling of colors has not been insisted upon very severely. Great numbers of private schools have sprung into existence, especially in New Orleans, where the predominant religion is the Catholic; and the Germans have showed their dislike of the mixed schools by establishing special ones for their own children. The Catholic clergy in New Orleans has not gone so far as to forbid the attendance of children of Catholic parents in the public schools; but the organ of that clergy announced the other day that the poverty, and not the will, of Catholic parents, acceded the permission to attend secular schools. Although the commingling of races and religions has not yet been thoroughly accomplished, immense progress has certainly been made since the

war. In 1868, when the real work of school reform in the State was begun, there was no supervision whatever exercised over school-funds, and millions of dollars were uselessly squandered. There were then less than one hundred public schools in the entire State, and it was estimated at the first educational convention ever held in Louisiana, convened in New Orleans in 1872, that there were at that time eleven hundred schools in operation, with nearly one hundred thousand pupils. The old system, or lack of system, had had most painful results. There were no means of obtaining proper reports; there was no certainty that the few teachers who were employed did their duty. The present school-law is pretty well adapted to the condition and wants of the State; as it has been amended so as to strike out some provisions which it was impossible to fulfill in this generation. There is one formidable obstacle still in the way of progress in the interior of the State, and that is, as asserted by the superior officials, that the money appropriated to the different parishes for school-funds has in many cases never been used for schools; and prosecution of officers supposed to have retained the money is of but small avail. Parish boards of school-directors are ostensibly in office in every section of the State; but they do not all perform their duty. The new law provides for the maintenance of a proper normal department; and good teachers are yearly sent out therefrom. New Orleans now has about seventy public schools, and a little more than \$700,000 invested in school-property. The teachers in those schools exclusively attended by white children are all white; in the mixed schools there are some colored teachers. Only one-fourth of the number of school edifices occupied are owned by the city. The superintendent said that it would not do to insist upon mixed schools in remote districts, as the people would in that case refuse to have any school at all. The Louisiana State University is a struggling institution, which needs and merits much aid from richer States; and an agricultural college and a system of industrial schools have been projected. The colored children in the public-schools manifest an earnestness and aptitude which amply demonstrates their inalienable right to be admitted to them. People in all sections have ceased grumbling at the "school-house taxes," and that in itself is a cheering sign.

The city of New Orleans is certain of a glorious commercial future, because it is the

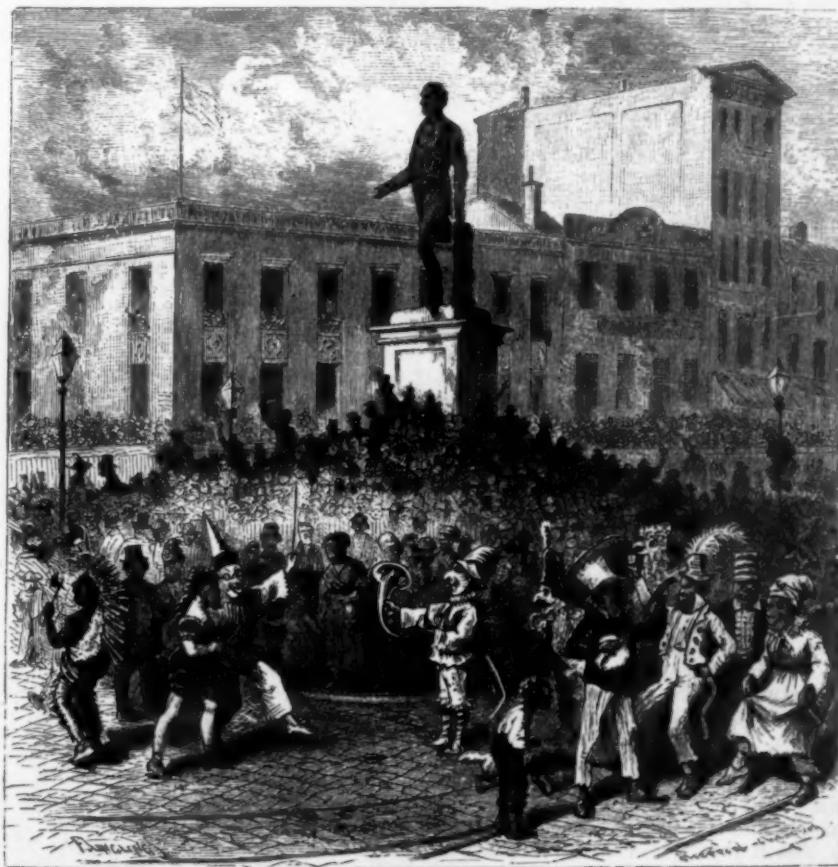
southern gateway of the Continent, and because the commerce of the Gulf States, increasing with astonishing rapidity, is alone sufficient to build up a mighty metropolis. The river yearly brings new treasures, and lays them at the feet of the Crescent Queen; and now, in her sore need, does more than all else to keep her courage at the sticking-point. In a succeeding article we will picture the intense, vari-colored, grotesque, vigorous life along the vast stream. Let us now see what homage Uncle Samuel is paying to the "Father of Waters."

Some bright day, when the surface of the river is burnished like the shield of Achilles, and a light breeze blows inland, set your foot upon the deck of an outgoing steamer, and descend the river. After the town and the spires, the docks and their long lines of masts and smoke-stacks, the convent roofs and plantation vistas, have faded from sight—after you have passed the old battleground where Andrew Jackson corrected the English in 1815,—and the National Cemetery, filled with graves of valiant soldiers,—after you have left all the city and its suburbs behind, and run by Forts Philip and Jackson,—you go slowly down a muddy-colored but broad and strong current, running seaward between low banks, which seem unstable, and illly to protect the plantations in the fertile fields beyond them. The fears that the levées along the Mississippi would not be able to always resist the great body of water bearing and wearing upon them have several times been realized; and among the most disastrous instances of the crevasse are those of May, 1816, when the river broke through, nine miles above New Orleans, destroyed numbers of plantations, and inundated the back part of the city. Gov. Claiborne adopted the expedient of sinking a vessel in the breach, and saved the town. In 1844 the river did much damage along the levée at New Orleans; and the inundations of 1868 and 1871 were severe lessons of the necessity of continually strengthening the levées. When within fifty or sixty miles of the river's mouths, the banks become too low for cultivation; you leave the great sugar plantations behind, and the river broadens, until, on reaching the "Head of the Passes," it separates into several streams, one of which in turn divides again a few miles from its separation from the main river. Beginning at the north and east, these passes, as they are called, are named respectively "Pass à l'Outre," "North-east Pass," the "South Pass," and "South-west Pass." Across the

mouths of these passes, bars of mud are formed, deposited by the river, which, there meeting the salt and consequently heavier water of the Gulf, runs over the top of it, and, being partially checked, the mud is strained through the salt-water, and sinks at once to the bottom. This separation of the fresh from the salt water is maintained in a remarkable degree. When the river is high, the river-water runs far out to sea, and has been seen at fifteen miles from the passes, as sharply defined a line between them as that between oil and water. This is also true with reference to the upper and lower strata. Sometimes, when a steamer is running through a dense pea-soup colored water on top, the paddle-wheels will displace it sufficiently to enable one to see clear Gulf-water rushing up to fill the displacement. The flood-tide runs

up underneath the river-water for a long distance, and, at extraordinary high tides, is distinctly visible as far as New Orleans, one hundred and ten miles above.\* The bars change their depth constantly. When the river is high, and consequently brings down most mud, the depth of water decreases with great rapidity; while in a low stage of the river comparatively little deposit occurs. The bars are subject to another and great change, believed to be peculiar to the Mississippi; that is, the formation of "mud-lumps." These are, in the first place, cone-shaped elevations of the bottom, often thrown up in

\* For these and many other interesting details, the writer gratefully acknowledges his obligations to Major C. W. Howell, Captain of United States Engineers, and to Captain Frank Barr, United States Revenue Marine.



THE CARNIVAL. AT THE CLAY STATUE.

a few hours, so that when, on one day, the pilot finds water for the heaviest ship, on the next he may be grounded with a much lighter draught. Sometimes the lumps disappear as quickly as formed; at others they spread, show themselves above the water, and gradually grow into islands. It is imagined that this is the manner in which the long, narrow banks on either side of the "Passes" have been formed. It is believed that these cone-shaped lumps of mud are started by the action of carburetted hydrogen gas, formed by the decay of vegetable matter contained in the deposits from the river, then that the sub-

was made by Captain Talcot, of the Engineer Corps. To save the commerce of New Orleans it was necessary to deepen the channel; and the plan of dredging with buckets was carried into effect as far as a slight appropriation permitted. No farther work was then undertaken until 1852, when \$75,000 was set aside for the work; and a number of processes for deepening—such as stirring up the river-bottom with suitable machinery, and the establishment of parallel jetties, five miles in length, at the mouth of the Southwest Pass—were tried. By 1853 a depth of eighteen feet of water had been obtained in



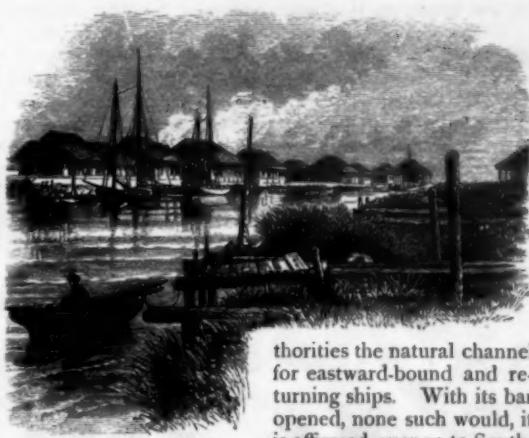
THE CARNIVAL. MASQUERADE AT THE VARIETIES THEATRE.

stance of the bar, having been loosened by the action of the gas, forces the matter so loosened upward, until the mud-lump makes its appearance above the water, when, becoming dry, and fed by the forces from below, it gradually gains consistency, and forms another link in the chain, gradually extending the "Delta" into the waters of the Gulf.

The United States Government's attention to the necessity of improvement at the mouths of the Mississippi was first attracted in earnest in 1837, when an extended and elaborate survey of the passes and mouths

the South-west Pass by stirring up the river-bottom; but in 1856 it was found that no trace of the deepening remained. So in that year the sum of \$300,000 was appropriated for opening and keeping open, by contract, ship-channels through the bars at the mouths of the South-west Passes. Contractors went at the work, but unless they labored incessantly, they could not keep the channels open; and they retired discomfited. The plan of dragging harrows and scrapers along the bottom of the channel, seaward, thus aiding the river-flood to carry the stirred-up matter to deep water, was adopted; and a depth of

eighteen feet was maintained upon the bar for one year at a cost of \$60,000. Other efforts, in 1866 and 1867, were equally costly and of small avail; and in 1868, the "Essayons," a steam dredge-boat, constructed by the Atlantic Works, of Boston, was employed upon the bar at Pass à l'Outre. The plan of this boat, which had been recommended by General McAllister, was a powerful steamer with a cutting propeller, which could be lowered into the surface of the mud, when its rapid revolutions would effect the necessary "stirring-up." The "Essayons" has been a complete success, so far as her draught permits; and another steamer, whose cutting propeller can work at greater depth, and which has been named "McAllister," is now engaged upon the work. The principal labor with these new boats has been done at the South-west Pass, which has now become the principal entrance to the Mississippi, and there the United States Government is erecting a superb iron pile light-house, as the marshes offer but an insecure foundation. The improvements at the river's mouth, like those in the Red River, Tone's Bayou, the Tangraphoa River, the harbor of Galveston and the Mississippi forts, as well as those on the lakes in the rear of New Orleans, are all under the competent direction of Major C. N. Howell, of the Engineer Department. Pass à l'Outre is, however, considered by best au-



PILOT-TOWN, S. W. PASS.

thorities the natural channel for eastward-bound and returning ships. With its bar opened, none such would, it is affirmed, ever go to Southwest Pass, for the reason

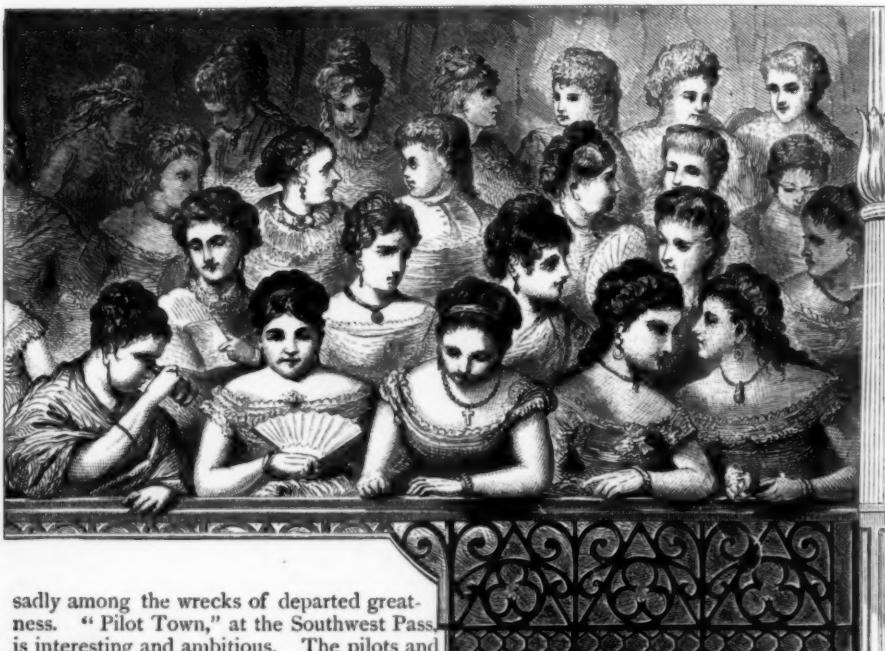
that they might save several hours coming in. This pass, properly opened, can accommodate three times the number of ships which now annually enter the Mississippi. The effect of the bar-formation at the river's mouths on the commerce of New Orleans is depressing. There are burdensome taxes on the earnings of ships. In 1870 the value of imports at New Orleans amounted to only one-seventh of the exports; but if the port were made as economical as that of New York, by removing all obstacles to free entrance and exit, the imports would soon nearly equal the exports. The Government is at present expending about \$650,000 annually on the necessary river and harbor improvements in

Louisiana and Texas. Twice that amount might be judiciously invested every year. The work on the channel at the Mississippi's outlet must evidently be perpetual.

"The Belize," now a little collection of houses at the North-east Pass, was a famous place in its day—was, indeed, the port of New Orleans; and vessels were often detained there for weeks on the great bar, which had been labored upon to but little advantage before the cession of Louisiana to the United States. The French military and naval establishments at the Belize, which were very extensive, were utterly destroyed by the great hurricanes of September, 1740. Now-a-days, the venerable port is almost desolate; a few damp and discouraged fishermen linger



LIGHT-HOUSE, S. W. PASS.



sadly among the wrecks of departed greatness. "Pilot Town," at the Southwest Pass, is interesting and ambitious. The pilots and fishermen are delightful types, and are nearly all worthy seamen and good navigators. At "Pass à l'Outre" and "Southwest Pass" the Government maintains a "boarding station" for protection of the revenue, and an inspector is sent up to the port of New Orleans with each vessel arriving.

Steaming back to the Louisianan capital on one of the inward-bound vessels, leaving behind you the low-lying banks; the queer aquatic towns at the mouths of the passes, with their foundations beneath the water; the long lines of pelicans sailing disconsolately about the current; the porpoises disporting above the bars, and the alligators, sullenly supine on the stretches of sand, you will land into the rush and whir of the great commerce "on the levée." If it be at evening, you will hear the hoarse whistles of a dozen steamers, as they back into mid-stream, the negroes on their decks scrambling among the freight and singing rude songs, while the hoarse cries of the captains are heard above the noise of escaping steam.

Let us, in another paper, look at the industrial aspects of New Orleans, Louisiana, and the river regions contributing to their markets, and continue our studies of the people and the peculiarities of this richest of low-land countries.



BEAUTY AND THE BEAST.

## NOVEMBER MORNING.

ROARING, the wild south-wester  
 Fills the wide heaven with its clamor,  
 Ploughing the ocean and smiting  
 The land like a ponderous hammer.

Lo, how the vast grey spaces  
 Wrestle and roll and thunder,  
 Billow piled upon billow,  
 Closing and tearing asunder,

As if the deep raged with the anger  
 Of hosts of the fabulous kraken !  
 And the firm house shudders and trembles,  
 Beaten, buffeted, shaken !

Battles the gull with the tempest,  
 Struggling and wavering and faltering,  
 Soaring and striving and sinking,  
 Turning, its high course altering.

Down through the cloudy heaven  
 Notes from the wild geese are falling,  
 Cries like harsh bell-tones are ringing,  
 Echoing, clangling, and calling.

Plunges the schooner landward,  
 Swiftly the long seas crossing,  
 Close-reefed, seeking the harbor,  
 Half lost in the spray she is tossing.

A rift in the roof of vapor !  
 And stormy sunshine is streaming  
 To color the grey, wild water  
 Like chrysoprase, green and gleaming.

Cold and tempestuous ocean,  
 Ragged rock, brine-swept, and lonely,  
 Grasp of the long, bitter winter,—  
 These things to gladden me only !

Love, dost thou wait for me in some rich land  
 Where the gold orange hangs in odorous calm ?—  
 Where the clear waters kiss the flowery strand,  
 Bordered with shining sand and groves of palm ?

And while this bitter morning breaks for me,  
 Draws to its close thy warm, delicious day ;  
 Lights, colors, perfumes, music, joy, for thee,  
 For me the cold, wild sea, the cloudy grey !

Rises the red moon in thy tranquil sky,  
 Flashes the fountain with its silver talk,  
 And as the evening wind begins to sigh,  
 Thy sweet girl's shape steals down the garden walk.

A white robe glimmering through the scented dusk,  
Lingering beneath the starry jasmine sprays,  
Where thy thick-clustered roses breathe of musk,  
A sudden gush of song thy light step stays.

That was the nightingale ! O Love of mine,  
Hear'st thou my voice in that pathetic song,  
Sinking in passionate cadences divine,  
Fainting and failing with its rapture strong ?

I stretch my arms to thee through all the cold,  
Through all the dark, across the weary space  
Between us, and thy slender form I fold,  
And gaze into the wonder of thy face.

Pure brow, the moonbeam touches, tender eyes,  
Splendid with feeling, delicate smiling mouth,  
And heavy silken hair that darkly lies  
Soft as the twilight clouds in thy sweet South.

O beautiful my Love, in vain I seek  
To hold the heavenly dream that fades from me !  
I needs must wake, with salt spray on my cheek  
Flung from the fury of this northern sea.

## FOR PASTIME:

If anything could make one sure of a destiny that shapes our ends, and against which it is of very little use to contend, it would be the odd and apparently unaccountable freaks that now and then take possession of a man, and lead him to do something altogether outside of his usual routine and contrary to his habits of life. In the case of a man of leisure, whose inclination naturally forms his habits, you might easily suppose them contrary to his inclination, as well. It was a freak of this kind which led Walter Phelps to refuse to join a family party, consisting of his own mother and sisters, his younger brother John, and his cousin, Miss Margaret Sturgis, with her maiden aunt. They were to make the tour of the Northern lakes, and to settle down for a few restful weeks in the Lake Superior region, returning in time for the grand climacteric at Saratoga, and the parting glories of the season at New-port.

He wanted a little outing quite to himself, he said, and said it as one who was in earnest. It was something new for him. He was one of the men fond of being entertained, and accustomed to be made much of; fond, too, of his own woman-kind, and usually quite to be relied on for

escort duty. His mother and sisters had remonstrated at first, but he told them that, with John in attendance, they surely would not need him. And Miss Margaret Sturgis, his cousin, maintained that he was quite right. So they had started for the north-west, and he for the north-east at about the same time. He had provided himself with the multitudinous equipment of an angler, and already he had stopped in two or three different small villages in New Hampshire, failing so far to find a spot which the trout and he were agreed in approving.

At last, one evening, he was staging it through the beautiful Pemigewasset valley, and watching the sunset glory upon the hills and over the tranquil river. They were just entering a little village, and he turned his eyes by chance—still Destiny, you see, was playing him as if he had been a pawn on a chess-board—away from the river, crimson with sunset, to notice on the other side a picturesque old house among the trees. As they came opposite the door, he saw standing in it a girl whose lovely piquant face flashed on his sight for a moment and then vanished, as the stage-driver, after the manner of his tribe, whipped up his tired horses into a wild

spasm of despairing energy in order to drive up in state to the hotel. Mr. Phelps had meant only to spend the night in this little village of Riverside; but it began to look to him like a good trout region. When he was shown into a large comfortable chamber overlooking the river, his conviction strengthened; and by the time he had eaten his neatly-served, well-cooked supper, he was sure that if the trout did not come there it was so much the worse for the trout.

A soft summer moon was rising as he went out on the piazza, and he strolled away in the tempting summer night, and went—but this was of set purpose and not at all to be put down to the account of Destiny—toward the house where he had seen the vision of fresh, young loveliness in the doorway. It was a picturesque old place, a square house, the roof sloping up on each side toward a square erection, which was a sort of large-sized cupola. The trees that overshadowed this New England home were old and stately enough for an English park—haughty-looking trees, though they belonged to plain New England people. I use that word belonged, as if it were not a mockery to talk of transient wayfarers on this planet as owning the solid earth, the waiting hills, the whispering trees, that were here long before they came; that will be here, glowing in the warmth and light of each day's sunshine, long after these brief sojourners are dust. Shall property mock its possessor with its own permanence? There is only one Proprietor, because only one who can outlast his possessions; and when David said, "The earth is the Lord's," he understood the secret of ownership.

But Walter Phelps was not of a speculative turn of mind; he only thought of the trees as indicating an old estate. "Some of our stout New England yeomanry," he mused, "who may very likely have lived here for generations. The old house seems almost as strong as the land it is built on—but that girl looked like an exotic. She must be worth knowing, if one could only find out a way. But she is not the girl, nor are such people as live here the people, to permit any impudent familiarity."

Just then Destiny took up the cards again, and shuffled them for him.

A horse came tearing along the country road at a frightful pace. It took only a glance to show the looker-on that he was running away. The vehicle, a sort of

Dr.'s sulky, was swaying from side to side, and its occupant had evidently lost all control of the excited horse. Mr. Phelps glanced round. A few rods in front of him the road turned suddenly and sharply, and unless the animal had sense enough to turn with it, there was nothing to prevent him from dashing everything to pieces against a solid stone wall. There was no lack of pluck or of muscle about Walter Phelps. He had been stroke oar of his boat's crew in college—he had reserved force enough, and knew how and where to use it. He walked leisurely toward the horse, with an air as listless and *déglace* as if he were in a ball-room; but suddenly he had caught the bit with a grip like steel, and the astonished animal stood still in the highway, much surprised, no doubt, at this interruption to his high-footed proceedings.

"Much obliged, I'm sure," came a voice from the interior of the carriage; "I had been calculating the probabilities, and had about concluded that unless I should be saved by a miracle, it would take a better surgeon than I am myself to set my bones. If you'll hold this blood-and-thunder quadruped a moment more, I'll get out and lead him home."

With which words a portly man of a little past fifty descended from the sulky and reached out for the bridle rein.

"Let me keep it," Walter Phelps said politely, "you are somewhat shaken by your adventure. Let me lead the beast home, or drive him, as you please."

"Oh, home is just here, and you will come in and let Bessie thank you."

Could the young beauty be this man's wife? But no; the idea was monstrous. A shuffling sort of farm hand had heard the noise by this time, and came round to the gate.

"Take good care of this beast and rub him down well, for he's been having plenty of exercise," said the master, coolly; and then the horse was led away, and the two men walked up from the front gate to the house together. Already the beauty of Walter Phelps's sunset vision was in the door.

"Well, Miss Bessie," the master of the house said cheerfully, "the new horse has been running away. I stood a fair chance of being dashed to pieces against the stone wall; but when I had just said to myself that I could only be saved by a miracle, this unknown hero caught my horse by the

bit and saved me. It only wanted that I should have been a beautiful and belated damsel, instead of a hoary old country doctor, to have it read like a page out of a novel."

"You are better worth saving than any belated damsel I know of," Bessie said, as she kissed him; "and how I thank the 'miracle' that saved you I have no words strong enough to tell."

"The 'miracle' is Walter Phelps, by name, at your service, and only too glad of so easy an opportunity to earn your thanks. I am staying at the hotel, near by, and I will call to-morrow, if I may, to see whether the adventure has had any more serious consequences than appear at present."

"The more often we see you the better," his host answered with cordial hospitality, and Phelps fancied that Miss Bessie's eyes seconded the invitation.

"Papa is forgetting to tell you that he is Dr. Crandall," she said, as she bade him good night; "the only doctor in the place, and you've done a good many people a service, when you kept *his* bones whole."

So Fate had been, was it kind or unkind—only the future can say which—to Walter Phelps; or let us call it indulgent. He walked back through the moonlight to his hotel, in a mood of mild self-congratulation. She was certainly a girl—they were a family—on whom no impudent intrusion would have been tolerated. He might have staid in Riverside all summer, angling in vain for the opening which destiny and his own steel-like muscles had made for him to-night. He was born under a lucky star. But just there conscience pricked him, and asked a question he could not evade. Why did he want to know this Bessie Crandall—what could she be to him—why should he seek her? He stood still, and answered the inquiry—answered it all the more defiantly because he knew he was wrong.

"I want to know her just for pastime—and why not? Are men and women like tinder and flint that they cannot meet without falling in love? In this dull place any interest is a blessing. No doubt I shall entertain Miss Crandall, as much as her beauty will please me; and when the summer is over it will be autumn all the same, whether we have amused ourselves or been bored."

Mr. Phelps went down late to breakfast, the next morning, and found himself a hero. Dr. Crandall had driven by, and

stopped to tell the landlord the story of his rescue. Phelps had saved from accident the most popular man in the village, and the village was determined to make much of him. He did not go over to Dr. Crandall's until afternoon—he would not be in haste, or intrusive. The Doctor was not at home—possibly he had counted on this in timing his visit—but Bessie received him with a satisfying welcome.

"I took it lightly last night," she said, "but I never slept all night for thinking how easily he might have been killed; and he is all I have in the world."

Walter Phelps begged her not to humiliate him by too much gratitude for a service which cost him nothing beyond a momentary exertion of strength; but her thanks and praises were very pleasant, nevertheless. He leaned back in his chair and surveyed her critically, from under half closed lids. She was a lady, certainly. His cousin Margaret was no more entirely well-bred—but how different they were—as different as ice and fire, flesh and marble. Bessie was slight and lissome and girlish of figure. She had great, dusky eyes, out of which the child's eagerness had not yet faded, though the woman's longing and passion were in them too. Her hair was dark, with a soft ripple in it. Her features were piquant, rather than regular—the broad, sunny brow, the nose not quite straight, the sensitive, sweet mouth, the clear, dark skin, the rounded cheeks where the color came and went—you could not ask for anything brighter or lovelier, or yet more different from the absolute perfection of Miss Margaret Sturgis, not one line of whose classic face an artist would have ventured to criticise.

Their manners were as unlike as their faces. Both were perfectly refined, but Miss Sturgis had the aplomb and self-possession, the unvarying calmness and repose which come only of careful training and wide social experience. Bessie, on the other hand, was swayed by her impulses, as a butterfly is blown by a summer wind. These impulses, however, being always pure and sweet, the moods of a womanly and gracious soul, the result was quite as charming as the more reasonable deportment of a colder woman. Unconsciously all these comparisons drifted through the young man's mind. Miss Sturgis was the woman whom, aside from his mother and sisters, he had seen most of in his life, and of whom he had almost

unknowingly made a standard of comparison for all other women. Bessie was so curiously unlike her that there was a charm in this new study.

To do him justice, he pursued it faithfully. He pretended to be there for trout-fishing; but the trout had little to fear. There was always a reason for his going to see Bessie Crandall, which would not admit of delay. He sent to town for books and music—and one by one he must take them to her. He had a tenor voice, full of flexibility and sweetness, and he sang to her while she played his accompaniments. If he went fishing, she must go to show him the way. None of these proceedings disturbed Dr. Crandall. The manner in which their acquaintance began had made the Doctor friendly. He was glad to make the return of a cheerful and cordial hospitality. As for Bessie, it never occurred to him that she was in any danger. If it had been suggested, he would have said that he knew Bessie, and she wasn't the girl to fancy every acquaintance a lover, or to lose her heart until somebody asked for it.

In this last, he would have been right; but there are more ways of asking than one. Walter Phelps spoke no word of love, but the songs he sang were tender with some passionate old poet's devotion and longing—the books he gave her were such as a lover would choose—and his daily eagerness to see her, told her more plainly than words how pleasant he found her society. She combined in her nature the fervor of a woman and the honest simplicity of a child. She was too inexperienced to ask herself why he did not speak—it was sufficient for her that he *was*. Her heart had been like a tight-closed rosebud when he came; and its petals were opening already to the warmth of this new summer, of which he was the sun.

Meantime, he, poor fellow, was not quite comfortable in his mind. This acquaintance had not been less pleasant than he imagined it would be—but it was growing too serious. Not that Bessie had in the slightest degree thrown herself at his head. She was too delicate a woman—too shy beneath her frankness—for anything like that. To save his life he could not tell whether she really cared for him or not, and he was beginning to long ardently to know. Yet it was a question that he must not ask; and he began to see that from asking it he could find no decent, not to say chivalrous, escape. If he had been

wooing Bessie Crandall for his wife, he could hardly have done more or other than he had been doing for nearly six weeks past. And now his family were imperatively summoning him. They had returned as far as Saratoga; and, in this haunt of the well-dressed, they found one escort for them all an insufficient allowance—he must have caught and eaten trout enough by this time to turn his brain into phosphorus, and, really, they could spare him no longer. He felt that he must go—at once, that is, to-morrow. This afternoon he would pass with Bessie.

As he went toward the house where he had spent so many pleasant hours he felt himself a coward. Could he go away and not tell her the truth? Would any truth, however hard or cruel, be so ignoble as to depart, leaving her, if indeed she cared for him at all, a prey to the vain expectations he had done his best to create? Would—but he paused. Fate must settle it all. Perhaps she did not care; and if so no harm was done. But all the while he was conscious of a wild, miserable longing to see the light of love in her eyes, and to kiss the sweet, sensitive mouth, trembling with its first words of tenderness for him. He went in, and found Bessie in the great, cool parlor, fragrant with flowers. She was a creature of infinite variety; coquettish sometimes, argumentative sometimes, serious sometimes, and never twice the same. This afternoon she was changeable and brilliant, and elusive as the hummingbird that flitted in and out of the rose-tree under her window. Her mood tortured him. If he was brutal, that torture, perhaps, was a slight excuse—but then brutality is so often the resource of a perplexed man. If he only knew whether she cared for him! If not, he might spare himself the confession he had to make—but how could he be sure?

He drew a picture from his pocket, a little miniature painted on ivory—the face of a woman pure and proud and cold—"icily regular, splendidly null," he had said to himself this very day as he looked at it in his own chamber.

"I believe I have never shown you this," he said, handing it to Bessie,—"do you think it handsome?"

"Your sister?" she asked, looking at the picture carelessly.

"No, my cousin, Miss Margaret Sturgis, whom I am engaged to marry."

He had longed to know whether she

cared for him; but in that moment I think he would rather his doubt had remained unsolved.

She turned suddenly white to the very lips. As long as he lives he will never forget that momentary glimpse of her, with all her young warmth and brightness gone—a woman of stone. She was both proud and brave, and she would never lower her flag to the enemy. In a moment the color had come back to cheeks and lips, and her voice did not even tremble as she answered, quietly—

"Yes, she is very handsome; one of those beauties about whom there can be no question. I congratulate you."

He had been shocked when he saw that she suffered; but now her swift composure piqued him, and he showed it in his tone as he replied:

"I am not sure that I am ready to be congratulated. Marriage, at best, is an experiment."

"I think you are disloyal to your cousin," she said, with a little scorn in her tone, "when you receive my congratulations in such doubtful fashion."

"Would to heaven that were my only disloyalty!" he murmured, in so low a voice that Bessie did not feel herself obliged to hear it. She led the conversation in quite other channels; and jested and mocked and sparkled, so that if he had not seen her white face of stone for that one revealing moment, he would have believed that she cared not at all for all the summer that was passed.

Dr. Crandall had returned before he went away, and the parting was general.

The next day he went to his cousin.

A profound student of human nature says that, in marriage, the certainty "She will never love me much," is easier to bear than the fear "I shall love her no more." It must be much the same with lovers. There had always been a vague though possibly mistaken impression in Walter Phelps's mind that his cousin would never be very passionately in love with him; and that had never much troubled him. Passionate love, he thought, was not in the line of her temperament; and he had been well enough satisfied without it. Her grace and beauty had charmed his taste, her preference had flattered his pride; he had looked forward with pleasure to being the envied husband of a much admired woman, whose very coldness was his security, since she was sure never to turn

coquettish or light-minded on his hands.

But now a terrible fear beset him lest he should never be able to love her. He had not guessed how deep an impression Bessie had made on him until he felt how flavorless the calm faultless beauty of Margaret Sturgis had become. Involuntarily he was constantly contrasting her with Bessie; as at Riverside he had been trying Bessie by *her* standard. It was like passing from a gallery of paintings, alive with color and glow and brightness, into a hall of sculptured marbles, still and pure and white, and oh! so cold. There are those who like the marbles best—who see in them a noble grace the more sensuous art of painting can never reach—but Walter Phelps was not of these. He missed Bessie's riant little face with its dark beauty, her gay laughter, her sudden moods of half-pathetic tenderness; she was a woman, you perceive, after his own heart, while the homage he had paid to the other for so many years had been but the clear perception of his intellect.

He had never been used to self-control; no experience had taught him to submit patiently to discomforts of mind or body. He was uncomfortable now; and his boyish impulse was to run away from his uneasiness. He had not yet learned that trouble is like the ghost which had tormented a certain worthy family for years. The good wife finally concluded to move, in order to escape him; but when the last load of goods was on the van, a neighbor passed that way, and said, "So you're moving?" "Yes," cried the ghost, lifting from among the beds and cushions a voice of congratulation; "yes, we're *all* going." Walter Phelps had not learned that all maladies which are of the spirit have wings by right of birth, and will fly with us wherever we go. He thought Europe would have resources enough to put out of mind one little, brown, mocking face. He would try it. Miss Sturgis should go with him, if she would. He could take her over to the old Greek marble women, with whom she seemed to belong. What if she should choose to turn into stone there, and live on forever in a white dream of beauty? He laughed at his own conceit, and then went to his cousin.

With an altogether unflattering abruptness, he proposed to her to be married at once, and catch the next steamer for Europe. The mood to go was on him now—he had no patience with waiting—as

for gowns and things, they were plenty there as blackberries in New Hampshire.

Miss Sturgis was a thorough-bred, self-contained woman of the world; but she was neither without heart nor without perception. Whether the New Hampshire in his comparison suggested anything to her I do not know; but, at any rate, she had no mind to be married in an unsentimental haste that did not even pretend to excuse itself by any passionate ardor of love.

She refused his proposal with quiet firmness; and I do not think he was at all sorry to start upon his travels alone.

Europe diverted him, however, less than he had expected. He spoke American French, and it did not open to him any wild delights of a social nature. For vulgar dissipation he had no taste. At that stage in his career he was, no doubt, selfish, ease-loving, good-for-naught—but he was always pure-minded. The balls of the Mabille only disgusted him—the salons of a society, corresponding to his own in New York, were not open to him. He liked painting and music and sculpture, all of them with mild, good taste—not one of them was capable of giving him an intense emotion. He would have gone home in a year, had not the problem of his life waited at home for his solution. He sought for light on it in all the accustomed directions—he wintered in France to no purpose—he passed the next winter in Rome, with no better success. A summer in Switzerland, and another in northern Europe served him no farther—and at the end of two years he went home, just as puzzled and uncomfortable a man as when he sailed away from New York.

Meantime Miss Sturgis had been thinking. Would a lover who loved her have staid away two years? When he had asked her to go with him, had it not been with a make-the-best-of-it air?

These thoughts were in her mind when he returned to her, and asked her if, at last, she were ready to name the wedding-day.

She looked at him with a curious expression of inquiry, just touched, or at least he thought so, with scorn.

"This is sweetly courteous of you, I am sure," she said, in her cold, clear tones; "but I want to understand you perfectly—do you ask me to be your wife because you love me with a love that would choose me out of all the world; or because, after our understanding in the past, honor constrains you?"

"It is late in the day to ask that question," he said, with what indignant manhood he could summon, "now that you have been my promised wife four years."

She smiled—a smile which promised him no consolation.

"Well, I will change the conditions, then. I am no longer your promised wife. I withdraw every pledge I ever made you. Now, if you seek me, it must be afresh. You have thought me a cold woman; but I tell you that any man would marry me at his peril who could not give me the uttermost love of his heart. It would be a treason I could never forgive—I should be inexorable as death. Do not speak one word more to me of marriage, unless you know, in your soul, that you love me with a devotion that is absolute, exclusive, and for all time."

He had never come so near doing just this thing as at that moment. The keen excitement of her mood had breathed life into this seeming statue. Her eyes shone with a new fire. A brilliant scarlet glowed on her cheeks. There were new tones in her well-bred voice. He had never found her so intoxicating. I think he would have thrown himself at her feet, but that he feared her. Possibly, also, he feared himself. It may be that he had self-knowledge enough to understand that when the excitement of this mood was over, and she had gone back to her old graceful and gracious repose, she would fail to satisfy him, as she did before. With Bessie forever blithe and bonny and beguiling in his memory, dare he swear that he loved Margaret absolutely, exclusively, and for all time?

He rose and bowed courteously.

"You have chosen," he said, "for what reason I am unable even to conjecture, to break the bonds that bound us—to cast doubts upon a feeling you seemed in other days to find satisfactory. Against such caprice I am not skilled or patient enough to contend. I will not torment you with entreaties—you shall be, as you have chosen, mistress of your own future."

He made his exit with dignity, as he thought. Her eyes followed him with a smile half scornful and wholly sad. "So go four years of a lifetime," she said to herself.

The very next afternoon found Mr. Phelps in Riverside. The image of Bessie had taken on new charms, now that to win her seemed possible. One woman had

weighed him in the balance and found him wanting. There would be sweet and full amends in the greeting of this less judicial charmer, who had never seemed disposed even to criticise him. He found a cruel consolation in remembering the swift pallor that had overspread her face when he showed her Miss Sturgis's picture. All through his hurried journey he had been picturing to himself the sweetness of her welcome. How the young cheeks would crimson, the dewy eyes gleam and glow, the sweet mouth tremble! That there would be any difficulty—that she might be estranged, or cold, or dead even, never once occurred to him. Two years had gone by, bringing change and experience to him, as was natural, but she—surely she must be still just that same half-opened rosebud of a girl—like a flower in a picture that

“ biddeth fair to blossom soon,  
But it never, never blossoms in this picture, and  
the moon  
Never ceases to be crescent, and the June is al-  
ways June !”

He went to see her at about the same hour on which he had seen her first. He knew the household ways. They would be through tea—the Doctor would have gone out—she would be alone. He would have the long twilight, the sweet summer evening, in which to make her happy, to sun himself in her soft joy. He half thought he should find her in the door, as he had seen her stand so often, white-robed and fair. But he saw no one when he drew near the house. For the first time he thought, “what, if she were dead!” and shivered, as he knocked at the door. A new servant answered his summons, and his inquiry whether Miss Bessie was in.

He sent up his card, and then waited for her in the parlor below, his heart beating as no woman had ever made it beat before. She looked at the bit of paste-board, and smiled. He had come again, then—this man who held her heart in the hollow of his hand, that other summer, and played with and pitied it, “with a poor-thing negligence!” She took a sheet of paper, and wrote on it:—

“ Do not come to-night—I will tell you why, to-morrow.”

This she gave to her maid, with a few words of direction; and then looking a moment in the glass—for who does not adjust his armor before going into battle—she went down stairs.

She was not quite the Bessie Walter Phelps had expected to see; yet he could not have defined the change. Certainly she was not less beautiful. If anything, her sparkling, changeful face had gained in charm. But there was an added self-possession in her manner—a new pride in voice and gesture. This was not a girl for any man to love and ride away. Nor, sincere as was his purpose, did he find it easy to tell her for what he had come. She had some new power over herself and others. She chose, for a while, to keep the conversation on indifferent subjects. She wished to take a fresh sense of this hero, whose star had once ruled her heavens—to see, with her matured powers of perception, what manner of man he was. Would he be able to stir her pulses with any of the old thrill? She thought not—but he might try, if he chose; it would be well that she should be altogether sure of herself.

So at last she let him ask the question for the sake of which he had come. He was too much in earnest, now, for dainty gallantries. He asked her in a few plain words to be his wife; and she answered with a little spice of wickedness, for she was a very human little creature:—

“ But your cousin, Miss Margaret Sturgis! I supposed you had married her, long ago.”

“ No, Bessie, you had made that impossible. I only found out how well I loved you after I had left you. Margaret was too clear-sighted to be deceived, and when she guessed my secret she gave me up. Never fear but I am honorably released. I am yours, now, if you will have me.”

“ I am afraid Mr. Robert Niles would object,” she said, demurely.

“ Who is Mr. Robert Niles?”

She answered with deliberate cruelty, bearing in mind the very words with which, two years before, he had turned her to stone:—

“ My friend, whom I am engaged to marry.”

Walter Phelps was proud. There is pluck and courage in the *jeunesse dure*. He, too, remembered the old time—the old words. “I congratulate you,” he said, as coolly as she had spoken the same words of old.

“ Thank you,” she answered—“ I know Mr. Niles so well that I do not think my marriage will be an experiment.”

Just before he left her, his heart softened over her, and conquered his pride.

“ I have loved you very dearly,” he said.

"I did not guess how well, in that old summer; but I knew afterwards that I had never really cared for any other woman. Is it too much for me to ask, in the name of all I feel for you, whether you *love* this Mr. Niles?"

Her nature, always as exquisitely true as it was exquisitely tender, impelled her to the frank confidence which was all she could give him now. If he were really noble enough to rejoice in her happiness, she would make him sure of it.

"Yes," she said, with grave, sweet seriousness. "I love Robert Niles. I was very near to loving you, two summers ago; but I felt that you treated me ill. You had played with my heart for pastime, but it was a prouder heart than you knew. You had amused yourself with me, careless of what you might make me suffer, while you, yourself, were engaged to another woman. When I knew the truth, it aroused against you my pride and my indignation, and they cured my budding love. Since then I have known and loved Robert Niles, and he satisfies me entirely."

Walter Phelps looked at her in the soft summer dusk—this fair woman who was not for him. He knew that he had sold his birthright for a mess of pottage; and that for him there was no place for repentance.

"God bless you for a sweet, true woman, whosever wife you are," he said fervently; and then he went away from her in the twilight, out of the peaceful old house; out of the lilac-bordered yard; out of her life, forever.

Rumor says that sometime after that he tried to win back Margaret Sturgis and failed. She married his younger brother John, who had adored her with single-hearted devotion since that summer when he did escort duty at the Northern Lakes in place of Walter, the absentee. John has never been known to complain that his wife was cold. He prefers his stately white

lily to any other man's ardent rose; and there are those who testify to having seen Mrs. John Phelps in her nursery, and heard her talk sweet, foolish, idle baby-talk as rapturously as any common mother of them all.

So you perceive our trifler wasted no one's day but his own, in his pastime. The two women, neither of whom he quite knew how to love steadfastly, were happy in spite of him; and he—we can afford to pity him, for he is very much alone.

Nor does he enjoy loneliness. Certain platitudes about love are much in fashion, implying that man's need of love is less than woman's; but there are men and men, as there are women and women. Walter Phelps is precisely the kind of man to covet domestic life. Dissipation, as I said, does not attract him, for his nature is refined. He has money enough without looking for it, so he has not the excitement of business. He has no political ambition; nor has he the tastes of a student. A happy home is precisely what he needs; but he threw his chance for that away in his youth. Remembering the past, he has a vague idea what love is; and he is determined not to marry without it. So, ever since, he has been pursuing a hope that has constantly eluded him. He can never, try how he will, feel again the glow at his heart that warmed him when he waited that last day for Bessie, in the old house at Riverside. Society has come, at last, to look with mild contempt upon his patient experiments.

I danced with him, last night—a well-preserved man of forty-five—and I wondered if he, as well as I, heard an all-wise young chit of seventeen, in the insolent pride of youth and beauty, say to the pretty boy of twenty who was holding her fan—

"Just see what airs he gives himself, that old beau!"



## SONNETS.

## I.

Of other men I know no jealousy,  
 Nor of the maid who holds thee close, O close;  
 But of the June-red, summer-scented rose,  
 And of the orange-streaked sunset sky  
 That wins the soul of thee through thy deep eye,  
 And of the breeze, by thee beloved, that goes  
 O'er thy dear hair and brow; the song that flows  
 Into thy heart of hearts where it may die.  
 I would I were one moment that sweet show  
 Of flower; or breeze beloved that toucheth all;  
 Or sky that through the summer eve doth burn.  
 I would I were the song thou lovest so,  
 At sound of me to have thine eyelid fall:  
 But I would then to something human turn!

## II.

Love me not, Love, for that I first loved thee,  
 Nor love me, Love, for thy sweet pity's sake,  
 In knowledge of the mortal pain and ache  
 Which is the fruit of love's blood-veined tree.  
 Let others for my love give love to me;  
 From other souls O gladly will I take,  
 This heart-dry, hunger-thirst of love to slake,  
 What seas of human pity there may be.  
 Nay, nay, I care no more how love may grow,—  
 So that I hear thee answer to my call!  
 Love me because my piteous tears do flow,  
 Or that my love for thee did first befall.  
 Love me or late or early, fast or slow;  
 But love me, Love, for love is one and all!

## III.

We are alike, and yet—O strange and sweet!—  
 Each in the other difference discerns.  
 So the torn strands the maiden's finger turns  
 Opposing ways, when they again do meet  
 Clasp into each, as flame clasps into heat.  
 So when my hand on my cool bosom burns,  
 Each sense is lost in the other. So two urns  
 Upon a shelf the self-same lines repeat,  
 But various color gives a lovelier grace.  
 And each is finer for its complement.  
 Therefore it is I did forget thy face  
 As deeper into thy deep soul I went:  
 Vague in my mind it grew till, in its place,  
 One that I know not from my own was sent.

## IV.

A night of stars and dreams, of dreams and sleep ;  
A waking into another empty day—  
But not unlovely all, for then I say :  
“ To-morrow ! ” Through the hours that light doth creep  
Higher in the heavens, as down the heavenly steep  
Sinks the slow sun. Another evening grey,  
Made glorious by the morn that comes that way.  
Another night, and then To-day doth leap  
Upon the world ! O quick the moments fly  
That bring that one the hand-maiden and queen  
Of moments all ! Swift up the shaking sky  
Rushes the sun from out its dolesome den ;  
And then the sacred time doth yearn more nigh ;  
A long, brief waiting in the dark—and then !

## V.

My love for thee doth march like armed men  
Toward a queenly city they would take.  
Along that army's front the banners shake ;  
Across the mountain and the sun-smit plain  
It steadfast sweeps as sweeps the steadfast rain.  
And now the trumpet makes the still air quake ;  
And now the thundering cannon doth awake  
Echo on echo, echoing again.  
But, lo, the conquest higher than bard had sung !  
Instead of answering cannon comes a small  
White flag ; the iron gates are open flung,  
And flowers before the invaders' footsteps fall.  
That city's conquerors feast their foes among,  
And their brave flags are trophies on her wall.

## VI.

Thy lover, Love, would have some nobler way  
To tell his love, his noble love to tell,  
Than in these rhymes that ring like silver bell.  
O he would lead an army, great and gay,  
From conquering to conquer, day by day ;  
And when the walls of a proud citadel  
At summons of his guns loud echoing fell,  
That thunder to his Love should murmuring say :  
“ Thee only do I love, dear Love of mine ! ”  
And while men cried, “ Behold how brave a fight ! ”  
She should read well, O well, each new emprise :  
This to her lips, this to my lady's eyes !  
And though the world were conquered, line on line,  
Still would my love be speechless, day and night.

## THE STORY OF A TELESCOPE.

WHEN we trace back the chain of causes which led to the construction of the great Washington telescope, we find it to commence with so small a matter as the accidental breaking of a dinner bell in the year 1843 at the Phillips Academy, Andover, Massachusetts. One of the scholars of the Academy, George B. Clark by name, gathered up the fragments of the bell, took them to his home in Cambridgeport, put them into a crucible with some tin, and proceeded to melt them in the kitchen fire. His mother very naturally inquired the cause of such an interference with the culinary arrangements, to which he replied that he was going to make a telescope. Having melted his metals, he cast them into a disc, and commenced grinding them into a slightly concave mirror. His father learning what he was doing, lent a helping hand, and the combined skill of father and son was soon rewarded by the completion of a five-inch reflecting telescope which would show the satellites of Jupiter, the rings of Saturn, and other telescopic objects.

Such was the origin of the now well-known firm of Alvan Clark & Sons. The father was then a portrait painter in Cambridgeport, and within the limited circle of his acquaintance the accuracy of his portraits and the patience which he devoted to their finish, brought his work into high esteem. He was entirely self-made, having received no higher education than that afforded by the district school of his native place, or by his own reading; but this defect was more than compensated by his natural genius, which was of a much higher order than that of the so-called practical man. It is interesting to notice the early development of those qualities he has since exhibited in the construction of telescopes. At the time of which we speak he was much more widely known as a champion shooter with rifles of his own make than he was as a portrait painter. His success in this apparently unartistic and unscientific pursuit was due to the extreme accuracy with which he cut the bores of his weapons, and figured his balls, and to the precision of his eye-sight.

He now entered with ardor upon the path so curiously opened up by the experiment of his son. He made reflectors of larger size, and began to employ them in scanning the heavens. Among other objects he examined was the great Nebula

of Orion, that celestial mystery which nearly every great telescope of the world has sought to unravel. He confined himself to making a little map of all the small stars he could see in the nebula, and when it was done he exhibited it to Professor Bond, the director of the newly-founded observatory at Cambridge. Surprise was expressed at the number of minute stars Mr. Clark could see with so small an instrument, and the astronomer remarked one in particular which Herschel had not seen with his twenty-foot reflector.

Mr. Clark now began to consider the feasibility of grinding the glasses of a refracting telescope, and suggested the project to his son. "Ah, father, we cannot do it," replied the learned boy. "All the writers say that figuring a lens is an operation of extreme difficulty." But the father was not a man to be stopped by any dictum of so vague a body as that of "writers," and he resolved to make the attempt. A pair of four-inch discs of optical glass were procured, and, after considerable labor, he produced an object glass which seemed to him perfect. He now went to Professor Bond and told him that he had a four-inch glass which he proposed to try alongside of a Munich glass, which Bond considered one of the finest he had ever seen. The proposal was accepted, and the new glass was brought to the observatory, mounted in a wooden tube. Pointing it at a bright star the practiced eye of the astronomer soon detected what seemed to be a very serious defect. The glass did not show the star in its proper shape as a simple lucid point, but added a little tail like that of a minute comet, which seemed to extend upwards from the star. Mr. Clark looked. There was the tail sure enough. Yet he was quite sure the glass had never before shown such an appendage, and that it was not due to any defect in the instrument itself. But he was quite unable to explain it, and the glass was in consequence pronounced a failure.

After considerable thought and experiment the cause of the difficulty was divined. The wooden tube under the cold sky radiated heat from its upper surface, and was warmed by the heat from the ground on its under surface. The result was that inside of the tube was a very thin layer of warm air at the bottom, and an equally thin layer of cold air on top. The tube

was scarcely larger on the inside than the aperture of the object glass. The consequence was that much of the light which traversed the extreme edge of the glass was refracted upwards by these layers of air through which it had to pass, and formed the tail to the star. Mr. Clark found that he could avoid the difficulty by making the tube at least half an inch larger than the glass, and wrapping tin-foil around it when he used it under the open sky. The small radiating power of the tin-foil prevents its cooling so rapidly by radiation to the sky, while it reflects most of the heat which comes from the ground, and thus preserves a more equable temperature than the naked wood.

During several years Mr. Clark devoted his leisure to the making of glasses of gradually increasing size, which he mounted in the simplest manner, and generally sold to private individuals. Some of these are still to be found in the hands of exhibitors on Boston Common. To many of our readers it may seem strange that a maker of telescopes equal to any in Europe, should have worked for ten years without receiving the slightest recognition or encouragement from any official, scientific, or educational quarter, although the time was most favorable for such recognition. The year in which he made his first telescope was marked by the projection or foundation of the Cambridge, Washington, and Cincinnati observatories, and the ten years during which he worked in entire obscurity were those of the revival, or, we might say, the foundation of practical astronomy in the United States. The case strongly illustrates the cause which more than any other now retards the progress of science in America; namely, our total indifference to genius which does not force itself into notice. Even at the present time the highest scientific ability in this country stands hardly a chance of recognition away from the great center of activity. As these lines are written, one of the first mathematicians of the century—fairly the peer of Hansen or Leverrier—has for ten years studied and worked in obscurity in a county district without receiving a fourth of the recognition, reward, or encouragement he would have received in any country of Europe.

We trust that every true lover of the intellectual progress of America will feel mortified to learn that the first scientific recognition of Mr. Clark's genius in the diffi-

cult art he has pursued with such success, came from Europe. The Rev. W. R. Dawes of England, was, at the time referred to, one of the leading amateur astronomers in England, and was celebrated for his performances in the measurement of double stars. He was among the finest and most critical judges of telescopes living, while his personal character and virtues corresponded to his intellect. To him Mr. Clark ventured to write without any introduction, describing his efforts in the construction of telescopes, and stating what he had been able to do in resolving the very difficult triple star of Andromeda. This letter opened a correspondence which lasted as long as Mr. Dawes lived. The latter began by sending Mr. Clark a list of certain difficult celestial objects which he wished him to examine and describe. This was done in a manner so satisfactory to Mr. Dawes, that he made a proposal to purchase Mr. Clark's glass, which the latter accepted, and the glass was sent over to England in the Autumn of 1853. Its performance was so satisfactory that Mr. Dawes soon ordered a second. The reason for sending these orders to America was that there was not, at that time, an establishment in England which could grind a large object glass into accurate shape, so that English astronomers were in this respect entirely dependent upon the two or three German houses who possessed the art. When a thirteen-inch telescope was constructed for the Royal Observatory, Greenwich, it was found necessary to send to Munich for the object glass.

Although England had lost the art of shaping object glasses, the yet more difficult art of casting rough glass of the necessary purity and uniformity was brought to the highest perfection by an English firm, of which we shall have further occasion to speak. Mr. Clark was therefore obliged to import his rough discs to fill the orders of Mr. Dawes. Here he met with a serious obstacle from a piece of machinery operated by the Government for the nominal purpose of "protecting domestic industry," but the real effect of which is to obstruct the higher forms of industry by increasing the cost of all the appliances necessary to their successful prosecution. The Custom-House no sooner found Mr. Clark importing unheard-of lumps of glass of great value than it set upon him as if he were a public enemy. Optical glass not being then recognized in

the tariff, the discs were classified as cut glass, owing to one or two square inches on the edge having been polished to test them; and the enormous duty of 30 per cent. was levied upon them. What was still worse, the duty was based not on the actual value of the discs as optical glass, but upon the guarantee value, which included the large additional sum paid to the founder in consideration of guaranteeing that if the glass did not prove good, new discs would be furnished. Applying to the Collector to know whether he could not secure a drawback upon the duties in consideration of the article being designed for re-exportation, he was humorously informed that if he would pay for the services of a watchman to keep control of the glass during the whole period of the manufacture, so that the watchman could swear that the glass exported was the identical one on which the duty had been paid, a drawback would be allowed. These illegal exactions of the Custom-House became so oppressive that Mr. Clark was obliged to appeal to the courts for relief. He brought suit against the Collector for duties illegally levied, and gained his case, but the costs absorbed the whole amount recovered.

The second glass ordered by Mr. Dawes was almost completed when, one day, as Mr. Clark was carrying it out to test it, it slipped from his hands and was broken to pieces. The product of many months of labor, and of no small pecuniary outlay, lay before his eyes a pile of worthless fragments. He could not even begin his work over again until he had again purchased his glass in England, and again paid the demands of the Custom-House. As soon as he could recover from the shock, he sent another order for the glass, but it was so long in being executed that he made inquiries in New York, to learn whether a pair of discs could not be procured there. In this inquiry he was successful, so that when the discs first ordered at length arrived, he had two pairs on hand. He worked the best objective he could from each pair, and sent them both to Mr. Dawes, who found so much difficulty in making a choice that he kept them both.

Mr. Dawes, we may say, was a sort of telescope fancier, who had the keenest appreciation of the good points of a fine instrument, but was always on the track of improvements in the construction and mounting, so as to gain the greatest convenience in use. The German makers were

more or less wedded to their particular forms of machinery for working the instrument, and deviated from them with great reluctance. But Mr. Clark, not being a trained engineer, Mr. Dawes found in him one who was ready to adopt and incorporate in an instrument any feature he might desire, and who would follow his multiplicity of minute directions with the most scrupulous accuracy. When he wished to introduce improvements, his general course was not to alter the instrument he already had, but to order a new one with the improvements, and then sell the old one. With his high reputation, both as a man of character and a judge of telescopes, he never had any difficulty in disposing of such an instrument. It thus happened that up to the time of his death, in 1867, he had ordered some half dozen object glasses and several complete telescopes from Mr. Clark, which are now scattered in various hands throughout England.

During the period of these transactions with Mr. Dawes, Mr. Clark's reputation was widely extended in his own country, and he was able to turn his entire energies to his new profession with a good prospect of success. About 1859 he procured glass for the construction of the largest refracting telescope yet made. The great pair of refractors made by Merz and Mähler for the observatories at Pulkowa and Cambridge had reigned without rivals for about twenty years. The clear aperture of the object glass of each was about fifteen inches. The discs which Mr. Clark now commenced to work were large enough for a clear aperture of  $18\frac{1}{2}$  inches, and would therefore admit about fifty per cent. more light than the instruments of Cambridge and Pulkowa. This glass was completed in 1862, and was scarcely pointed at the heavens in its temporary tube when a remarkable discovery was made with it. To comprehend the interest of this discovery, we must mention a circumstance in the recent history of astronomy.

It is perhaps half a century since Bessel found, by a comparison of Bradley's observations of Sirius, made between 1750 and 1756, with his own, that the motion of that star exhibited a remarkable peculiarity. It did not move in the heavens in a straight line with a uniform velocity like other fixed stars, but varied its motion in such a way as to indicate that it was revolving around some center very near it. Bessel could not doubt that this force was due to the

attraction of an invisible satellite moving around the bright star. Some years afterwards Dr. C. A. F. Peters, by a careful study and comparison of all the observed right ascensions of Sirius, was able to calculate the orbit of the attracting body. Afterwards Mr. T. H. Safford was led to the same result by a study of all the observed declinations of the star, so that there could no longer remain any reasonable doubt that the satellite really existed, though it continued to elude the most careful search.

On the evening of January 31, 1862, Alvan G. Clark, pointed the newly finished glass at Sirius, probably without any knowledge of the researches to which we have alluded. "Why, father," he exclaimed, "there is a companion!" The father looked. There was the satellite surely—distance about ten seconds. As the news went round the world, every great telescope was pointed at Sirius. Now, when it was known exactly where the companion was, it was found that many telescopes would show it, and measures of its distance and direction flowed in from all quarters. The French Academy of Sciences awarded Mr. Clark the Lalande medal, which is given annually to the maker of the most interesting discovery of the year. It was awarded not simply for the discovery, but also for making the object glass which led to it.

The important question whether the satellite was really the disturbing body which had been predicted, could only be settled by long continued observation. After four years it was found that the observed position and motion of the satellite both corresponded so nearly with those predicted from theory that no serious doubt of the identity of the seen and unseen bodies could be entertained.

Mr. Clark commenced the construction of this telescope for the University of Mississippi; but the outbreak of the civil war necessarily prevented that institution from completing its contract, and the glass was sold to the Chicago Astronomical Society. It was placed in charge of Mr. T. H. Safford, the distinguished astronomer and computer of Cambridge. Very little has, however, been done with it, as the architectural defects of the dome in which it is mounted have interfered with its use.

During all the time of which we have been speaking, while observatories supplied

with large telescopes were springing up all over the country, and while an association of private gentlemen had supplied themselves with the largest refracting telescope ever made, the great telescope of the National Observatory of the country was nothing more than a  $9\frac{1}{2}$  glass, mounted with all the ancient inconveniences. This was clearly a state of things which called for improvement, but a remedy was by no means easy. When the war had to be prosecuted; when the national debt was to be paid off; and when Mr. E. B. Washburne, "the watchdog of the treasury," presided over the House Committee on Appropriations, asking Congress to vote money for a telescope seemed, indeed, a hopeless enterprise. However, in the summer of 1867, the writer sought an interview with Mr. Clark, to learn on what conditions he could be induced to undertake a telescope for the Government of not less than two feet clear aperture. He was not at all enthusiastic on the subject. He was willing to undertake the work for forty thousand dollars in gold, but would not make a contract on any other than a gold basis, for fear of a subsequent depreciation of the currency. This condition was very embarrassing, as it was not at all likely that Congress could be induced to authorize a gold contract within the country, and the project seemed so hopeless that no further attempt to carry out the scheme was then made.

In the course of the year following the necessity of some action, if the Observatory was ever to have the telescope, became apparent. Rumors that some one else would order the instrument came in from various quarters, and, especially, from Princeton College, where they had gone so far as to project a building for it. As it did not seem likely that Mr. Clark would be able to undertake more than one instrument of the size desired, and as this was expected to occupy more than four years in its completion, prompt action seemed urgently necessary. Accordingly, in his annual report of 1868, Rear Admiral Sands set forth the wants of the Observatory, and the ability of Mr. Clark to supply it, and asked for four annual appropriations, each of ten thousand dollars in gold, to pay for the telescope. But the words were spoken to the empty air. Secretary Welles had adopted the rule that no estimates for improvements in any branch of the Naval service should be sent to

Congress with his sanction, but that expenditures should be confined to what was necessary to keep the public property in repair, and carry on the necessary operations of the Navy on the most limited scale, unless Congress should see fit to authorize more on its own responsibility. The telescope being clearly an improvement, the estimate for its construction could not reach Congress through the proper official channel at all. If Congress had been aware of this rule adopted by the Secretary of the Navy, and had known that the non-appearance of an item of this kind in his estimate by no means indicated disapproval on his part, its ear might still have been obtained for the project. But the Committee on Appropriations did not know anything of the sort, and no amount of statement or explanation could make them aware of it. They looked to the Secretary of the Navy for all estimates for the Naval Observatory, and knew nothing about any except those he recommended.

The recommendation was renewed the year following, but with no better immediate effect. If we were writing only the official history of the project, we should have but to say that about the close of the following session, in July, 1870, Congress suddenly changed its mind, and authorized the telescope. But to explain how Congress came to change its mind, we must intrude upon a private dinner party, given by one of our most honored citizens, trusting for pardon to the great public importance of a movement which originated over the table. Among the party were Senators Hamlin and Casserly, Mr. J. E. Hilgard, of the Coast Survey, and a young gentleman from New York who had spent the day in examining the sights of Washington. Being called upon for an account of what he had seen, he described his visit to the Observatory, and expressed his surprise at the absence of a large telescope, the largest there not only being much smaller than many at quite unknown observatories, but smaller than Mr. Rutherford's in New York. The Senators listened to this statement with incredulity, and appealed to Mr. Hilgard to know whether the visitor was not mistaken through a failure to find the largest telescope of the Observatory. The latter replied that the statement was entirely correct, the telescope having been procured at a time when the success of large ones was still considered doubtful. "This

ought not to be," said one of the Senators. "Why is so great a deficiency not supplied?" Mr. Hilgard adduced the supposed reluctance of Congress to appropriate money for a telescope. "But it must be done. You have the case properly represented to Congress, and we will see that an appropriation is passed by the Senate, at least."

Mr. Hilgard did not lose a day in following this advice. He called upon the Superintendent of the Observatory, who of course gladly assented to the plan. He then communicated by telegraph with a number of the leading men of science throughout the country, who authorized their signatures to the proper petition. The latter called attention to the wants set forth by the Superintendent of the Observatory in his last two annual reports, and to the ability of the Messrs. Clark to supply this want. It was duly printed, and put in the hands of Senator Hamlin for presentation to the Senate within three or four days of the dinner party. The proposed measure being considered by the Committee on Naval Affairs, and on Appropriations, was adopted in the Senate as an amendment to the Naval Appropriation bill, without opposition. The great difficulty now was to get the amendment through the House of Representatives, or rather through its Committee on Appropriations, as the session and the bill were together in a stage where everything had to be decided by the appropriate committees.

To prevent misapprehension we must say that no government is more ready than our own to appropriate money for scientific objects of the value of which it is fully satisfied, when the case is properly presented and fully understood. The great difficulty (greater, perhaps, than would be supposed outside of Washington,) is to secure such presentation and understanding. It may be safely assumed that a member of Congress never looks at any printed document sent him through the mail, so that personal application is the only way of calling his attention to any subject. After a canvass of the House Appropriation Committee, it was believed that a clear majority was in favor of the measure; we were therefore much surprised to find that it recommended *non-concurrence*. This left the question to the joint committee of conference, which fortunately comprised such men as Drake, of the Senate, and Niblack, of the House. There

the telescope was agreed to, and the clause authorizing its construction speedily became a law. The price was limited to fifty thousand dollars, and ten thousand were appropriated for the first payment.

About the time the bill passed, an occurrence threatened to complicate matters exceedingly, and perhaps endanger the possession of the telescope by the Government. Mr. L. J. McCormick, of reaping-machine fame, had conceived the idea of getting the largest telescope that could be made for an observatory he intended to

McCormick's withdrawal of his claim to it.

Another circumstance which probably facilitated the undertaking was that a rival house had meanwhile arisen in England, in the persons of Thomas Cooke & Sons, of York, who had made a glass of twenty-five inches aperture for R. S. Newall, Esq., of Gateshead, England. This glass was much larger than that of the Chicago telescope; a state of things to which the Clarks were by no means disposed to submit. But for this, it is doubtful whether they could have been induced to under-



ALVAN CLARK.

found, and sent an order to the firm of Alvan Clark & Sons while the appropriation was still pending in Congress. Mr. Clark, however, believed that he could complete a pair of twin instruments almost as quickly as a single one, and in one way the contract with Mr. McCormick facilitated that with the government. It being made on a gold basis, Mr. Clark was quite willing to enter into the government contract on a currency basis, which removed one of the principal difficulties in its way. The question who should have the first telescope was amicably settled by Mr.

take anything larger than twenty-four inches, but they now very readily consented to try twenty-six. While negotiating the contract, the writer contended persistently for some provision which would enable the government to secure a larger telescope than Mr. McCormick, but they would agree to nothing of the sort, the supposed right of that gentleman to a telescope of equal size being guarded as completely as if he had been a party to the negotiations.

As the only establishment in the world to be entrusted with the making of the in-

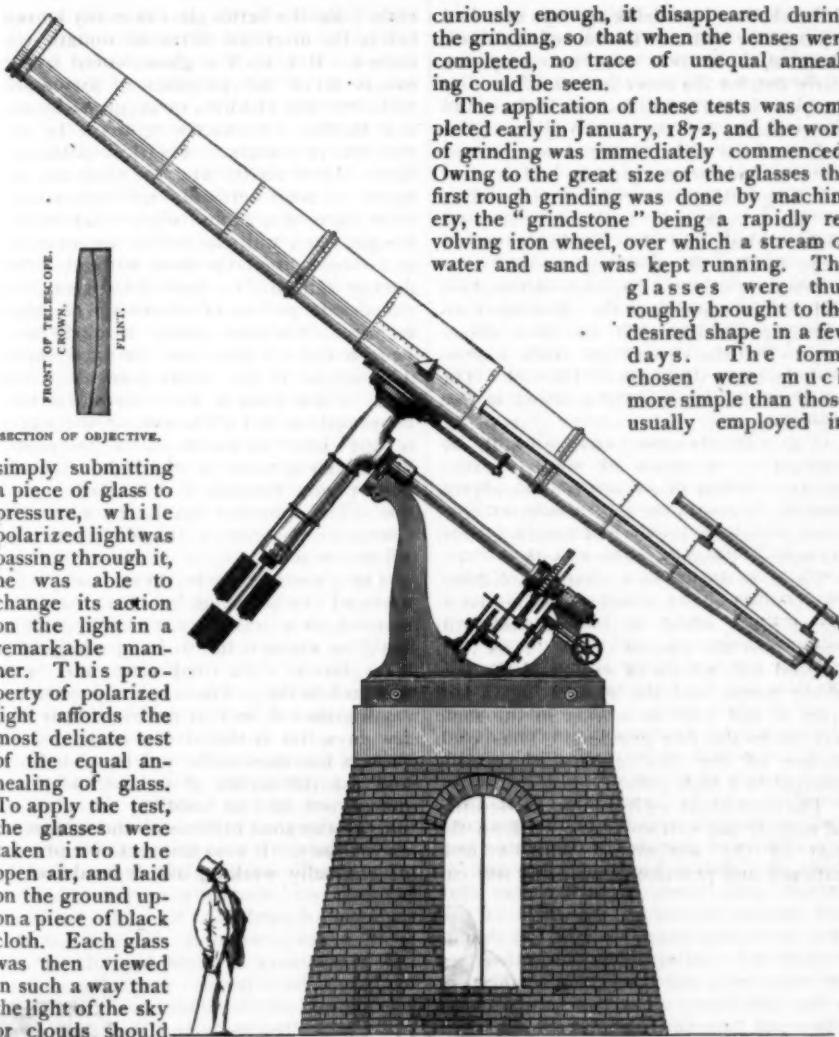
strument was that of the Clarks, so only a single firm could be relied on to furnish glass discs of the necessary size and purity for the lenses, namely, that of Chance & Co., of Birmingham, England, from whom Mr. Clark had procured nearly all his optical glass during the twenty years he had been making telescopes. As soon as the contract with the government was completed, George B. Clark, the same who melted the bell in the kitchen fire twenty-seven years before, crossed the ocean and proceeded to Birmingham to contract with Chance & Co. for the glass. Making discs of the required size proved to be a task of such difficulty, that more than a year elapsed before entire success was reached, a number of trials having failed in the meantime.

To give our readers a clear idea of the subsequent operations, we must describe the construction of an achromatic object glass, or objective, as it is usually termed. Every one knows that when light passes through a refracting surface it is decomposed, or separated into a number of prismatic colors. The result of this is that a lens cannot bring all the rays from a luminous object to the same focus, the focus for red rays being always more distant than that for blue rays, so that there is no distinct image. In consequence, Newton and his contemporaries considered the construction of refracting telescopes which would show an object with entire distinctness to be impossible. But Dollond, an English optician of the last century, conceived the idea of combining two lenses of different kinds of glass and of opposite curvatures, in such a way that each should counteract the effect of the other in decomposing the light, but should leave an outstanding difference in their refracting power, and thus bring all the rays to the same focus. The two sorts of glass thus used are flint and crown glass, of which the former has about double the dispersive or decomposing power of the latter. An accompanying figure shows the section of an objective, as made by the Clarks. It will be seen that the flint glass has only one curved surface, while the crown has two. The effects of the two glasses in dispersing the light are equal and opposite, while the crown, having, by its two curved surfaces, the excess of refracting power, brings all the light to a focus.

The completed discs of flint and crown glass reached Cambridge in December,

1871. By the terms of the contract the first payment of ten thousand dollars was to be made when the glasses were tested and found of proper quality; they were therefore prepared for examination as soon as possible. The tests were made by direct optical examination, and by polarized light. To apply the first, the glass was set up on its edge between firm supports, in the middle of a large, nearly dark room. A lamp was set at one end of the room, so as to shine upon the back surface of the glass at right angles; behind the glass was placed a large lens of short focus, so that the light of the lamp passed through both the lens and the disc, and came to a focus at about an equal distance on the other side. The eye being placed exactly at this focus, that portion of the glass disc backed by the lens appeared as a brilliantly illuminated surface, on which the slightest defects were magnified in a startling degree. The minutest specks, bubbles, and scratches appeared as huge deformities, and any vein of unequal density would appear as a wave on the bright surface. The practiced eye of the elder Clark soon detected such a wave. "If that is in the glass," he exclaimed, "I would not give a penny for it." The apparent defect was soon seen by all. The important question was whether it was in the interior of the glass or on the surface. To settle this its position was marked by pasting a pointed strip of paper on the glass, and the lamp was moved to one side so as to shine through the glass obliquely, and the position of the wave was again examined. If in the interior of the glass, it would seem to move away from the paper point, in consequence of parallax. No such change of position was perceptible, showing that the defect, whatever it might be, did not extend into the interior. Careful examination showed several other lines of the same sort, but the test indicated that they were all on the same surface, and would therefore be removed in the operation of grinding the glass. It was still of interest to learn what they really were, and a careful examination showed that they were only accidental marks of the grinding tool used by Chance & Co., to give an even surface to the glass, which had not been entirely removed by the polisher.

This first test having been successful on both glasses, that by polarized light was applied. Hearers of Professor Tyndall's lectures last winter may remember how, by



THE NEW WASHINGTON TELESCOPE.

simply submitting a piece of glass to pressure, while polarized light was passing through it, he was able to change its action on the light in a remarkable manner. This property of polarized light affords the most delicate test of the equal annealing of glass. To apply the test, the glasses were taken into the open air, and laid on the ground upon a piece of black cloth. Each glass was then viewed in such a way that the light of the sky or clouds should be reflected from its under surface, and reach the eye after twice traversing its thickness. This light was viewed through a Nicol's prism held in the hand, and turned round and round, the glass also being turned round so that the light should be examined in all directions. The result indicated that the flint glass was perfectly uniform, while in the crown there were very slight circles of strain from the center to the circumference. This defect would not interfere with the usefulness of the glass, and

curiously enough, it disappeared during the grinding, so that when the lenses were completed, no trace of unequal annealing could be seen.

The application of these tests was completed early in January, 1872, and the work of grinding was immediately commenced. Owing to the great size of the glasses the first rough grinding was done by machinery, the "grindstone" being a rapidly revolving iron wheel, over which a stream of water and sand was kept running. The glasses were thus roughly brought to the desired shape in a few days. The forms chosen were much more simple than those usually employed in

large glasses, the crown glass being double convex, with an equal curvature on each face; the flint, nearly plane on one side, while the other side was concave, with the same curvature as the crown glass.

The process of grinding and polishing was now carried on in the usual manner. The tools are very simple—round plates of cast iron, about three feet in diameter, hollowed out to suit the curves of the lens. They have somewhat the appearance of huge shallow saucers, or more nearly still,

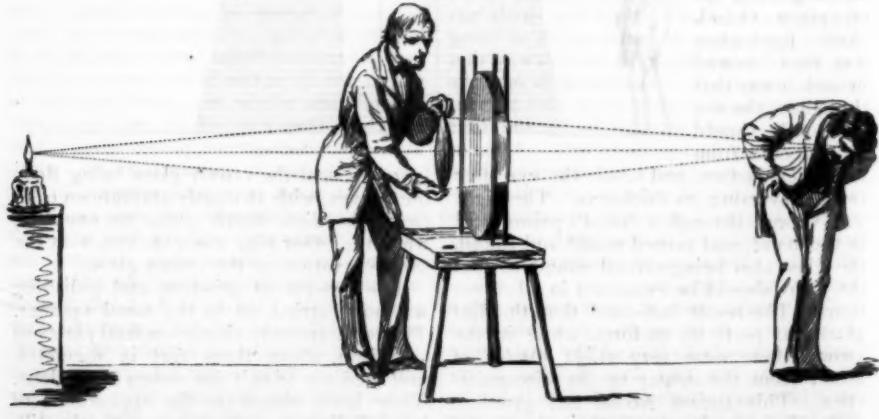
of the shallow iron drinking cups attached to pumps or hydrants in some of our cities. Three of these tools were necessary, one nearly flat, for the inner surface of the flint glass, one convex, for its outer surface, and one concave, for the crown glass. The surface of the tool is covered with coarse emery and water, the glass is laid upon it, and the grinding is carried on by sliding the glass back and forth on the tool. While sliding, the glass is slowly turned round so that the grinding strokes occur successively in every direction on the glass, while, at the same time the operators continually move around in the other direction, so that the strokes are made successively in every direction on the tool. The result of these combined motions is that every inequality, either on the glass or the tool, is gradually worn away, and both are reduced to portions of nearly perfect spheres. When this result is attained, the grinding is continued with emery of continually greater degrees of fineness, until the surface becomes quite smooth.

The next operation is that of polishing. The whole tool is covered with a thin coating of pitch, which is pressed while still warm into the proper shape. It is then covered with a layer of water and the polishing rouge, and the glass is again laid upon it, and kept in motion in the same way as in the fine grinding. Thus each surface of the two glasses is speedily brought to a high polish.

The operations we have thus far described require no extraordinary skill on the part of the workman. With a little patience and practice almost any one can

make himself a better glass than any known before the invention of the achromatic telescope. But, such a glass would by no means serve the purposes of astronomy now, and the chances of a glass of any size turning out exactly right on the first trial are very slight. The skill of the optician is now called into play to rectify the figure. Two formidable difficulties have to be overcome, to find what the defects of the glass are, and where they are situated, and then to remove them without introducing others. To find the defects, the glasses are put together, set up on edge, facing a luminous point at a distance equal to ten or fifteen times the focal length. The image of the point formed in the focus of the glass is then examined with an eye-piece of high power, or the eye is placed exactly in the focus, and the aspect of the glass noted as the light from the point passes through it. By these means the skilled optician can judge where the curves of the glasses are too great, and where too small.

The glasses are now taken back to the tool and the polishing process is recommenced, only pressing upon those parts of the glass where it has to be ground away. The glass is then tried again, and again returned to the polisher. The defects in a small glass can be thus polished away in a few days, but as the size is increased the process becomes more and more tedious, and the difficulties of judging what the defects are, and of handling the glass on the polisher so as to diminish them, increase enormously. It is in this tentative process of gradually working out every defect of



TESTING THE GLASS.

figure, and even in compensating defects in the uniformity of the glass itself by a suitable change of figure, that the Clarks have exhibited their unrivaled skill. So tedious did they expect the process to be in the case of the great telescope that they asked three years for its completion. But the glass was worked into shape with unexpected rapidity. We have said that the operation was commenced in January, 1872. In the month of June following the glass was in such good shape that only an expert could see any defect whatever. Looking through it, we could read a microscopic photograph, illegible to the naked eye, at the distance of some four hundred feet. Had an opportunity offered, we might have read a love-letter over a young lady's shoulder half a mile away. Artificial double stars, one-third of a second apart, were clearly separated. In hands less severely critical than those of makers, it would have passed as optically perfect. Nevertheless, four months more were spent on it, and it was not till October that it was reported finished and the payment then due requested. The influence of temperature on its figure was now quite perceptible. In the evening, while temperature was falling, the defect of spherical aberration was one way, but after it became stationary the defect was slightly in the opposite direction.

The telescope is by no means finished with the glass. The latter must be carried in one end of the tube, as large as a good sized steam boiler, and this tube must admit of being pointed with ease and celerity in any required direction. The observer must be able to tell, at any moment, the direction in which it points with extreme precision. It must admit of being moved by clock work in such a way that as the earth revolves from west to east the telescope shall revolve from east to west with exactly the same velocity, and thus point steadily at the same star. The details of the machinery for attaining these and a multitude of other objects have required a large amount of thought, contrivance, and calculation, and it is only after the expiration of another year that everything is complete.

The construction of a building in which a telescope is to be placed is second in importance only to that of the instrument itself, from the fact that defects in the structure may seriously interfere with the efficiency of the instrument. The sole

object of the building is to protect the instrument and observer against wind and weather; in all other respects its influence is positively injurious. The reason of this is that currents of warm and cold air around a telescope interfere with seeing by keeping the object observed in a state of continual agitation. Any one who has looked at a distant object along a street or wall heated by the sun's rays, or above a hot stove, has noted the agitation produced by irregular refraction of the light while passing through the currents of warm air. In the telescope this agitation is increased in the ratio of the magnifying power. Consequently in large instruments, it can never be entirely avoided, and is greatly increased by any notable difference of temperature between the walls of the building, the air inside the room, and the air outside. Perfect uniformity of temperature around the instrument is therefore necessary: no matter how cold outside, it must be equally cold inside the observing room. Now, when the latter has thick brick or stone walls, and is constructed, in the usual way, on top of a great building, the walls are heated up by the sun's rays in the course of the day and cannot cool off at night as fast as the air, and the required uniformity of temperature becomes impossible. The larger the dome the harder it is to cool, and hence the greater the evil.

Architects are great offenders against astronomy in this respect, everything like being positively injurious. So, in erecting the dome for the great Washington telescope, no architect was employed, the plans being prepared by a competent engineer and draughtsman under the immediate direction of the astronomer, and the work being executed under the general supervision of the latter. The floor of the dome is on the same level with the ground floor of the main building, and is therefore very easy of access; the walls, above the floor, are of heavy oak timber, covered with thin galvanized iron, while the dome itself is of pine, covered in the same way. Although of forty-one feet interior diameter, it can be turned round by one man in about three minutes, the machinery for this purpose being the simplest possible. Owing to the small amount of material in the structure, it will be easy to secure the requisite equality of temperature, while there is no building below to cause currents of warm air. The only corresponding drawback is that a portion

of the horizon is cut off from the sweep of the telescope, but, as astronomical observations are scarcely ever made near the horizon, this is not a serious matter.

To all the other advantages of this style of building we must add that of economy. The total cost of the tower, dome, and foundation for the instrument, including three rooms for the use of the observers, was about \$14,000, and the price of the instrument itself being about \$48,000, the entire cost of building and telescope will be about \$62,000. One or two thousand more may be expended in completing all the arrangements, but this will be all.

The first question the public always asks about a great telescope is "how does it compare with Lord Rosse's telescope?" The question whether the great Washington telescope will prove to be the most effective yet made is indeed of interest, but the comparison is not to be simply made with the telescope of Lord Rosse. If we seek for the telescope which has, in recent times, been most effective in the discovery of objects invisible with other instruments, we shall find it to be not Lord Rosse's giant reflector, but those of Mr. William Lassel of England. In 1848, Professor Bond, at Cambridge, discovered an eighth satellite of Saturn, and the discovery was made independently by Mr. Lassel only a day or two afterward. This gentleman also discovered the satellite of Neptune and two new satellites of Uranus, and his telescopes are, we believe, the only ones with which the latter bodies have actually been observed. His largest telescope was a reflector of four feet aperture, while Lord Rosse's great reflector is of six feet aperture, and ought, theoretically, to show an object with twice the brilliancy of Mr. Lassel's. But, for some reason, it has never proved so effective as the latter. We have a similar paradox in the case of Herschel's telescopes. His great forty foot reflector was, perhaps, the most celebrated of modern times, yet, he rarely used it; and as nearly all his discoveries and researches, even those which required the greatest telescopic power, were made with a twenty foot reflector, we may judge that he found the latter about as effective as the former.

If we cannot judge the real power of different reflecting telescopes by their size, it must be much more difficult to compare the new Washington telescope, which is a refractor, with these great reflectors. A

comparison of what the two classes of telescopes ought, theoretically, to do is indeed quite easy, and a simple calculation will show that our new refractor is theoretically equivalent to a reflecting telescope of about three feet aperture, which is much less than that of the great reflectors of Rosse and Lassel. Therefore the reflecting telescopes have, theoretically, the advantage, because it is so much more easy to construct a large reflector than a large refractor. But, in practice, the former is subject to several drawbacks, the most serious of which are the difficulties of keeping every part of the great mirror in perfect polish and in proper figure. The slightest distortion of the mirror, even that produced by its own weight, will totally destroy the image of a star in the focus; it must, therefore, be supported by a complicated system of machinery, which is liable, in the course of time, to get out of order. In most great reflectors the observer has to mount to the upper end of the telescope and look down into the mirror, which is a great inconvenience. In the great telescope recently made by Grubb, of Dublin, for the Melbourne Observatory, this difficulty is avoided by the use of a second reflector, which throws the light back through an opening in the center of the first one, so that the observer stands below the latter, and looks up through the opening. Here, however, two reflectors have to be kept in order instead of one, which must increase the difficulties of management.

The result of these drawbacks is that great reflectors have seldom proved efficient in regular and continued use, and it is not at all unlikely that the new Washington glass will show anything ever seen by any other instrument. That it will be capable of doing more steady work in the measurement of minute objects, and in the gauging of the heavens, than any other ever made, the writer does not doubt; it is, however, necessary that its owners, the people of the United States, shall allow their astronomers the uninterrupted use of it. As only an insignificant fraction of the entire people can see it under any circumstances, it is expected that the masses who cannot see it will support the astronomers in their resolution to allow no one else to look through it, especially when they know that its use as a general gazing instrument is entirely incompatible with its use in advancing astronomy. If any are thus disappointed, they must allow

us to console them with the assurance that most of the objects at which the public wish to look, such as the moon, Jupiter

and Saturn, can be commonly seen as well with a small telescope as with a large one.

— — —  
A SPIRITUAL SONG. XI.

FROM THE GERMAN OF NOVALIS.

DAWN, far eastward, on the mountain !  
Gray old times are growing young ;  
From the flashing color-fountain  
I will quaff it deep and long.  
Sacred boon to old desire's rogation !  
Sweet love in divine transfiguration !

Comes at last, our poor earth's native,  
All-heaven's one child, simple, kind ;  
Blows again, in song creative,  
Round the earth a living wind ;  
Scattered sparks long driven of joyless weather,  
Blows to new and quenchless flames together !

All about, from graves abounding,  
Forth springs new-born life and blood.  
Endless peace for us firm founding,  
Plunges he into life's flood ;  
Stands amid, with full hands, gaze caressing—  
Waits but for the prayer to give the blessing.

Let his mild looks of invading  
Deep into thy spirit go ;  
By his blessedness unfading  
Thou thyself possessed shalt know ;  
Heart and soul and sense, in solemn pleasure  
Join, and break into a new-born measure.

Grasp his hands with boldness yearning ,  
Stamp his face thy heart upon ;  
Turning toward him, ever turning,  
Thou, the flower, must face the sun.  
Who to him his heart's last fold unfoldeth,  
True as wife's his heart forever holdeth.

Ours it is—with us abiding !  
Godhead, word at which we quaked,  
South and north, in dark earth hiding,  
Heavenly germs hath sudden waked !  
Let us then in God's full garden labor,  
And to every bud and bloom be neighbor !

## EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN.



THE first question asked by a reader finding in the book of an unknown American author three such poems as "Penelope," "Hylas," and "Alectryon," would be, "How came such clean-cut classic work here? In the day of common-place and the land of the practical, what created the spirit, touched to finer issues, that could form conceptions so clear and poetic, and express them in language at once so precise and so elegant?" We select these three pieces as illustrations of Stedman's genius, because their subjects present a severe test of power, in their remoteness from ordinary interest, and in the difficulty, as great in the translated as in the original ones, of keeping within the region of pure poetry and true human feeling, yet apart from modern modes of thought. In so far, like all writings of their class, they are an experiment, just as the imitation by English hexameters of Theocritus's idyllic measure is an experiment. But the qualities that win success in the attempt are the very ones that ensure excellence in the

freer treatment of fresher subjects. The force of poetic abstraction must idealize an alien personality, just as it revives a passage in ancient life. A quick instinct for the beautiful will avoid common associations, whether it is a simple theme from the early past that requires them to be ignored, or a picture of to-day from which they must be discarded. If the fable of the god or the hero touches us as real through its insight into passion and motive, the same penetration carries our sympathy with it when it unfolds the course of some familiar story, presenting beings like ourselves for the actors. And what more is needed for poetic conception beyond ideality, sensitiveness to what is lovely and noble, and the subtle sight below the surface that traces action surely to its springs? When besides we recognize forcible expression of precise ideas, close correspondence of the word with the image, and large control of language, always clear but not colorless in its clearness; and when moreover this flowing dress of thought is

adorned by touches faithfully reproducing minute study of nature in all her aspects, the answer comes readily enough to the question how Stedman, so far as his own nature and gifts consciously guided him, became a poet.

Science, in our day, however, casting changed light on all old wisdom, turns the venerable saying that the poet is born, not made, into a new reading, and adds a note of doubt. It bids us judge genius by the rule that individual qualities and character are of slight account compared with the influences transmitted by a mingled ancestry, and the modifications impressed by circumstances. The time may come, in the approach of the race towards perfection, when the nascent sciences of biology and sociology shall pass from speculation to application. It may be that their exact formulas will some day define the precise quantity, and assign the distinct origin, of each component of every man's mind. They may even go farther, and legislate for wise conjunction of kinds, breeding philosophers or poets as the demand directs. While such a science of eugenics is forming, instances enough may be cited to support its theories, and Stedman is among them. One of his direct ancestors, the Reverend Aaron Cleveland, was known as a poet in a prosaic time, and among influences that made such a distinction rare. Under a milder creed, and in more propitious days, his cousin, the Reverend Arthur Cleveland Coxe, has shown, as Keble has done in England, how nobly religion may inspire the muse. His mother is enviably distinguished in letters, as a correspondent quick in observing and apt in describing the striking features of Italian life, and as a writer of very feeling and tender verse. So that hereditary tendency may quite fairly be accounted one of the influences that inclined him toward the cultivation of the poetic art.

We are careless of provoking the wrath of the *Quarterly New Englander* in affirming that the atmosphere of the region in which Stedman was born, and in which the earlier years of his life were spent, was not one that breathed kindly over the growth of the delicate blossom of poesy. We do not mean to say that of versification, as of the other arts commonly thought more useful, the machinery has not been assiduously plied in Connecticut. But the product recalls the workshop oftener than the shrine. Neither the weighty argument of

Barlow's "Columbiad," nor the more stirring plea of his "Hasty Pudding," disturbs our position. Brainard's quiet fancies are few and slight, while Percival's trivial elaborations and Sigourney's washy dilutions are many and formidable. Halleck, born in that State, lived and gained his fame elsewhere, returning to silence in his native air. It may well be supposed that Stedman's great-uncle, James Stedman, took good care that those indigenous bards should serve for warnings rather than models, while his pupil was pursuing his studies in the picturesque region about Norwich, to which place he was sent two years after his birth at Hartford in 1833. Indeed Stedman's English proves, by the purity of its selection, and the neatness and conciseness of its turn, that if the literature of his mother tongue made any part of his training,—as it probably did, under the direction of his uncle, who was a scholar and a jurist,—he was guided to the fountains, and not to the manufacturer's rills. And everywhere throughout his verse we catch the traces of early familiarity with nature, the lovely reflections of her subtle secrets of effect in rock and woodland, cloud and water, which are won and treasured only by those fortunate in living far from towns in their youth, while the senses are fresh, and the wonder of the world ever new.

Stedman entered Yale College in 1849, at the too early age of sixteen. A strapping at that point in life, particularly if so delicately organized, both mentally and physically, as he was, is unfairly matched in the race of study against the mature strength of those even only a few years his seniors. If sympathetic and quick-witted, he is almost certain to become the popular pet instead of the serious rival. He was among the foremost, as might have been expected, both in Greek and in English composition. The Greek training of that date, if the standard of reading was not quite so difficult as at present, was still thorough, under the direction of the accomplished Woolsey, and it is high praise for Stedman that he should have achieved the unusual union of proficiency in that study and distinction as a writer. But there were two things more important for his college standing than either of these. They were mathematics and discipline. The former his quick intellect might easily have managed, unsuited though the study was to his men-

tal constitution. As to the latter, the system of control at Yale twenty-five years ago was in a state of transition from the old rule, more police-like than paternal, to the present liberal plan of confiding in students as men and gentlemen.

Young Stedman fell under its censure, for no very grave error, and quitted college without taking his degree. But Yale has never regarded her errant sons with a step-mother's glance. When honorable toil in a literary career had brought the fulfillment of his earlier promise, the University gladly claimed Stedman again, and enrolled him among its *alumni* of the year 1853, with the degree of Master of Arts.

Still urged by his precocity and ardor of disposition to press early into the battle of life, Stedman put his talent to practical use by undertaking the management of a newspaper at Norwich, at the age of nineteen. A year later, while the law yet declined to regard him as his own master, he married one of the daughters of his native State—and whatever opinions may be held of its poets, there are no better wives than those of Connecticut—and became the owner of the Winsted *Herald*, published in Litchfield County. The time was more stimulating to editorial energy and originality than the place. The last of the hollow pacts between freedom and slavery had lately been signed, and most of the independent editors of the north, following the lead of the great New York anti-slavery journal, were busy in vociferously railing the seal off the bond. The politics of the paper were Whig, but its manager belonged to the coming race of journalists, and did not understand Conservatism to imply the defense of wrong. The spirit and ingenuity with which Stedman conducted his journal, and the novelty of the correct literary tone which he took pains to impart to it, earned him a high reputation throughout the State. But an intellect so clear and a taste so refined as his could not long be contented with the crookedness and wrangles of journalism. The *crambe recocla* of its matter must have disgusted a palate naturally delicate, and skilled already in rare flavors. The pursuit was so exacting and irksome as to give little leisure for higher cultivation. He hesitated to sink the man of letters in the man of a paper, conscious that the two careers are utterly distinct, and can only be brought into one through some rarely

fortunate concurrence of circumstances. His ambition, acting upon the conviction that his powers were devoted to unsuitable work, wasted in a narrow circle, drew him at length to New York. The best social connections, such as those which Stedman enjoyed, unserviceable enough to a young man at the outset in any hard-working profession, can give no aid whatever to the beginner in a literary career. Until he has shown what he is, readers care nothing at all who he is. The field was crowded with aspirants like himself, many of them of more practical ability and larger experience in the ways of town life. His finer qualities were quite as likely at first to tell against him as in his favor in the competition. He was to go through the hard discipline of poverty and hope deferred, that steels the character if strong, and widens the sympathies, if true. How strong and how true these were in his case the result has clearly testified. There are two of his poems, written about this time that are filled with the memory and the feeling of his early struggles. One of these describes, with a fanciful grace and careless dash that yet betray in some touches defiant reaction from bitter sorrow, "the pride and pain that dwell so low in valleys of Bohemia." For that fairy kingdom did once upon a time descend into our very streets, and hold here a brief historic existence. A few of the noble and generous spirits owed allegiance to it—some of their shadowy figures are discernible in the poem—of whom a part carried only its light and grace into the real world where they have made a name, and others went down through folly and evil into early ruin. It could be at best but a pale copy of that joyous Parisian *abandon* which served as an excuse for the loosest recklessness of life. The free, roving, loving, homelessness of the Provençal minstrel—the "dance and song and sunburnt mirth" of that first genuine Bohemian, are hardly reconcilable even in Paris with debts and duns, and the decent restraints of modern ways. When absinthe and the Quartier Latin were represented by lager in the Bowery, and *fâneur* got translated loafer, the glamour soon faded. But whatever of romance youth, and heart, and wit could cast over such heedless days, lives again at its best in this little poem of Stedman's. The other poem, "Flood-tide," bearing the date of 1857, opens with a fine lyric burst, catching something of the lift of

"Locksley Hall," though really with a more human tone, and more definite picturesque point. It is a poem to Action, alive with aspiration, aching with eagerness, and falling slowly back through natural cadences to quiescence in duty, and the abnegation of content with the worth of common deeds. We can hardly err in imagining that much of the author's personal history during this period is to be read in these stanzas.

Twenty years ago the reading public of New York were demanding a new poet, for the credit of letters in the metropolis. The scranneI-pipe of Willis and Morris gave thin and harsh echo to the sounding notes, long silent or seldom heard, of Bryant and Halleck. Longfellow's strain, sweet if not over full, with Whittier's and Lowell's vigorous verse, had preserved the tradition of American poetry, which the sister city affected to guard as her own. A kindly welcome was ready for the three or four youthful poets, who, with Stedman among them, modestly came forward to fill the vacant ranks. The names of Stoddard, Taylor, Aldrich, Boker and Timrod will recall to many of this generation still young, the early promise of those days, since nobly fulfilled. Naturally enough, the influence of Tennyson, then in his prime, was over them all in some degree. Some of Stedman's first published verses, such as "Heliotrope," "The Freshet," "The Ordeal by Fire," though too original to be imitations, unconsciously show traits of the model. In 1859, three poems appeared in the *Tribune*, which might have been written by as many different authors, indicating respectively as they do no common powers of light satire, genial fancy, and clear description, deepened by a certain grim humor. These were "The Diamond Wedding," "The Ballad of Lager Bier," and "Old John Brown." They gained the public attention, and led to the printing, in the following year, of his first volume of Lyric and Idyllic poems. There was enough in it for reputation, but not for the promise of gain, and Stedman, with daily task-work for others to perform, returned to journalism. There is a magnetism in type-metal from which those who have once yielded to it can never escape. He labored steadily and faithfully for some years, at first as a contributor to *The New York World*, and afterwards as its correspondent at Washington through the first campaigns of the war. There were no

better newspaper letters written during the rebellion than those sent by him from the head-quarters of McDowell and McClellan. His quick observation generalizing power, vivid color in words, and concise aptness prove how essential the poetic faculty is to that most modern product of the press, that historical painter of the instant for the million, the war-correspondent. England gave us the model, and Stedman was one of the few whose near approach to that original ensured the wide circulation of their letters, both here and in Europe.

Towards the close of the war Stedman exchanged arms for the gown, passing a few months of official life in confidential relations with the Attorney General of the government, Edward Bates, a man whose sagacity was quick to distinguish from the adventurers crowding Washington an aid who could understand and value the solid qualities that had won him respect and love throughout a long career at St. Louis. In 1864 Stedman returned to New York. Probably the fatiguing monotony of employment on the daily press seemed tame to him after the exciting life of camps. Whether to escape its demands upon his time, or in the hope of more rapid fortune, he chose the pursuit which seems to those clear of its vortex the most stimulating and exacting of all—that of a stockbroker. But Stedman's slight organization is informed with an excess of nervous force. It may be that the tumult of the Exchange withdraws from it the due quantity of vitality to leave his faculties in a regulated state for calm, mental work. At any rate, he has found leisure and self-poise enough to devote diligent labor to study, poetry, and criticism. His published volumes since the war comprise *Alice of Monmouth and other Poems*, printed in 1864, and *The Blameless Prince*, which appeared five years later. Besides these, many separate poems have been composed in later years, among which are "The Heart of New England," a story of the truest feeling and simplest fidelity to nature, and an address in verse, entitled "Gettysburg," delivered in 1872, before the Society of the Army of the Potomac, at Cleveland. His latest public appearance was at Dartmouth, where he delivered a poem, recently published in this Magazine, remarkable for its contrasted pictures of scholastic and active life, and its noble eulogy on the late Chief Justice. The volume of his collected works which has just issued from the

press of J. R. Osgood & Co., does not include the "Hebrew Pastorals," a series of ten careful idyllic studies upon biblical subjects, from Abraham to Ruth, written in blank verse. To these he has devoted his maturest powers, and those specimens of them which have been already published, give us reason to believe that they will add to the reputation he has already gained.

A fine instinct for unity and proportion limits Stedman to a range of simple themes, and dictates a careful and systematic treatment of them. His accurate construction of plan and faithful finish of detail are equally admirable. He never oversteps the modesty of nature through the morbid choice of a subject, or by strained effects in his manner of dealing with it. His poetic conception has borne no monsters, his contemplation of life avoids its distortions, and he leaves to coarser fancies the congenial work of peopling its dark places with shapes of sensuality and misery. It is not that his men and women are pale ideals, that fail of truth to humanity in doing and suffering. But it is by lifting them above the ordinary lot of man, through some attribute of force or goodness, not lowering them beneath it, that he makes them more interesting than the people we meet in the streets. He will not drag us back to the groveling instincts and blind violence that betray our lower origin, if modern theories are to be accepted, so long as the aspirations they cannot stifle may be caught and transfigured to prophetic images of light and purity. Nor does he lose the richest poetic material by thus shutting out the vague region from the chaos of which the half-human half-diabolic specters that haunt the chambers of the brain for so many modern poets are evoked. The natural sunshine and cloud suffice for his pencil, under which man now rejoices or sorrows, without descending to borrow either gleams or gloom from that formless kingdom out of which he may have emerged. Some quiet nook of scenery, or idyllic passage, or grave historic incident, or tender emotion attracts him, serving as the point from which the grace and harmony of life rather than its discord and wretchedness may be displayed. Stedman's technical execution has the firmness and precision which his true sense of relation would lead us to expect. The frame of his two larger pieces is carefully constructed, the interest in their gradually evolving char-

acters continuous, and the incidents leading to their natural catastrophe well conceived and fitly linked together. Two or three fresh pictures of landscape in the "Blameless Prince" and all the highly finished stanzas in studied variety of measure marking points of rest between the passages of action in "Alice," are very charming. The skillful observance of relation between the parts and the whole is even more true to perfect form, if less evident on the surface, in the arrangement of the more elaborate ones among his minor poems. In "Summer Rain," for instance, and in the "Feast of Harvest," "The Songster," and the Dartmouth Ode, the subject is first firmly sketched, then expanded with ample and congruous illustrations through a wide range of associated thoughts, held still close with the guiding idea, and concluded with a fullness of tone that leaves on the ear as in the mind, a satisfied sense of symmetry. The fruit of deep critical study appears in the selection of language, in strict keeping with the course of his theme—bold and rich where it rises, simple and clear in the level movements. Epithets are sparingly and aptly used, and no redundancy or mere swell of periods disfigures the even fullness, crisp with delicate descriptive ripples. He has the secret too of pathetic tones, hushed to a passing sigh or a tender regret, without wasteful vehemence. Yet these can break into passionate lament, as in the last scenes of the "Prince." There is one group of his minor poems in which Stedman displays a very peculiar power, blending pathos with solemnity, and quickening the vivid mental image with a spiritual thrill, which creates an effect of somber grandeur, breathing through such stanzas as "Spoken at Sea," "The Duke's Exequy," "The Assault by Night," "The Old Admiral," with the sound of a mysterious voice from afar. In these, as in most of his later poems, particularly, the studied effect of measure deserves attention. Stedman's naturally correct ear rarely fails in suggesting the adjustment of the metrical movement of his lines to the burthen of their thought. His various experiments in the musical forms that minister to his art indicate patient research and practice. These have been carried to a still higher point by some among those of his contemporaries we have named, and similar labor should be less neglected than it has been by their younger imitators.

The restrained elegance cultivated by Stedman in the treatment of his carefully selected subjects has brought upon him the charge of a want of humor. A poet may dispense with humor. One of the purest, Wordsworth, wholly wanted its sense, and one of the subtlest, Shelley, rarely originated it, though his translations from the Greek reek with it. But there is sham humor and there is real humor; and those who miss the first in Stedman's poetry overlook his free and skillful use of the last. We grant he is not found setting the village-wag's paragraphs a-jingling. He never puffs a character out of shape to raise a laugh. Yet of the true humor, akin to pathos, which pervades the feelings and mellows sympathy, he has ready control. And all our classic humorists, from Irving and Cozzens to Warner and Harte, who understand the temperate use of that power, and employ it as tint in a picture or tone in a harmony, not exaggerating it as the sole element for daubs and chuckles of style, would recognize Stedman's moderation as true art. The crowd of hilarious jackpuddings who have of late diffused printed buffoonery far beyond its permitted range of the comic almanac seem to feel no distinction between the ludicrous and the humorous. Their faculty grows out of a sense of disproportion, and extorts a grin by the shock of incongruity and contradiction. Their conception of the fair harmonious visage of humanity is that of a face reflected in a tablespoon. They are whimseyists, not humorists. Stedman has learned a better lesson from the masters. Even Falstaff's moral nature, though gross as a mountain, is symmetrically enormous; and Rabelais' colossal fun is wreaked on the whole proportioned man, not in caricature of a part.

Stedman has been criticised too from another point for the limited order of his subjects, and his fastidious delicacy in managing them. He is said to have no broad sympathy with humanity. They are careless readers of "Alice of Monmouth" who suggest the censure. There is a view of humanity, broad in a certain sense, which he has never introduced into his art. It is not within the range of this sketch to discuss the limitations of poetry in this respect, or to point out that certain phases of life may require the freedom and discursive sweep from highest to lowest of prose to represent them fully. We can hardly fancy Smollett or Flaubert turned

into verse. Of recent American life especially there are some aspects that have been painted by two prose writers at least, with a realism that yields in nothing to Defoe's, and shown by the lightest, firmest touches to be but another face worn under new disguises by our common nature. But the poets who have ventured into this field have fared worse. They have dwelt on circumstance and accident only. The trick of language, the local color, yield all the material they work with, to a trivial result. These versifiers have found their subjects in the mere accessories of prairie and mine, not in the men who chance to be hunters or gold diggers. They have stopped short with describing that strange population as if its only interesting point were to have instruments of cruelty in its tents, and to be clothed with cursing as with a garment. If Stedman had followed them in this direction, it can only be said he would have done no less than they have done, and would have done it far otherwise. There has been heard besides of late the hoarse note of a yet lower and broader chant, extolling sheer physical manhood, in a mode to which Stedman's pure poetic conscience would never permit him to stoop. He has left to one notorious swan of the sewers the task of rivaling the auctioneer's pomp of diction in celebrating the pugilist's thews. There are few who will reproach him for declining to sing the instincts of a beast. He can paint boldly and firmly the bare figure of humanity yielding to evil passion. But Greek study from nude life is a different thing from such voluntary exposure as the law punishes.

That severe taste which lends the charm of purity to Stedman's poetic performance has also guided his preference and shaped his method in prose writing. His natural justness of perception making him intellectually impartial, joined with kindness of heart that recognizes the effort and seeks for the merit in all serious work, qualifies him for a critical arbiter. He has been too rigorous with himself to fail in understanding and encouraging the processes of others' minds. Stedman is a born critic, and all his study and practice have tended to sharpen and refine his judicial faculty. His college instruction was not wasted, for it formed his mind while plastic to the conviction, rarely intelligible in its full force to self-made men, that there are standards of comparison in literary

work, imperative canons of art, lines traced by experience short of which or beyond which excellence cannot exist. Most of his prose writing has been of a critical description, and it is all faithfully and generously done. The later fame of *Putnam's Magazine* in this department is due in a great degree to his skillful management, and the pages of many of our best periodicals have been distinguished by his reviews and æsthetic essays during the past ten years. It is not easy to overrate the value of the service he has thus rendered to literature. To convince young authors that fixed principles and proved methods in literary art existed long before American independence declared the right of everybody to compose and print—to point out the discipline that must be applied, and sound the note that must be accorded with, if anything permanently good is to come out of the chorus of national babblement—this is no light or popular function, and it is one to which Stedman has bent all his force and all his conscience. No critical essay of the same length in the English language published during the past decade is finer than his study on Theocritus, contributed last year to *The Atlantic Monthly*. In its process of bringing the Greek idyllist face to face with the English laureate, analyzing the substance of poetic stuff common to both, tracing their different methods of working with it, disengaging what is human, what is antique, what is modern, detecting imitations and noting

variations for the better, it is a model of patient comparison, acute discrimination, and liberal judgment. It attests his qualifications for the work of translating Theocritus, as yet incomplete, and gives us the right to expect unusual excellence in that performance. Equally thorough and spirited is his critical monograph on Landor's works and genius, introducing the series of papers on the Victorian poets, to be written by him for SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY. We know of no American writer who could have treated the subject with such a glow of enthusiasm, lighting up an analysis so ingenious and clear, and proved to be just by reasons so direct and full. Considering these latest evidences of Stedman's peculiar capacity, and reflecting on his qualities of mind and the range of his studies, we are almost disposed to hope that his future work will be that of the critic rather than the poet. The function of the one is not more important than that of the other, and scarcely more dignified. Were it not that his latest productions attest a growing mastery over the poetic arts, and embody in higher forms his maturing experience of life, we should be tempted, in the interest of letters, to urge upon him our conviction that he has already achieved a reputation assuring his welcome among the "turba seniorum poetarum," and that his riper powers may be worthily dedicated to the high and difficult art of criticism.

## ALPENGLOW.

## I.

— Yes, that's what I said ;  
The grass has been greening above his head  
Two summers and more, yet I scarce know why;  
There was that in his smile that *could* not die,  
For it *has* not died. In this Autumn ray  
(Ah, me ! the third since he went away !)  
'Tis palpable as the Alpenglow  
That clings to the footless slopes of snow,  
As if to lighten, through evengloam,  
Some loitering mountain-climber home ;  
Or rather, turn to the sunset hills  
Yonder, and mark how the shadow fills  
All of their sadden'd faces : one—  
The ambered peak that is next the sun—

Holds yet to its breast, as I to mine,  
 A glint of the still remembered shine;  
 —Well, that is the way  
 With the smile I was telling you of to-day.

## II.

— Have you watched a bird  
 Ever poise itself, when something stirred  
 Its spirit to song?—A quiver of throat,—  
 The croon of a tremulous, trial note,—  
 The catch with crowding rapture crowned,—  
 Then,—floods where the swooning soul was drowned!  
 Even so, I have often sat apart,  
 And marked the flutter about his heart  
 Thrill to his lips, as with a hum  
 Of voiceless music it seemed to come  
 And ripple around his mouth, with shy,  
 Impassionate answers of the eye,  
 While an overflush of marvellous grace  
 Would master, a-sudden, all his face,  
 Till the delicate nostril curved and swelled,  
 And the glance an eloquent sparkle held,  
 And a sense of song would come and go,  
 Such as dreamers watched by Ariel know.  
 —Well, that was the way  
 With the smile I was telling you of to-day.

## III.

— And because I said  
 The grass has been greening above his head  
 Two summers and o'er, shall I think, therefore,  
 That smile can never be kindled more?  
 That the grave could hold it, that cannot hold  
 Captive one straggling gleam of gold?  
 That it's prisoned away in ashen'd clay,  
 As they tell us the sunbeams are to-day,  
 'Neath fathoms of blacken'd strata?—No!  
 Where perished a heavenly essence so?  
 When clouds have gathered betwixt the star  
 And the vision that watches it blazing far  
 In limitless ether,—shall my eye  
 Drop earthward, and lips that are faithless, sigh,  
 "Ah, me! for the mist, the murk, the rain!  
 I never shall find my star again;"  
 While to spirits that come and go, its shrine  
 Is clearer than ever it was to mine?  
 —Well, that is the way  
 With the smile I was telling you of to-day.

## KATHERINE EARLE.

BY MISS ADELINA TRAFTON.



"ARE THEY SO VERY LARGE?" SHE REPEATED.

## CHAPTER I.

IN WHICH THE HEROINE MAKES AN AWKWARD LITTLE BOW.

THERE stood upon Poplar street in Boston, twenty years ago, or more, one of those great wooden mansions in which our forefathers of Pre-Revolutionary times delighted; the embodied conception to their minds of an elegant house. Progress and so-called necessity, and, above all, the restless spirit of Young America, are now fast sweeping them from sight. This has been gone for years, and a brick school-house reared in its place, where, most appropriately, ideas of progress, utility and irreverence for the old and useless are implanted in the minds of the rising generation.

The street is still narrow, the expansion of mind which has gradually enlarged the borders, the pharisaical spirit of greed and and gain, which has made wide the phylacteries in other parts of the city, having done little or nothing here. It was at that time a line between affluence upon one hand and respectable poverty, looking towards squalor, upon the other. Block after block—with this one exception—of brick or stone houses filled the street; chrysalides, from which the old inhabitants have

long since winged their way to airier and more elegant quarters.

The Earle house, of which we speak, stood upon the right hand, where the street bends to fall towards the glimmer of water lined off with masts, faintly perceptible between the dull rows of ugly houses at their termination. Its face was turned away from the street, and its old eyes stared across the narrow strip of yard upon a blank brick wall. There had been gardens about it once, in the far-off time when the family was rich and held its own; then, too, green meadows stretched away from the garden wall down to the water's edge. In those days, when his Majesty's troops were quartered in the town, Gen. Gates had more than once honored the house with his presence. The wine-glass could still be shown which he had drained, and, smiling down now from among the portraits upon the walls, was a fair Delphine Earle, with powdered hair and in shining brocade, into whose ears he had whispered stately compliments. Ah, how the beautiful garden blossomed with gold lace and scarlet uniforms—a gorgeous century plant, nipped later by New England frosts! But times changed; wealth and power slipped away from the family. The town grew in-

to a city; meadows and gardens disappeared; only the old house, dingy, forlorn—a wreck of its former self, remained.

It was a cozy, old-fashioned room, where the Earle family were assembled one winter evening, twenty-five years ago. The faded, heavy hangings over the windows, the carved straight-backed chairs, the massive round center-table, with lion's claws for its support, the wide tarnished frames upon the walls, enclosing dim old portraits, even the soft confusion of warm, worn colors under one's feet, told of substantial wealth and comfort—but, alas! of wealth and comfort of a former generation.

A low fire snapped and flamed upon the hearth. Before it, in one of the high-backed chairs, sat the mother of the family. The face, although delicate, was still strong in its outline. The hair, brown and smooth, was put away under a head-dress in the form of a turban of lace, which yet suggested a widow's cap. Her eyes rested thoughtfully upon the fire; her thin, shapely hands held a little note as they lay crossed in her lap. Curled into a graceful heap upon the sofa in one corner, her arms under her head, her face turned with eager expectation towards her mother, was Delphine, the eldest of the three children, who, indeed, had outgrown childhood, was eighteen and a beauty. Jack, five years younger, bent over his lessons at the center table, where Katey, almost eight, nestled close to his side, her head hidden in a book so large that she seemed to have vanished behind a folding screen.

"You can go if you care to," the mother said at length, fingering the note in her hand; "but—" Delphine sat upright to clap her hands softly. Jack raised his face. "I hate parties," he said, sententiously.

"How can you say so?" returned Delphine, whose face flamed and shone at the vision the words had called up—the rare bit of color in a dull life. "You would like to go, Katey?"

A pair of great dark eyes in the midst of a pale, absorbed face, a mass of dark hair hastily thrust back from a low, wide forehead, emerged from the covers of the book. "To go where?" and the child gave a bewildered glance from one to the other.

"Why, to Janie Home's party, of course," Delphine explained, impatiently. The bright, fresh nature, with its keen enjoyment of the present, had many a trial in Katey's slow traveling home from a

thousand miles away, where her thoughts seemed always wandering.

"I don't know;" and one little brown elbow rested upon the book-cover, and one little brown cheek disappeared in the palm of her hand as Katey proceeded to consider the subject. But Delphine had already forgotten her question. "I shall have to wear the green pongee," she was saying, with a sigh, "and those dreadful slippers! I only need a cap and bells," she added, with a shrug of her shoulders.

A warm color which was no reflection from the fire rose in Madam Earle's face. Pride is the last to die. "Perhaps you had better stay at home," she said.

But every mortification and pain had its bright side to light-hearted Delphine. "I shall not mind, though, in the evening," she went on; "and perhaps the slippers will be too small by another year, and so fall to Katey. Poor Katey! I'll try and dance them out before that;" and she laughed. No care could rest upon Delphine; no trouble shadow her face for long. The slippers were one of those seeming blessings which prove almost a curse. For a little time, several years before, an old actress had rented a room in the house and one day, in looking over her treasures had come upon these relics of past times, the rather tawdry magnificence of which had struck Delphine's fancy. They were of gray kid, profusely ornamented with gay silk embroidery, somewhat faded, and tarnished gold braid; and when they were presented to the child her joy was full. She could not rest content until she had displayed them upon her feet, a world too large though they were; and one summer day she prevailed upon her mother to allow her to wear them to church. Poor Delphine! it was an experiment; ending as do so many among older and wiser people.

Hardly had the great black gate swung to behind her before she became conscious of attracting an amount of attention upon which she had not reckoned. Stares met her, and whispered words, with suppressed laughter, followed her all the way. As she turned into Brattle Street and approached the church where the Earles had worshiped since its foundation, every eye of the gathering crowd seemed bent in surprise and amusement upon her shoes. She might better have been shod with her naked feet. Too proud to turn back, she hastened on until the pew-door made a shelter and a refuge. Then, during the first

prayer, while the congregation bowed, with anything but a prayerful spirit in her angry heart, she slipped out of the church and ran home through the deserted streets. Since that day the slippers had shone with diminished lustre, and only by gas-light, upon the rare occasions when some of the school-children entertained their friends. Even then they were regarded doubtfully by the girls, and would have won many a taunt and jeer from the boys, who go straight to the mark in such matters, but for Delphine's beauty, which made every boy a courtier; and courtiers are smooth-tongued.

Katey sat quite still, lost in thought, though Delphine's voice, grown merry now, still went on. "What is it, kitten?" whispered Jack, struck at last by the strange attitude and absorbed face. "Don't you want to go to the party?"

She turned her eyes gravely upon him without speaking. Then she stealthily pushed her little foot out from under the short gown. There was a yawning rent upon one side of her shoe. "I have no others;" and the dark eyes displayed a depth of despair which touched Jack's heart. He thrust his freckled fingers into the red-brown hair hanging over his forehead, and stared at the page before him. Poor Jack! What wild impossible schemes were conjured up in his brain at that moment as he felt the weight of that hardest of all poverty to bear—the poverty which goes hand and hand with pride—good, honest pride, too, which is not to be scoffed and sneered at.

"I'll have them mended!" he whispered in sudden inspiration, coming down from a vision of dainty pink satin slippers to the practical and possible. "I'll take them to old Crinkle the first thing in the morning."

"Will you?" Katey nestled nearer to him. Dear old Jack! He made many a crooked way straight to the little feet. "Then I can go," and her face shone; "but I never saw a party in my life. What is it like?" she added curiously, as though it had been some strange kind of an animal, for instance.

"Like—oh, like—like—" but, failing in a simile, Jack came to a pause. He was bashful to a painful degree, and shrank always from notice. The party, from which there was no escape if Delphine were really going, was anything but a pleasure in anticipation, and yet he could not check Katey's eager interest.

"Why they just swell round, you know, and show their fine clothes," he said at last.

"But we have n't any fine clothes!"

This was too true to be denied, and Jack was silenced for a moment; but a certain pain in the dark eyes made him go on hiding his own forebodings, and holding up only what was bright and pleasant before the child.

"And they play plays."

"Do they?" exclaimed Katey eagerly. Then, after a moment's pause, "though I don't know any plays."

"And then there's the supper," Jack went on, almost persuading himself, as Katey's face brightened more and more. "That is best of all—ice cream and oranges and things, you know. Heigho!" he sighed, "I wish it was over," forgetting his part suddenly; but the sigh was lost upon Katey, who bent forward with clasped hands and upturned, glowing face, picturing it out in her mind, herself too insignificant a part of the bright vision to disturb her fancy. She drew a long, trembling breath. "I am sure I shall like it," she said softly, returning to her book, from which, however, she soon emerged again. "Will Dacre Home be there?"

"I suppose so," Jack answered rather gruffly. He was deep in his lessons again by this time and did not care to be disturbed.

"He's an awful boy," whispered the child solemnly.

"That's so;" and Jack allowed his thoughts to wander again from the page before him. "Do you know," he went on in a burst of confidence, "I believe he'll be hung yet."

Katey's eyes opened round and horrified at the scene conjured up by his prophecy. "Then they'd bring home his head," she added after a moment.

"Bring home his head?" repeated Jack.

"Yes; I read somewhere about Sir Thomas More; how they brought home his head to his family. I think," she added circumstantially, "that it was tied up in a napkin."

"He wasn't hung at all," said Jack, from the depth of superior wisdom; "he was beheaded."

"O!" Katey replied humbly. From Jack's final judgments she never appealed.

Jack was true to his promise, and carried the little shoe to be mended the next morning before breakfast. When he ran

up the street after school at night, swinging it triumphantly by the string, a tiny figure, wrapped in a queer, old-fashioned cloak, waited for him between the heavy gate and one of the high posts surmounted by great black wooden balls. Dusky shadows were softening the staring red walls all around. Ghostly figures hastened down the street where the gaslights were beginning to glimmer faintly. A cart, mysteriously full, had creaked over the snow-covered pavements, and paused before the brilliantly-illuminated house over the way. Heavily-laden baskets were being lifted out and carried in, from which, to Katey's mind, the wonderful party was to be evolved. It was very cold out there in the wide crack between the gate and the post; but a warm thrill shot through the little body as the lights flamed out into the street, bringing one sudden, evanescent glimpse of glory before the shades were drawn.

"It is still damp and a good deal drawn in on one side," said Jack, displaying the little shoe, which looked as though a bite had been taken out of it, "but you won't care."

Care? The little wet, half-worn shoe shone like Cinderella's slipper in her eyes, as the great gate closed after them with a dull thud, and they hastened into the house.

"Come in; let me see if you are quite nice," called Madam Earle, an hour later, as she stood framed in the parlor door, while the children descended the stairs, a kind of halo about their young heads cast by the candle carried in black Chloe's hand.

Delphine danced forward into the fire-light, and gave a sweeping curtsey. The folds of the old green pongee—scant and not overbright—fluttered out as she bent to the floor. But against the dead green of her gown, her neck and arms shone pure white, and the merry brown eyes raised to her mother's face held a charm beyond pearls and diamonds. She thrust out her foot ruefully. It was encased in one of the fantastic slippers. A shadow crossed Madam Earle's face. She felt more keenly than they each thorn which poverty made to pierce the pride of her children.

"But I don't mind," Delphine said brightly. "I would sooner dance in my bare feet than sit in a corner in satin slippers." But Delphine would never sit in a corner, of that her mother was sure.

Then Katey crept out of the shadows and stood timidly awaiting inspection.

"O Katey," laughed Delphine, "I can see nothing but your eyes and the great flowers on your gown!"

"Are they so very large?" and Katey looked anxiously down upon the old-fashioned brocade in which she was arrayed. It was covered with impossible roses, and had come down in various shapes and styles from a former generation, being made over at last for Delphine in a fashion quite gone by, since which time it had descended to Katey.

"Are they so very large?" she repeated, as a moment of silence followed her question.

"Well, no," burst out Jack; "if you call them sunflowers, kitten, they are small."

Katey's eyes had turned imploringly to him. She gave a quick little gasp of pain which he did not notice. Her mother's arm drew her forward.

"It is a very handsome piece of silk," she said, stroking it with her hand. "I have heard my mother say that when this gown was brought from England there was not another in the colony that could compare with it. It would almost stand alone."

"But it will never stand quite alone," laughed Delphine, to whom this consolation had been administered many times. "Unfortunately, some one of us will always have to stand in it."

"Never mind," whispered Jack in Katey's ear, as the heavy gate swung after them and they emerged into the street, "nobody will notice you, and you look nice enough, anyway; not handsome, of course, like Delphine."

"O no," assented Katey, who was quite content to be thus estimated, and began to be cheered even so soon by Jack's equivoocal praise. The little heart had been full of anxiety a moment before; but if Jack was satisfied it must be that she was equal to the occasion. Jack would know; he had been to parties before. Poor Jack! whose heart was heavy enough on his own account at that moment.

"Why do you say so?" exclaimed Delphine, sharply. She had caught his words, low though they were. "You know we look as though we had come out of the ark. But what do I care?" and she ran up the steps. Carriages were crowding the narrow street; white-robed little forms were being lifted out and borne in tenderly. A gentleman brushed them as they stood in the doorway; he carried a dainty figure

in his arms. "Here, Pet, your flowers," as he set her down, and the little gloved hands received a miniature bouquet as the door was flung wide open. A soft, warm air, sweet with the scent of flowers, a blaze of light, the sound of music—all poured out to meet them. Katey, shivering with excitement, overcome with awe, stood still. "What are you waiting for?" It was Delphine's voice which roused her. Delphine's hand pulled her forward. She found herself mounting the stairs, led into a room musical with the tinkle of tiny belles transformed beyond all recognition—her schoolmates though many of them were.

"Is this the party?" she gasped.

"Don't be silly," Delphine replied. "This is the dressing-room, don't you see? Nothing but children!" she said aloud, as the maid who had been fitting dainty slippers to tiny feet came to meet them.

"Yes, Miss," the girl replied, obsequiously; everybody gave pretty Delphine her due of honor and respect; "but it is early yet; and indeed there are some young ladies and gentlemen down stairs."

"I know it is early," Delphine replied, carelessly shaking out the clinging folds of the green pongee and drawing on her gloves; "but we are neighbors."

Katey, in the meantime, had removed her cloak, not without some hesitation and a throb of terror as to the result.

"O what a funny dress!" exclaimed a little miss in white lace and pink satin ribbons, staring at the brocade gown.

"Such flowers! Why Katey Earle!" added a school acquaintance, slipping out of a white opera cloak and drawing near.

"Jack says they are not as big as sunflowers," Katey ventured, deprecatingly.

"Of course not, you little goose;" and Delphine joined in the laugh which followed the words. "Come, it is time to go down." And, glad of any change, Katey followed her with tingling cheeks and a heavy, anxious heart.

## CHAPTER II.

### KATEY FINDS A FRIEND.

JACK was waiting for them just outside the dressing-room door. He had become all at once very stiff and red-faced and queer, and not like Jack at all. His hands seemed to have swollen, and protruded, very red and more freckled than ever, to an unusual length beyond the sleeves of his jacket; and why did he

look so choked and strange about the neck? Katey, grown suddenly observant through painful experience, gave him a quick, searching glance from head to foot, mentally comparing him with the fine young gentlemen gathered at the head of the stairs. There was a difference, but in what it lay she could not tell; certainly boys' clothes were all alike, just jackets and trowsers, she thought enviously. But boys' clothes are not all alike, as poor Jack had found, to his sorrow, in that long ten minutes of waiting, the torments of which Katey fortunately did not know. She drew in a deep breath of comfort; she could bear the flaming brocade even, which refused to stand alone, if she were quite sure that Jack was not hurt.

"I will find you a seat somewhere," said Delphine, when they had crossed the room and presented themselves to the little hostess, who received her guests with the assurance of years in society. A hush, then a low titter had followed them. Jack's face flamed, and the hands hanging awkwardly at his side clenched themselves for an instant. Delphine raised her head proudly, but her face grew white; only Katey, bewildered by the bright scene, heard nothing.

"There," and Delphine tucked the child into a corner, "you can sit here until they begin to play," which Katey was only too glad to do. The first moment of confusion and bewilderment was past, and the room seemed suddenly full of strange, unfriendly eyes searching her out. She shrank as far from sight as possible. Jack lingered awkwardly beside her for a few moments, then the crowd swallowed him up. Delphine too disappeared; but, secure in her corner, Katey for the time was happy, in that pitiful, unnatural happiness for a child—the being permitted to look on while others play.

"They were forming a contra-dance in the next room. One of the young ladies belonging to the house, busily pairing off the little people, paused before Katey at last. "Will you have a partner, little girl?"

"I—I don't know," stammered Katey. She did not understand the question; but this might be one of the plays of which Jack had told her.

"Can you dance?" The girl spoke impatiently. What a stupid, little old-fashioned child it was, to be sure!

"I don't know," Katey answered with grave consideration, "I never tried."

The girl stared, laughed and went on.

"I almost think I could," the child continued to herself, leaning out from her corner to watch the dancers. She was growing accustomed to the scene, and now a desire to participate in it seized upon her. With a glowing, eager face and shining eyes she followed the strange movements, while the music, rising and falling, beat its own time in her heart. There was a little stir, and the crowd about her pressed back; the green pongee fluttered before her eyes, as Delphine, flushed and radiant, chasséd down the room. Her hands were crossed in those of an old-young man, with a bald spot on the top of his head, and a murmur of admiration followed the twinkle of the bespangled slippers. Katey's glance was full of breathless delight; she gloried in Delphine's beauty; she shared her triumph. In her eagerness she did not notice the approach of a set of young fops of her own age who had been watching her for some time from across the room. A sudden pinch, causing her to utter a half suppressed cry as she grasped her arm, called them first to her notice.

"Hallo, granny!" She looked up; her eyes full of the tears the pain had brought, to find a face made horrible by contortions, close to her own. Dacre Home, upon the edge of the group, laughed a cruel, mocking laugh; "O, come on," he said superciliously, "don't torment the child." There was a spark of feeling somewhere in the boy which had been touched by the child's tears.

"Jimminy, what shoes!" exclaimed another, as they moved away. The little foot had been thrust out in her excitement, displaying the marks of old Crinkle's skill to all beholders. A sob rose in her throat as she hastily drew it under her gown. The pain in her arm stung her still; but it was nothing to the pain that cruel taunt had awakened in her heart. O, where was Jack! If he would only take her home! Why did she ever come? The glamour was all gone. It was not fairydom any longer, as, shrinking back out of sight, she wiped her eyes stealthily.

Delphine sought her out at last, "What, still here! Why don't you go and play with the others?"

The child had choked back her tears at Delphine's approach. A certain sensitive pride made her hide her bitter experience. Jack was somewhere happy. Delphine, too, flamed upon her like a star; it was

only herself who was miserable; nobody should know; she could bear it for a little time; they would go home presently. "I would rather stay here," she said, "besides I can see everything."

"Well, you are the oddest little thing," Delphine replied. To her, seeing was but a small part of the evening's pleasure. Conscious of thus having done her duty in looking after Katey, she sailed away again upon the arm of the old-young man, if one could be said to sail under such scant canvas. But even this little exchange of words created a diversion and made the child less miserable. Then by leaning forward she discovered that she could hide her shoes with the skirt of her gown. This, too, was a comfort; and her heart grew more light. Then when the plays really began, and one and another saw that she did not join in them, tiny fans and lace-edged handkerchiefs were laid in her lap for safe-keeping, causing a friendly exchange of words, and giving her a kind of silent partnership in the game. So her enjoyment, slowly stealing back, reached its culmination when Jack presently came down the room, very red and swollen still in appearance, as though his jacket were much too tight for him, but with Josie Durant, the prettiest little lady in the room, hanging upon his arm. Nothing escaped Katey's eyes; from the little white feet shining through the open-worked stockings above the satin slippers, to the yellow hair coiffured in the latest style over the childish face.

"I told your brother that he ought to go and find you," said the little lady with an authoritative air which seemed to Katey very droll, "and so you see I've brought him." Jack reddened and laughed, looking rather silly, but thoroughly pleased. Yes, Katey saw, and so did all the little lords and ladies, busy with their game, regarding her with new favor, for did not Josie Durant wear real diamond earrings?

"What does he like to do?" the little girl went on, still coquettishly ignoring Jack's name. "He will not play anything."

Jack twisting a button upon his jacket and blushing up to his eyes, offered not a word in his own defense. "Let me see," Katey pondered gravely, seized with a violent interest in Jack's favorite pursuits, "he likes to slide down hill."

Jack laughed.

"But you can't slide down hill at parties," the child replied.

"That's so," answered Katey.

"So I can't think what we shall do with him," as though Jack must be immediately employed or at least amused. "Please fasten my glove." Jack's red fingers resolved themselves into ten thumbs, each one more clumsy than the others. "O let me do it," and Katey drew the button into place.

"I haven't seen you before, to-night," said Miss Josie, while this operation was going on. With instinctive politeness, which is only kindness after all, the little girl tried to keep her eyes from the flowered gown. "Seems to me you haven't been around much."

"No-o," Katey replied slowly, giving a final pat to the little wrist before releasing it, "I haven't, much."

She could not mortify Jack before Miss Josie by confessing that she had sat upon that blessed ottoman in the corner ever since the party began. Instinctively she guarded the honor of the family.

"Well, we must go," said the kind little tyrant presently, turning Jack round. "Perhaps we'll come again. I forgot to ask if you were having a good time," she threw over her shoulder.

"Beautiful," Katey responded warmly. There was no doubt upon the subject in her mind, as they disappeared, the tiny, gloved hand still resting upon the sleeve of Jack's out-grown jacket. "And then there's the supper," thought the child, who was weighing and measuring her joys as only they do to whom joys are few and rare.

The music startled the little people in the midst of their game. It was a march now, and a long procession began to form. All the little fans and handkerchiefs were caught from Katey's lap as their owners hastened to place themselves in the line. The young lady who had offered her a partner for the first dance, was arranging the little masters and misses in couples. Katey in her corner was quite overlooked. Perhaps Jack would come, she thought, anxiously scanning the jackets dancing about before her eyes. Once in the distance she caught a glimpse of the green pongee. Delphine was a young lady, and between her and Katey, by reason of years, was a great gulf fixed; but Jack!—it was not like Jack to forget. The procession moved out of the room. Katey's heart swelled with grief, which changed to anger against the little lady who had satin slippers, real diamond earrings, and—Jack. A

tear had fallen into her lap upon the poor despised roses, where it shone for a moment like dew. But as her anger rose the tears dried away. "Jack shouldn't do so," she said aloud in a strange, excited tone. She was alone; the last couple had passed out; the music sounded faint in the distance. She started up with a sudden purpose. "I'll just go home." She darted out into the hall, at the farther end of which was the supper-room. Between the parted forms gathered about the door she caught a momentary glimpse of the glories beyond. Merry, shrill voices came out to her with the sweet strains of the music. A confusion of bright, happy faces, of fairy forms, danced before her eyes—a paradise from which she was shut out; and O dreadful to see! There was Jack—her Jack—with no care or anxiety upon his face, bashful, but triumphant, with Josie Durant at his side. He held her plate; one of her dainty gloves peeped out of his pocket. Katey marked it all, as she stood for a moment with parted lips, flushed cheeks, and little dark hands clenched tight. A pale-faced boy sitting upon the stairs with a crutch lying beside him, leaned over to watch the queer little figure. What could be the matter with the child as suddenly turning she darted up the stairs, falling over the crutch in her haste!

"One moment, please." He caught at the brocade gown to save her. "I believe I shall have to trouble you for my crutch." It had slid to the foot of the stairs.

"O!" said Katey, recovering herself, and diverted for the moment from her purpose, "I must have struck it; but you see I'm in a hurry," as she ran down to recover it.

"Yes, I should think so." What an odd little creature it was, to be sure, in the queer, old-fashioned gown, and with a mass of dark hair tossed by her fall about her great dark eyes. "But won't you sit down a moment; it is rather lonely here all by one's self?"

Katey had given him a hurried inspection. He was years older than Jack, but not so handsome, though his clothes were finer and not at all out-grown. Poor Katey had become observant in such matters. Then he really desired her to sit by him. That was being almost like the other girls in pretty gowns down stairs; and her queer little heart grew light again. "I believe I will," she said, perching herself primly upon the stair above him. "But you'd better not stay here," she went on, as visions of

the glories below floated through her mind ; "you won't get any supper."

"O yes, I will ; they told me to remain here out of the crowd until they sent one of the waiters to me."

Katey had not the least conception as to whom "they" referred ; but she had become somewhat embittered by her late experience, and inclined to doubt everybody. "Perhaps they'll forget you," she suggested, secretly wiping away a tear with the corner of a very large embroidered handkerchief.

"O no ; they won't do that, I am sure."

"I don't know," persisted Katey sorrowfully, "*they forgot me.*"

"I'm glad of it," the boy replied. So that was the trouble, he thought. "I am not really glad, of course, and I don't see how it could have happened," he added diplomatically ; "but how fortunate for me ! I should have had to sit here alone."

Katey made no reply to the words so full of kindly tact. She seemed lost in thought. The little hands were clasped tight over the great roses blossoming upon the diminutive knees. The wide forehead under the dark tangles which had fallen over it was drawn by two horizontal lines where the eyes came together in consultation. "How should you like," she began again presently, "to have your brother go off with another girl?"

The boy was rather abashed by the suddenness, not to say strangeness of the proposition. "Well," he replied slowly, "if she was a very nice girl—"

"With real diamond earrings," interpolated Katey, not losing sight of the honor conferred upon the family.

"Yes," assented the boy, gravely. Katey's great eyes were upon him, and he dared not smile ; "and open-work stockings," she continued. "Yes," he went on, "and with open-work stockings, by all means; a very nice girl," he ventured.

"Yes," said Katey, warming to the subject, "not a bit ashamed to speak to anybody in a corner."

"O, no, not at all," repeated the boy. "Why, I think I should like it very well."

"So do I," exclaimed Katey, now thoroughly aroused to the advantages of the situation, and veering entirely around. "I think it is beautiful."

"Here it is now," and her new friend leaned down to receive a plate loaded with strange delicacies. "Pomp !" he called after the waiter, who was an awful personage in Katey's eyes, "another plate, and sharp, now."

He piled the lion's share into her lap until the child laughed aloud in her delight. It was not for the cakes and candies ; she was too happy to eat, but it was so delightful to be waited upon ; to be almost like the little girls down stairs ! "Jack said the supper would be best of all ; and—there he is now !" as a boy suddenly appeared, darting in and out of the parlors, and thrusting his head into the corners as though searching for some one. "Jack !" she called, nearly overturning her plate as she started from her seat.

"What are you doing up there ?" Jack responded rather crossly, as, heated and breathless, he discovered her at last. "O," in a milder tone, as he caught sight of her companion, "I thought you were alone."

"No," replied Katey, "I am not alone at all. There is a very nice boy here ; 'most as nice as you, but not near so handsome," she added in a whisper, speaking through the stair rails.

The very nice boy laughed, and appeared a little embarrassed by this frank speech, which somewhat modified Jack. "I'll take care of your sister," he said ; "you can find her here after supper."

"Yes," added Katey, sitting down again to her nuts and raisins. "You can go back, Jack ; I don't care anything at all about it now." What it was about which Katey had ceased to care, Jack did not pause to inquire, but, thus relieved from all responsibility, hastened away again.

An hour later, when hooded and cloaked, the children trooped down the stairs to go home, in the moment of waiting Katey found herself once more by the side of her new acquaintance. He stood leaning upon his crutch, looking pale and tired. "You'd better go and sit down," she said in a motherly tone which greatly amused the boy.

"I must stand sometimes for a change," he replied ; "you see I can't run about as you do."

"I don't care to run about," Katey said, with an ill-defined attempt at consolation. "Still," she added with grave truthfulness, "I suppose I should care to if I couldn't." Then Delphine's hand drew her away. "Why did you do so?" Katey said, when the door had closed after them and they were out in the dark, still night. "Why did you pull me away? I wanted to say good-night to him."

"Who is he?" Delphine asked in reply ; for Delphine, with all her gaiety, had a

high regard for the proprieties, and had looked with distrust upon this sudden friendliness.

"I don't know; but he is a very nice boy."

"But what is his name?" persisted Delphine. "Of course some one introduced you."

"No, they didn't; but he is a very nice boy."

"Boy," repeated Delphine; "he is as old as I, and I should not have thought, Katey, that you would be so familiar with a stranger."

Poor Katey, darting before the others in sudden anger, feeling dimly that the reproof was unjust, answered only with a

little burst of sobs, as she ran up the steps of the ghostly old house. But the tears soon dried away; it was only a patter of great drops after that little hot flash. It had been a beautiful time after all, she thought, creeping up the wide stairs in the darkness to where Chloe sat over the fire in Delphine's room, half asleep, waiting to undress them.

"Dere warn't nuffin so fine as dis yere, I'll be boun'," she said, fumbling with dusky fingers over the fastenings of the brocade gown, as the firelight made all the roses bloom again. "There was certainly nothing at all like it," laughed Delphine, shaking down her long rippling hair.

(To be continued.)

#### DUTY.

The lady of the legend olden,  
In a dragon form imprisoned,  
With many-colored scales bedizened,—  
Violet, crimson, green and golden,—  
Doomed her weary wierd to dree  
Lonely in some desert fearful,  
For the champion waiting tearful,  
Who should give her kisses three,  
Who should nerve himself to death,  
Who should dare her poisonous breath,  
And from the foul enchantment set her free:

Her name is Duty—still she liveth;  
Still in lonely pain she waiteth;  
(Dreadful form, which each one hateth!)  
But she weepeth and forgiveth.  
Only one can set her free;  
Will he sigh and pass her coldly?  
Or will he dare the venture boldly,—  
Give the awful kisses three,—  
Find the loathly horror fled,—  
Blushing loveliness instead,  
And in his heart delight and victory?

## EARTHEN PITCHERS.

BY REBECCA HARDING DAVIS.

## CHAPTER I.

"WE'LL drive?" said young Chalkley, anxiously, halting on the steps of the Continental Hotel. He had Mr. Burgess, the English magazinist, in charge. "Oh, drive, of course!" beckoning to a hackman. If heaven had but willed him in this crisis of fate a buggy of his own—a team of any sort! This Londoner, no doubt, dwelt in an atmosphere of rank where coroneted chariots and footmen were every-day matters. It is true, Chalkley hired a trotting-horse for an hour per day, and he would willingly have mounted Burgess upon it, and run behind, like an Egyptian donkey boy, if the thing had been practicable. As it was, he had to call a hack.

"Tut, no," said Burgess, "I vote to walk."

"Why, certainly," with a reassured little giggle. "Why, I forgot what tremendous fellows you English are with your constitutions, and so on." He looked doubtfully down as they walked, at the little wiry man beside him, with his foxy face and red beard. Certainly, this was not his ideal of bluff John Bull; but none the less did he feel that the New World was on trial to-night before the Old. Elsewhere, this judge could inspect its institutions and politics; but Parr Chalkley felt it had fallen to his lot to present its social aspects.

"Here you have the Quaker element," waving his hand up the broad street, asleep at that early hour of the evening, the red brick fronts and marble steps distinct in the moonlight. "Arch street. Nobody, of course, in society lives north of Market street. We have our distinctions of rank here, Mr. Burgess, as in older countries. Still, it is possible to visit in some houses in Arch."

"Is Miss Derby's one of them?"

"No, no!" laughing. "Society never heard of Miss Derby. I take you there just as I should to the Museum yonder. Both places are—well, irregular; but you'll find some curious animals in them. I know what *you* want," complacently. "You want our idiosyncrasies. Our good society is just a repetition of what you have at home."

Mr. Burgess's eyes twinkled. "Yes,

well-bred people are the same the world over," he said, politely, "and family parties are apt to be monotonous, as you say."

"As for mountains and rivers," continued Parr, loftily, "I never thrust them at any foreigner. They may have that hobby, or they may not. Nature, in my opinion, is a bore." (He said "in me ahpinion is a barr.")

"No, but really you know!" protested Burgess. "Your scenery is very nice indeed. It lacks the charm of history of course—what one might call the sauce of Age. But it serves the better as a background for my articles. We, Dickens, Kingsley and the rest of us, have used up all the back-grounds: Europe, the Nile, Australia. I think I've had a very lucky 'find' here. I mean to produce some very pretty effects in my papers with your Rocky Mountains, Yosemite and all those, eh? This is Miss Derby's street?" as they turned a corner. "It looks respectable. Nothing Bohemian here."

"Oh, there are no Bohemians in Philadelphia," energetically; "there is no room for them. No more than for cheap weeds in these grass plats. No, no, sir. You must not think of Jenny—of Miss Derby as anything but a very respectable girl. Yes, and a very sweet girl too," he added, but with a quaver as though knowing that he put Society at defiance.

"But clever?" Burgess's red-rimmed eyes were twinkling again. "Now come. American ladies are all oppressively clever, you know. 'Have you read my last tragedy?' says one. Another thinks it more a woman's work to dissect babies than to suckle them. The very school-girls attack you with their views of John Stuart Mill; and this Miss Derby, still in her teens you say, lives alone, and has her 'Saturday evenings.'"

"Don't know," said Parr, turning his whitish eyes full on Burgess; "I never thought Jenny Derby clever." He was stolidly perplexed. Undoubtedly his companion was not what he had been taught to think well-bred. "'Read her last tragedy?' Why it's the Lambs he means, where he stayed in New York!" thought Parr with the look of an amazed ox. But—"It must be a shock," he said gently, a moment after, "to plunge into our social chaos

after the culture and refinement of England." He hoped, however, that Burgess would see how little he, a Philadelphian of the Philadelphians, had to do with social chaoses. He was going to London in the fall, and had planned that his new friend should introduce him into the very *arcana* of fashion. Burgess, meanwhile, was eying the big young fellow shrewdly; the heavy features, complexion like a girl's, fair Dun-dreary whiskers, foppish clothes, the rose in his buttonhole, skittish walk: all good points for a comic picture of a Philadelphian for his book. Since he came to this country he usually sketched his host's face on his thumb-nail whenever he was invited out to dine, and so was accumulating a good stock of figures to front his "backgrounds." The truth was, Burgess, being the son of a green-grocer at home, knew nothing of society beyond the acquaintance of a few men in inferior clubs, and had to make the best of his chance while he was here.

"No, Jenny Derby's not clever," maundered Parr, going back, as was his habit, to pick up a subject and wring more talk out of it. "She's knocked around a good deal for her age, though old Derby was cranky; they lived in Italy when she was a little thing, and he went into spiritualism and then into Italian freedom; seeker after truth—American Patriot—all that sort of thing. Jenny, it seems, was a pet with some people worth knowing: Mrs. Browning, Mazzini, and so on. Four or five years later Derby was sent from here to Germany on some Reform Committee: Peace—Colonization, heaven knows what, and takes her with him, and they lunch with that bishop and dine with this duke—all humanitarians."

"Tolerably sharp practice in the old man."

"Not at all. Derby was not sharp. Derby," deliberately, "was as little sharp as any man I know. But it gave Jenny a chance to see life, and she made deuced good use of her eyes. It's astonishing the use she always makes of them!" growing animated. "Now that girl's on two or three papers. Writes book notices, and a woman's column. And that European experience of hers is all her material. Same thing over and over; roast, hash, and ragout; you have it again week after week, and, 'pon my word, you don't recognize it."

"I know that kind of woman. And these receptions?"

"Oh, they don't deserve such a large name as that. The old man left her in a Quaker boarding-house when he died, and they give her the use of a vacant room there. So she says to one friend and another, 'Don't come here through the week: you only are in my way. Come on Saturday evening. That's your Sabbath, and mine.' Newspaper people, you understand. So we go, to see Jenny, or each other. Sometimes she gives us tea, and dry toast; sometimes a supper from Augustin's, if she's in funds; but you never know what's coming. Oh, it's very nice indeed. Here we are," turning up the marble steps of one of the interminable red houses and ringing the bell.

They entered a long hall, bare but for the gas flaring and the flying Naiads on the old wall paper: passing up a flight or two of stairs, and into a room, wide, high, and softly lighted. Burgess's little eyes glanced here and there. Floor bare and stained in imitation of walnut, tables covered with warm-colored cloth, scattered about, with men at them, playing chess, and smoking, and women sewing. The whole affair was notably unlike any social gathering which Burgess had ever seen, to which women were admitted, and smacked much more of the club than the drawing-room. Yet men and women were quiet, low-voiced, and, if they had not been so eager and interested, would have satisfied his notions of good-breeding.

"Why these *are* pictures," he cried, with an involuntary start, going up to the wall. "But what a combination! A Gérôme, a Bonheur, and—surely I am not mistaken—this is a Meissonier?"

"I'm sure I don't know. I'll ask. This is only a tea-and-toast night. I see the cups yonder."

"She has the walls the proper tint for them, too. But how can a woman earn enough money by scribbling for the daily journals to buy such pictures as these?"

"She does not buy them," said a school-girl in an ill-fitting blue merino, who was looking at the Meissonier. She turned to Burgess, thinking he had asked her the question. "These are part of the Lingard collection which was brought to town for sale."

Burgess bowed respectfully. "And Miss Derby hires them for her reception?"

"No. Mr. Lingard imports them twice a year, and he hangs the best here on private view. The critics and press reporters

are sure to see them to-night. Lingard had the walls stained for her. It pays him. "Tis Monsieur Puff, my lord, coming round the corner," she quoted, laughing and glancing up at Chalkley.

"And Miss Derby allows her walls to be used as advertisements?" He spoke to Parr, but the little girl replied:

"If it makes them pleasant to her guests, why not? She is a penniless little wretch, not able to put on wall paper. She allows Mr. Chalkley here to pay for that wood fire, and every pianist to bring his own instrument. It is a sort of neutral ground this, for artists and their critics to meet. There is John Shively, the publisher, coming in at the door. He will tell you in five minutes more how many millions he is worth. There are half a dozen other kings here, in sugar or cotton. What would they care for Jane Derby or her dry toast and tea if they did not know that they would see better pictures and hear better music here than in any house in town?"

Burgess turned to Parr: "Yet you told me this woman was neither clever nor sharp?"

Chalkley stood between the two, red, bulky, stammering. The little girl laughed good-humoredly, and held out both her fat hands deprecatingly: "Don't go any farther, Mr. Burgess. I am Jenny Derby. I thought you knew." Seeing his embarrassment she covered it adroitly by leading him to the fire. "Here is a seat from which you can take notes. I advised Mr. Chalkley to bring you here. Among these odds and ends of American society you may find a point or two for your book or lecture on us, whichever it is to be."

"Neither, I assure you. Yet I might take you as the typical American girl, I suppose, Miss Derby?" staring at her through his half-shut red eyelashes.

"By no means," quietly. "I am outside of all orthodox lines. But women can go on to man's ground with safety further here than in England. Kit, pray give your chair to Mr. Chalkley. I want you." She spoke to a man who sat by the fire playing with a dog. He rose leisurely, without looking at the newcomers, and followed her.

Mr. Burgess looked after her eagerly. "I don't wonder I mistook her for a school-girl. She has the unformed figure and manner of a girl of fifteen; but there's a cool *aplomb* about her, and a speculation in those gray eyes that show she has seen a good deal of the world."

"Ah, that she has! I knew you would admire her!"

"She has seen more than you, Chalkley," smiling. "But what a hospitality! You came to caricature us. So to your business."

"Pon my soul," cried Chalkley, with sudden candor, "I'm afraid she was in the right, Mr. Burgess. She's the honestest creature alive. She is just as blunt about your faults as her own."

"Who comes here?" hastily turning the subject.

Parr shrugged his big shoulders. "Shively, the publisher. A new man. Advertised himself into a fortune, and now he's trying to advertise himself into society. I can't present you. I don't know him," as he stood before them.

But Shively smiled on him benignly from his lank and bony height. From his shining shoes to his long hatchet-faced head with its curling ruffle of red whiskers and hair, he was one smile, affable, patronizing, aggressively innocent. Parr turned off with a distant bow, while Shively held out both hands to the Englishman.

"Mr. Burgess! Let me name myself! John Shively. You may have heard of my publications. Small things, small things! But they help me to aid my fellow-creatures, and for what else, in God's name, are we here? But you!— I know you well, Mr. Burgess—through your works. We are old friends. Comrades in spirit, I may say, without being sentimental."

"I do not doubt it, Mr. Shively."

"And so you are going to write us up? Ah, you young fellows, you must each have your fling at us Americans. But we have grown more pachydermatous than in the days of Mrs. Trollope and Dickens. Seriously," Mr. Shively growing suddenly grave, "the better men of the two nations have lately, as I may say, struck hands and brought their countries into accord. My friend, the Earl of Dundas, remarked, when he was dining with me the other day: 'We are but one clan, after all, Shively.' The Prince of Wales, (and a fine young fellow he is, by the way,) made a casual observation to me, when he was here, tending to the same effect. I do what I can to foster that brotherhood of feeling between America and all other nations. I had a Russian prince at my house yesterday, quite a cultivated man, too. It was really surprising to see how well informed he was on many subjects. You must come up and see my

little place, by the way, Mr. Burgess. Only worth your notice as an example of what industry may do for a man who begins penniless in this country. Why the parlor curtains alone stood me in twelve thousand, and that in gold, sir. My wife will have nothing but point lace for her pillow slips. These women have their whims you know, so I indulge her. Little points like that in your book will whet your readers' appetite for heavier statistics. And I began as an errand boy. Yes, sir. An er-rand boy."

"So I have heard."

"Ah, indeed? Well, John Shively is tolerably well known, and he never denied his origin. I strive to uplift the class from which I came, Mr. Burgess. My employés have a bank of their own, and a private graveyard on my grounds where they can be buried as comfortably as though they were millionaires. Ah yes! little things, but, they help our fellow creatures, and what else in God's name are we here for? Those fellows, the press reporters, look upon me as a godsend. 'You and your benefactions keep us in items, Mr. Shively,' they often say," drawing down his glossy shirt-cuffs.

"Who are these women, if I may ask?" interrupted Burgess, glancing around.

"Ah, women? None from our old families, Mr. Burgess. None of the class to which my young friend Parr Chalkley belongs. I do not bring my daughter here, as you perceive. Though little Miss Derby is very nice—very nice! And these persons are all respectable. Ah yes, quite so. Those Quaker ladies with white hair are old Anti-Slavery leaders. That young female in the corner, short, aggressive, you see, is a lecturer, I think; but really one cannot be familiar with all orders in a society so uncertain and chaotic as ours. That lovely creature with the mass of reddish hair tumbling about her shoulders is the famous actress, Devereux; fine woman, Mr. Burgess."

Mr. Burgess lifted his eye-glass. "Yes, she is," he said, after a critical pause. "But how does a busy man like yourself spare time to come here?"

Shively held up his white pulpy hand to his mouth. "*Entre nous*, it is business. I find this kind of people, artists, editors, and the like, much cheaper when you take them unawares out of their offices—off guard, as one might say. Just now I want a series of articles written, half scientific, half popular, for which I am willing to pay

liberally. I know but one young fellow capable of doing it, and of course I'll try to get him on as easy terms as possible. I came to find him to-night, but he is not here. A most brilliant young scamp, moody and unreliable, like all your men of genius."

"Who is he? I have heard of him, no doubt."

"Ah yes. One of the most promising men of the day, Niel Goddard. Is it possible Miss Derby hears me? She turned as I named him. *She* would advise him against my offer. She has notably a sharp eye for the pennies. Harte, where is your comrade, Goddard, now?"

Burgess turned quickly. Of Harte, he had heard—a figure painter, beginning to be known in Europe as here for the delicacy of his touch as well as the subtle grace of his meaning. He was a solid, squat, good-natured looking fellow, wearing spectacles, and with black brows which met over his nose.

"Not in town. He is down on the coast, somewhere, studying the effect of sunset on the neap tide, for a marine he is going to paint."

"Absurd! He is not going to waste his time in painting?"

"If Niel Goddard chose to take brush and palette seriously in hand," said Harte, with some heat, "none of us could touch him. But he is lazy. That inevitable *vis inertiae* of genius, you know."

"Now Harte," said Shively, as he turned away, "has no genius whatever. But the most indomitable endurance! Son of a butcher, sir! Chose the canvas instead of a meat-block, and has starved and drudged and worked his way for ten years, until he has done some neat things."

"You will wake up some day and find in Harte a great painter," said Burgess. "We begin to know him in England."

"But if you could see Goddard's studies! Just a line, here and there. But when you come to talk of power!—"

"What has Goddard done? Written or painted?"

"Done? done? Oh, if you put it that way, but little as yet, sir. Like all real artists, his studies will be severe. But as for promise, I know no man in America to equal him."

## CHAPTER II.

Miss Derby, followed by the big fair-haired man whom she called Kit, went in-

to a little ante-room or closet where a girl not so young as herself was kneeling before an open fire, toasting thin slices of bread already thoroughly dried. Jenny broke a bit critically. "Too brown," she said sharply. "And one slice must *not* lie on another; not for an instant. I don't want to give them soggy dough. The refreshment is cheap," smiling up at Kit, "but it must be perfect of its kind. Now this tea. It was a Christmas gift from Mr. Theris; not a pound of the like in the country. People talk of it when they go away, and that attracts notice. Pays me, you see? These Japanese cups I picked up in a London pawn shop. The man did not know their value. They look like a bubble cut in half. You drop a pinch of the tea in each. Pour on your water, and cover with the other half. Now taste, Kit."

"It seems poor stuff, to tell you the truth. Besides, it's only half a mouthful, Jenny."

"I can't give this lot of people what you'd call a square meal," tartly. "Sometimes I do give them a supper that costs a quarter's salary—though I get it cheaper than other people, by giving the caterer a puff, and besides he takes back from me whatever terrapin or croquettes are left."

"Why do you go to such expense, Jenny? I cannot understand why you bring these people here, any how. This is not like our supper parties down in Delaware, where we all go because we like each other," glancing to the open door.

"I do it because it pays me, you may be sure of that. In town they talk of me as a sharp woman pushing into a man's place. People come here and they know me always afterward as Jenny Derby: a genial, warm-hearted little thing that needs help. And they're all ready to help. You see?"

Christopher stood lazily pulling the dog's ears for a minute; then he laughed. "I see that you are about as genial and warm-hearted as most other women, Jenny. But I can fancy you at forty, hoarding your money in an old tea-pot like our grandmother Shaw, and caring for nothing so much as the hoarding. You have her blood in you, so take care."

She looked at him steadily for a moment. "I believe you're right," she said suddenly; then crossed the room to the fire. "That is enough, Miss Croft. Much obliged, I'm sure. You need not wait any longer. No, she's not a servant," to Kit's look of inquiry. "She's a wood engraver.

I got work for her in the offices, and she's glad to pay me in this way."

"It saves you a burned face, at least;" drily. "Hers was purple."

"Yes: and the servants would waste the bread and have to be paid besides. As for her face, it don't matter to her. Now if it was that Devereux woman, yonder, it would be of some importance; her face is worth a capital of a million. It brings her in an interest of five thousand per week."

She went back to the larger room, and her cousin followed leisurely, and sat down by the window, through which a patch of moonlight fell. The dog kept close beside him; it was the only one of Jenny's companions who had made friends with the Delaware farmer, or with whom he felt at home. He had an awed admiration for all literary folk, or artists. The man who had written a book or painted a picture, vaguely ranked in his mind, with Cæsar or the Muses, or Michael Angelo, or any of those dim Presences to whom he had been introduced in his college days, but had lost sight of since in the hurry of raising early peaches and Chester County pigs. But he was disappointed now that he was brought face to face with these makers of the lightning which illuminated the world. *Was this genius?* It sounded to him like gossip smelling rankly of paint and ink. Was it in this fashion that the wits in Dick Steele's time met at White's, and drank and talked? After all, had Jenny got into the real Holy of Holies of literature? Were these the Simon-pure masters in intellect, or only shrewd hucksters of brain work? The talk and laughter about him seemed to him all sham and unmeaning, though in reality there was unusual heartiness and jest in it. People out of all cliques and ranks met at Miss Derby's, and there was a certain newly wakened expression with both curiosity and humor in their eyes, as though each was testing the other unknown specimens of humanity in this newly discovered atmosphere.

Miss Derby herself stood near him with the Englishman, to whom she pointed out one after another her guests. "Those two prettily dressed ladies by the door belong to a class you don't know yet in England, women correspondents of the newspapers. I too!" nodding and touching her breast, "I write letters from Paris for the *Day-book*, and from Rome for the *Progress*. They furnish me the news items, and it is quite easy to dress them up. There are two

New York journalists, both of them from the West. Western men are never as authors worth a penny, but they are at the head of the newspaper profession everywhere. What journalism wants is common sense, and that is the genius of the West."

"Miss Derby is like other American ladies," Burgess said to Parr when she had gone to some other part of the room. "She does not talk, she orates."

"That is because of her business. I have always remarked that women who write for the press have that snappy didactic manner. If they tell you what's o'clock, they must needs make an epigram out of it."

It was Sturm who said this: languidly, as became the cynical philosophic turn of mind for which he was noted: a character which had grown on him of late years, since his bald head, shallow face, and waxed moustache seemed to require it. (Sturm was then, and indeed is still, musical critic for the *Review*.)

"I am glad I came here to-night," replied Mr. Burgess. "I get a pretty fair idea, I fancy, of your professors of literature and art, with a good deal of the radical social element besides: one looks for radicalism in Philadelphia."

"If literature and art," enunciated Sturm slowly, "be trades, you are right. The time was, sir, when to be an author was to be a prophet, priest, and king. A man wrote a book, however poor, as the oracles spoke, from some divine impulse within. Now the book, the poem, or the article is manufactured and offered by these—these venders," glancing around, "just as a clown turns a summersault or plays a fresh prank—for the sake of a few pennies."

"You're right; by George you're right!" chuckled Shively, "I've said as much in the office a dozen times! Why my writers—on books or papers—have as keen noses for their copyrights or salaries as the poorest mechanic in the bindery. You're right, Sturm."

"They don't understand, probably, why the fountain of Helicon should bubble without charge either for mankind or for Mr. Shively," said Sturm drily. "It's the demand," turning to Burgess, "the steady sale of literary work that has coarsened its quality. When a man used to give five years to the elaboration of the idea which he offered to the public, he fancied some of the real water of life sparkled in it: but these tradespeople in ink are like men who keep drinking booths at a fair. They stir

up their drinks in an hour. What do they care whether they sell nectar, or bitter beer, or ginger-pop, so that the pressing thirst of the crowd is satisfied and they get their cursed money?"

Nobody appreciated this tirade but Shively, who chuckled through it continuously, rubbing his thick gold chain between his fat thumb and finger. "Yes, sir. I've known a dozen painters and authors who talked of being true to art, and meant to do some great work, and they all took to daubing pot-boilers of landscapes for the auction-shops, or scribbling skits of stories and articles for the newspapers and magazines. Pegasus is greedy for his oats, nowadays, and I can always tell when he is ready to lay his wings by and hire out to do carting by the day. No talk of Art then, but—how much a column, Mr. Shively?"

Miss Derby, who stood near them, sheltering her flushed face from the fire, interposed, "I know one man whom you concede to have a real genius, Mr. Shively, as his birthright; but I heard you propose to buy him to-night for a very small mess of pottage indeed."

"Oh, Goddard? Yes, I've no doubt Goddard will make his mark some day. Hit the public a downright blow between the eyes. But in the meanwhile he might as well turn an honest penny by writing up my popular scientific summary. Ah, going, Mr. Burgess? I see our friends are dropping off. I'll accompany you. Good night, Miss Derby. You'll not prejudice Mr. Goddard against my offer?"

"I shall not interfere," said Jenny.

People began to come up to say good night to her. Whether they bowed or shook hands, Kit, whose lazy blue eyes saw every thing, observed that there was none of that fantastic deferential homage which men always pay to a young and pretty girl, but instead, a certain air of cordial comradeship as though Miss Derby were a hearty good fellow.

"They don't quite slap her on the back: but very near it," he thought, as she stood joking with Sturm and the others.

She evidently liked the comradeship. Her cheeks burned and her eyes sparkled as the last one turned lingering away. "That's Stillwell, Kit; I went out with him on that exploring expedition a year ago to visit the Indian country. Old Doctor Swan and his wife were in command. Semi-political you see. I got an appointment as

artist to the expedition. With that and my letters for the *Progress* I cleared three hundred dollars, besides expenses. After we came home, the Stillwell woman and I hired two good nags and rode through every county in Maryland, picking up adventures and land scapes and characters for our writing. You don't approve of that I see, Kit?"

"We wanted you to spend that summer on the coast with us, Jenny," he said evasively. "Why do you prefer such knight errantry to living among your father's people? None of them know you but me, and I've had to force myself on you here."

She leaned forward and touched him on the arm. "Because of the very manliness of the girl a touch from her had all the force of a caress from sweet fondling women. "I don't know that they are all like you, Kit. Besides what *materiel* could I find in Delaware? I must have capital, grist to grind. I am making my bread and butter."

"I suppose you have chosen the right way," hesitatingly. "A woman with genius—"

Jenny laughed: a hearty laugh enough, yet there was a pathetic ring about it. "Bah! I have none of that, if even there be such a thing. I have not even a woman's ordinary skill in saying pretty nothings about nothing. I know just what I am."

The room was large and lonely: she sat in front of the firelight which flashed and darkened over her face, and showed it relaxed, and older than when nerved and heated by excitement. "No, Kit: circumstances pushed me among literary people and put a pen in my hand. I have covered up my real character in a reputation for wit and fancy just as I hide the bare walls with those pictures, which don't belong to me. It is shop-work with me. I read this book and that to find a style. I scour the country for ideas and facts as capital. Yet I write successful poetry. It tells. If I were older and had enough money saved I think I'd go into trade. I could make a fortune at that." It certainly was a very shrewd face which met Kit's, from the sharp chin to the broad, low, white brow.

"I know nothing about either poetry or trade," he said gravely. "I suppose you must be born fit for one, and make yourself fit for the other. But I must go to business. I came to-night to bring you a message from Mr. Goddard."

"Yes." She rose suddenly and began putting the chairs in their places.

"He has been in Lewes for nearly a month now. He brought me your letter of introduction the day he arrived."

"In Lewes? His business was in Georgetown."

"Yes; he told me all about that business. He's franker than I'd be under the circumstances."

Finding that he stopped, Miss Derby came back and stood leaning on the low mantel-shelf looking down at him. Her cousin, glancing up from the dog, found her apparently more attractive than before, for he watched her attentively.

"Do you think he will succeed?" she said.

"I've no doubt of it. The property has lain unclaimed since George Goddard's death, waiting for this nephew to present himself. It was supposed that he was in the West; but he will have no difficulty in proving himself to be the person."

"No. His father came from Iowa ten years ago. Is the property large?" after a pause.

"It will make him comfortable—not rich. I don't have the faith in those late peaches most people do. The whole farm's stocked with late peaches. The house is as good as any in Sussex County."

"Niel Goddard ought to be a rich man. His temperament requires ease and luxury for its development. I think, too—" she hesitated—"he would be a happier man if he were able to—to marry."

"Very likely," with a gravity for which there seemed no adequate cause. "He bade me bring you home with me, Jenny. There were some knotty points in the will which he thought your shrewd wit could help him with. My mother will expect you. The will is registered at Georgetown. I went up with him twice to look at it—Why, what is the matter?"

"Oh, I could not go, Kit. Your mother is a stranger, and—"

"You are not afraid to go junketing over the whole United States with a troop of strangers, and yet you blush and are frightened and tremble at the thought of meeting my mother. Why, Jenny?" taking her hand tenderly, for behind her smile and blush he could see the tears in her eyes. He certainly never had thought his cousin pretty before. It occurred to him for the first time now that he would like to take her in his arms and kiss her.

"Oh," she fluttered, how *could* I go, Christopher?" She went to the window on pretense of closing the curtains, and lingered shyly in the moonlight. Then she said sharply, without turning: "Only been to Georgetown twice, and now it's a month? What does Mr. Goddard find in Lewes to keep him there? Is he really studying the tides, as Mr. Harte said?"

"I think it probable. I heard Audrey expounding them learnedly the other day. She puts implicit faith in his wisdom, and deals it about to us second-hand."

"Audrey?"

Miss Derby stood quite quiet with her hands covering her eyes for a long time as she always did when she was planning the plot of a story. When she turned and came back it was with her ordinary cool, collected expression. "I am very glad that Mr. Goddard has such a chance of success about his farm; but I could not go down to advise him about the will, Christopher. Tell him so. I shall see you in the morning?" as, without pressing the matter further, he rose to go.

"Yes; I shall take the noon train."

"Why do you never bring Audrey, as you call her, to town? I should make her welcome, I'm sure."

"Audrey?" Looking about him with a smile. "I could not imagine Audrey here. Oh, no, that would never do."

"Too coarse a setting for your jewel?" with an answering smile. "She is a very beautiful woman then?"

Christopher hesitated. "I do not know. I think not. I really never considered before whether she was a pretty girl or not. But one cannot think of Audrey away from the sea."

"Oh! You men are fanciful about women. About womanly women, that is," with a bitter laugh. She had gone with him a step or two outside of the door, and after shaking hands, stood looking after him as he went down the stairway, nodding and smiling good-night as he looked back.

When he was gone, she crossed the halls hastily to her own chamber, locked the door, and stirred the clear anthracite fire. Her boots stood on the rug. They were short, broad and heavily soled; her gloves lay on the table. She took them up, looking at her thick and somewhat stumpy fingers. Stillwell, when they were out roughing it on the Prairies, used to say to her, "You are built for use and not for show, Jenny."

She had not minded it a bit in Stillwell, and had never liked him a whit the less. But in Niel Goddard's eyes, she *was* "a womanly woman." She thought of that now, holding the glove, and playing with it softly as she looked in the fire, as she might with a baby's hand. "I'm sharp, and a screw to all the world, even to Kit who sees everybody in the pleasantest light," she thought. "But Niel —."

Even to herself she did not say what she well knew; that in his big, blue, dreamy eyes her muddy skin was fair, her thin lips soft, her jet black eyes liquid and passionate as any tenderest sweetheart's among women. Men who wished to stand well with Jenny were wont to talk to her of the strength of her articles; "quite as masculine as if they had been done by a man." Niel laughed at all she wrote. "You precious little dunce!" he said often. Just as though she were a stupid child both silly and dear. Jane, remembering it now as she undressed herself, saw in the glass her hard eyes grow dewy and tender. But she saw too that they were hard eyes; and that her lips were thin and her breast flat. "Even Nature," she said to herself, "forgot that I was a woman. Niel never does."

Even alone as she was, the hidden woman in her answered to his name; flat breast and thin lips grew hot: she turned quickly from the glass too happy and ashamed to meet her own eyes.

"Audrey? What is Audrey to me? When would she give up for him what I have given up?" she said.

Presently she took down a japanned box filled with papers, neatly tied with red tape. Seating herself with a business air she took from among them copies of George Goddard's will, and of one or two deeds relating to the Stone-post farm. For Miss Derby had privately been down to Sussex county a year ago on this business. It was she indeed who had unearthed the fact that Niel Goddard was the missing heir, and sent him down. She went over the papers now carefully line by line: then took out another, a legal opinion from a high authority—"for which he charged a pretty penny!" she muttered. But it was clear and decisive. The Stone-post farm belonged to the oldest living son of James Goddard. It had been left fifty years ago to Elizabeth Goddard and her heirs. But Elizabeth had married a Cortrell and gone to the West Indies on ill terms with her

family and her whereabouts had never been discovered. The old man, George, who died last year, had made provision that the property should return to her heirs, should they present themselves. Failing that, James Goddard and his children came next in succession. Niel was James Goddard's only living child.

Miss Derby folded the papers carefully in the same creases. Her thoughts ran in this wise, done into plain English : "Niel Goddard might think her or all women tender-eyed and soft-lipped, but he would dawdle through life until he was gray, and never ask one of them to marry him, as long as he had no money. With money, he would be on fire to marry to-morrow. He was the heir to this property, provided none of Elizabeth Goddard's descendants were living. But Elizabeth Goddard's only daughter had married a Derby, and Jane Derby's father was her son. He had been used in his vague,

whimsical way to talk of family estates to which it might be worth while to trace his claim. But with his usual slip-shod habit he had never traced it. His daughter had no whimsical slip-shod habit. Her claim was made out, ready in the japanned box. She never meant to present it. Niel himself never knew of it.

"It will be so sweet to take all from him—all!" She pushed the papers into the box as she thought this and stood up, her hands on the lid, her face lifted and glowing. For the moment, it was a rare face and worth study. It would content her to be a beggar and fed by his hand!

A few moments later, however, she rearranged the papers of her claim more carefully, placed the case in her traveling bag, and shut it with a snap.

"I'll go down to Lewes with Kit to-morrow," she thought. "It can do no harm to see how matters stand," nodding significantly, as she put the satchel away.

(To be continued.)

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### AN ARCTIC QUEST.

Oh proudly name their names who bravely sail  
To seek brave lost in Arctic snows and seas!  
Bring money, and bring ships, and on strong knees  
Pray prayers so strong that not one word can fail  
To pierce God's listening heart!

Rigid and pale  
The lost men's bodies, waiting, drift and freeze;  
Yet shall their solemn dead lips tell to these  
Who find them, secrets mighty to prevail  
On farther, darker, icier seas.

I go  
Alone, unhelped, unprayed-for. Perishing  
For years in realms of more than Arctic snow  
My heart has lingered.

Will the poor dead thing  
Be sign to guide past bitter flood and floe  
To open sea, some strong heart triumphing?

## ONLY HALF A WOMAN.



CLARA.

HE wondered why the sunshine never peered into the great streets through which he had roamed so much of late. Why was it that no erratic gleam, strayed from the flood of golden glory which deluged fields and bosquets outside London, could ever touch gently and kindly on the black and grimy walls of Eastcheap or the Minories? Whenever, during a whole month of this spring-time, so rich and rejoicing in the country, he came home to his little room in the oddly-shaped and somber "Crescent," he found himself under a dark pall, in which the sky in these eastern London sections was always draped. The dwellers in the nooks and alleys which had stood firm against the unrelenting march of business had pressing need of sun and warmth and shelter, such as the Neapolitan beggar could have night and day; such as even the farmers in the fields around the city rejoiced in at that very moment. But here, naught save the blackness of the Inferno, and the dreary panorama of long streets lined with mean-looking shops and ginpalaces, in front of whose gilded windows hovered crowds of wretches, half-starved, half-drunk, whose notion of gaiety was a shrill laugh at some coarse joke, and whose amusement was a brutal scuffle, terminating in a fight, and the interference of a stout policeman.

He entered the Crescent, and mounted the steep stairs to his room; but his pipe, his books, even the canvas on which he had painted a woman's head—the head of a beautiful young Irish-woman, her hair falling in drunken disorder over her queenly shoulders—failed to interest him, and he went out again almost immediately, his elastic footsteps ringing on the dull pavement in sharp contrast with the shuffling tread of the pallid and over-worked wretches who passed him, looking enviously at his clean, shapely garments and manly carriage. He passed on, through a narrow lane, flanked on either side with low and tawdry inns, frequented by Norwegian and Danish sailors, until he came to an arch under which a heavily-laden team was rolling. As he followed the team under the shadows cast down from the frowning archway, a clear, melodious voice said softly :

"Oh, Mister George! can't you please wait a minute, and pass the time o' day? It's only me, and it's dull and lonesome 'ere, I can tell you."

The voice died away into a minor of appeal, and the young man stopped suddenly; and bent down gently in the uncertain light to give his hand to a figure which sat crouching in a recess of the wall.

"Still here, Clara?" he said, "and were you not afraid that yonder restless teamster would crush you under his splay feet? He walked as recklessly as if he were overloaded with beer."

"Very like he was, Mister George," answered the voice; "it's often enough he is so at this hour. I'll lay a penny he beats his wife; and I know he never speaks a kind word to me. He's a nice one, he is."

The voice came from a woman who sat in a little box on wooden wheels; and who had placed before her a soiled and faded placard, on which was written, in uneven, old-fashioned script, these words :

"PITY THE POOR, AND HEAVEN WILL PITY YOU."

The woman was young, and her face was superb. Her rich hair trailed upon the box in which the shapeless fragments of her lower limbs reposed. She did not seem unhappy; her eyes shone with a moistened spiritual fervor; her lips were firm and handsome; her brow was white

and bore no marks of the world's contagion. The young man held her hand for a moment gently, then let it fall, and handed her a shilling and a rosebud.

"There, Clara," he said, "the one will buy you some new ribbons for your hair, and the other will leave a hint of the green fields by your crippled father's bedside."

The woman looked at him curiously; then a great wave of color rushed into her face, and she said softly:

"Me with ribbons in my 'air, Mister George? Why, Lord love you, be you a dreamin'?"

"Wide awake, on the contrary, Clara, and quite positive that you would look much better with two bonny ribbons twined in your tresses."

"Mister George," she said suddenly, "you ought n't to speak to me like that. Can't you find other lasses to listen to such fine speeches?"

The young man paused, half frightened. Had he wounded the feelings of the waif? There was a new tone in her voice, which really alarmed him.

"Why, Clara, child," he said, "I only meant it as a kindness. Have I offended you?"

"No, Mister George, but I—really, you must n't make sport of me. I am too ready to make myself think strange things. Do you know—I says to myself this mornin', when I sees another tall, gallant youth go past, 'that's like Mister George'—and—and that frightened me—because I—I don't like to think so much on one person. It makes me uncomfortable-like, sitting all alone 'ere, and—no—I'd rather not take the shilling; but I will 'ave the rose, and I'll wear it, too!"

She said these last words passionately, defiantly, and clutched the rose with loving fierceness.

George turned away, amazed, but not amused. He was silent, and when he turned once more to meet Clara's gaze, there were tears in his eyes.

"Dear Miss Clara," he said, "I know it is very lonely here for you, and before I go away I must find you some more suitable place to sit—if you will persist in refusing the aid already offered both your father and yourself,—or even to let me see your father."

"Do you hear that, dear rose," said Clara, speaking in a dreamy voice to the flower, which blushed even in the darkness; "do you hear? He wants me to

leave the old arch, where I have spent so many blessed hours. Oh, never! never! never! Come again to-morrow, Mister George, and tell me more of that story which you began the other day. But if it annoys you—don't mind my begging—it's only me."

George promised that he would come, and hastened away.

## II.

Papa Zadwinski kept a foreign lodging-house in the Minories. It was not very far from the grim, ancient Tower of London, and one reached it by circuitous alleys and through almost impassable nooks. Away back, in a semi-circle of houses, which, sixty years ago, were inhabited by well-to-do merchants, but were now given up to the butcher, the baker and the chandler, stood a quiet mansion, with a huge black knocker, ornamented with a grinning dragon's head, upon its door. Underneath the knocker was a little aperture marked "Letters," and, just below this, a modest plate, with the inscription "F. Zadwinski." The most scrupulous cleanliness about the steps and at the area-railings marked the house as different from those surrounding it; it had a mysterious foreign air, which was heightened, as George approached it, two hours after leaving the half-woman clutching painfully at the rose he had given her, by the apparition in the doorway of a group of long black-frocked priests, who had halted for the night at Zadwinski's caravansary, ere pursuing their journey to a Catholic mission among the North American Indians. George bestowed only a glance upon them, and as he strode past them and up the stair-case, gently jostled a tall, thin old man, clad in a faded but superbly fitting long coat, and a pair of bright blue trowsers. The figure was leaning against the balustrade, gazing up the stairway, and apparently listening.

George turned hastily. "Why, Papa Zadwinski," he said, "are you already at home? You haven't taken your usual walk to-day, then?"

Papa Zadwinski turned, and caught George by both hands, "I am so glad you has come. He is so mooch vorse! And I do not think—you will not see him alive mooch longer. Will you not see him?"

As the old man spoke these words rapidly—with a long, droll sibilance between each of the disjointed sentences, he led

George up the stairs into a little dining-room, and closed the door.

"I don't know! I moost not feel! I cannot help!" he went on, wringing his hands in a quaint, impressive manner which at once made George sympathetically anguish-stricken. "Now he dies, and what can we do? It is so long, and I cannot bear to haf him go away now!" with a furious sibilation, as if he were hissing defiance at the combined terrors of death and fate. "Will you not come and see him before?"

"Zadwinski," said George, "are you crazy? Who is dying?—what is the matter? Do stop hissing; hold your breath, and tell me what it really is which grieves you."

The old man recoiled towards an arm chair, and put up his long, white fingers deprecatingly before him. "Look me a minute in the face, George," he said, "and tell me what you can see there. Isn't it? Well, I told you so!"

George looked wonderingly at Papa Zadwinski, but saw nothing save the pale, firm face, with the one or two unmistakable lines in it proclaiming it to all men as that of a Pole;—naught save the kindly eyes, and the square, high forehead, from which the iron-gray hair was combed rigidly back.

"Well," he finally said, "my dear host, I positively do not understand you."

"Lord love us! He does not understand us! Has not Clara at last told you all about her father? Erminia, my wife! Erminia! (Lengthy sibilation.) Coom in. Mister George does not understand us."

Erminia appeared at the dining-room door, and stepped hastily forward towards her husband. George was surprised to see that she had been weeping. She was a buxom German woman from Hamburg, and her rosy complexion was metamorphosed into a vermillion by the excess of her emotions. "Vat is it now?" she said, dejectedly. "He doesn't understand us? Well, I should dink not."

"In the name of reason, good people, what do you mean? Have I offended you?" gasped George.

"Look in my face," said Papa Zadwinski, "and tell me what you see there! Is it not? Ah! (A hiss of triumph.) Do you not see sorrow? Yes, and sorrow for whom? For my poor old crippled lodger oop stairs? Yes. And why? Because he will die! Yes; he will die! And

why will he die? Can you imagine? No. I will tell you. Well, he has been very ill for a long time, has he not? Good. And he has been so low that Doctor Ukolowic gave him twice up. Is it not? Yes. And he must not be disturbed, did not the doctor say this morning when he went away? Ah well, to think that you now should be the very one to haf done it all! Ah well—ah well!"

Father Zadwinski placed his elbows on his knees, and rocked impatiently to and fro in his arm-chair, all the time watching George closely from under his huge gray eyebrows.

George turned away. "When you have finished your mummeries," he said, "I suppose you will tell me what you mean?"

The old man sat down. "Well," he said, "I will. Would you play with a lily found in a pool in the street over there? Mooth like amusement, is n't it? Would you hunt for sunbeams in Whitechapel? Would you think to find poetry in a scavenger's heap? Mooth like you, is n't it? I cannot understand it!"

"Understand what?"

"Well, well. Erminia, he will never, never understand us. Listen, and still look me in the face. Our poor Clara's father is dying, and it is your fault! Our poor lodger—we love him so mooth; and it is your fault!"

George listened breathlessly.

"He was so low for this long time, and you, cruel (a sweeping, annihilating sibilation) man, you have destroyed him. You have told Clara some terrible things, which have made her crazy; she has been to him, crying with her poor heart breaking; and now he is dying; for the shock of grief ather grief has made him too ill; he cannot last mooth longer. Why do you not fly to his room?" cried the old man, stamping his foot furiously; "will you let him breathe his last before you repair your folly?"

Papa Zadwinski was speaking much better English than usual, and his manner was quite eloquent. George stood quietly before him, like one suddenly awakened from a dream. Finally he said: "Clara's father? Clara angry? Terrible things? Every one, all insane?"

Without another word Papa Zadwinski seized George by the hand, and hastened out of the dining-room, up three long flights of stairs, through a dark passage, into a small, meanly-furnished room. A cry of mingled

terror and sorrow was heard as they entered.

Then George understood it all.

### III.

CLARA's father lay dying in the bed in which he had lain for seventeen years without being able to raise his hand. The cruel railway train which had crippled him and his little daughter one winter morning, as they were trundling up to London from a country town, almost penniless, and anxious to find work, had left him a burden on the world; and he and the motherless girl drifted into a hospital. There, one day, Papa Zadwinski found them, and, moved at their forlorn condition, took them home, and gave the desolate pair his topmost room in the old house in the Crescent. Clara's father turned his face to the wall, and dumbly waited for the last of the long and weary years which was to be his release from pain; and child Clara, who had lost her lower limbs, was packed into a little wooden cart, and was tenderly cared for by Papa Zadwinski and his wife. But as she grew towards womanhood, the old man, overwhelmed by reverses, grew poorer and poorer, until Clara daily felt that she was a burden upon him; and for the last few years she had insisted upon sitting under the old arch every afternoon, and trying to sell to the passers-by some trivial toilet articles, fashioned by her own facile fingers.

Clara had been taught good things in the household of the wise and loving Zadwinski, and her mind had been nourished by excellent books. She kept the familiar, homely parlance of those about her, but her soul was tuned to nobler melodies than any ever heard by her humbler associates. Every evening, when she had finished her vigil at the arch, Zadwinski's great awkward girl-servant, Martha, drew her home in her little box, and Zadwinski and the servant carried box and all up stairs in their arms. Then Martha would aid Clara to nurse the dear, old, crippled father, whose fixed stare of painful, yet patient waiting was so touching; and afterwards Clara, released from her box, would repose on a low couch, near the dormer-window, and read and re-read the romances and philosophical works which Papa Zadwinski had purchased when, fresh from Poland, a romantic young refugee, he had cherished ideas of revolutionizing England.

So the days glided into weeks and years; the seasons came and vanished, and Clara began to feel lonely, and to have a wonderful hunger constantly gnawing at her heart.

This was before George came. But when he came, by chance, to the arch one day, ah, then! life had new meaning for Clara; the sky was higher up—there seemed even a little cheer in the grimy ways about the Crescent; there was perfume in every breeze, music everywhere. She, the cripple, the fragile, the dependent—worshiped, fiercely adored him, the strong, the noble of carriage, the self-reliant. When he met her for the first time, under the arch, and talked with her so kindly and earnestly; when he even sat down by her side, and told her how beautiful her face was, and that she had the graces and manners of a lady, she looked straight into his eyes, and, all unused to the world's ways, showed her love—her new-born, wild, passionate love in her very look. But he did not see it. He was an artist, and saw only the beautiful woman who was poor, and crippled, and forlorn. Yet he went daily to the arch to visit her. One day she asked him where he lodged.

"In the Crescent, with a Pole named Zadwinski," he answered.

How hot Clara's poor face was then! "We do not live far away," she said, rehearsing to him the old story of her crippled father, but carefully avoiding any mention of the fact that she and hers were sheltered under the same roof with the beloved George. Next day she exacted a promise from Zadwinski and all the others in the house that they would never tell "Mister George that she and 'er father lived there," because then he would be only too certain to come and assist them; and, "if it came to that, she should die of shame." So they carefully concealed from George the fact that Clara and her father lodged with Zadwinski; and Martha brought home the little woman every evening by a circuitous route, and smuggled her in at a back door, lest Mister George should see her. Every day before she went out, she sent Martha spying to see if George was anywhere in the vicinity; and when sure that he would not detect her, she was drawn, through a labyrinth of streets, to her place under the arch.

How terrible the hunger at her heart sometimes was! How she longed to find in George that other self whom she had been waiting for; the full complement of

her being—the blossom of her existence! How she stretched out her hands in the silent night, as if to grasp him; how the current of her thought rushed deliriously, day by day, to him; how chastely and sacredly she kept him in her heart, as the being she reverenced and loved, and dared not aspire to equal! Even the pain of love was delicious to her; and she did not pause to think how some day she might find herself stretching out vain hands after a lost love, which could never return near to her again. She did not pause to think! Who ever does?

When George had come, one day, and told her that he was going away to Paris, in a few days, to marry a rich and beautiful young American girl who was waiting for him there; when he told her that, if he married that woman, he should be poor no longer, and might pursue his career of artist as he pleased; when he told her that this marriage would bring him wealth from his purse-proud parents, who had refused to aid him when he entered an artist's studio, but would give him a fortune if he married an heiress with another fortune; when he told her all this, and asked her to congratulate him, she was calm and silent. After he had gone, she remembered that she was only a beggar, a cripple, a dreadful cripple!

Then, when he came again, and gave her the rose and the ribbon for her hair, ah, Heaven! how she clutched the rose after he had gone; how she burst into agony of weeping, and would not be comforted when Martha came to bring her home; how she leaned her white forehead against her crippled father's couch when she was at home, and sobbed until the violence of her grief startled the paralyzed figure into momentary action! Then the figure relapsed under a shock given its consciousness by the belief that some dread evil had befallen Clara. Zadwinski was summoned; Clara was half crazed; a physician was sent for; the crippled father was dying; the crippled daughter sat moaning and crying in her little box; and now George had come, and discovered Clara in her sorrow and her poverty.

As he entered the door she cried aloud, and hid her face in her hands, and Martha could not prevail upon her to look up.

The doctor had not come, and Clara's father lay motionless now, although he had flung his arms about "that awful," as Mar-

tha said, "as no one would 'a believed." George stole gently to him, and knelt beside the bed. The cripple tried to move, but could not. A peaceful smile was at his lips. He died. George bowed his head and dared not tell Clara.

But nature told her. She suddenly lifted up her head, "Why are you all so quiet?" she shrieked; "it is because he is dead! I can see by your faces that I am right." She struggled to rise, but fell back in her box exhausted; and while the old Pole gently closed the dead man's eyes, George knelt at Clara's side and implored her to be patient, calm, and to listen to him. She leaned her head upon his shoulder, and her tears flowed freely. George placed his hands caressingly upon her hair. Her heart leaped madly; then the hope died away as suddenly as it had come. No; he was only pitying her. No; she was a poor orphaned cripple. No; no one loved her. She was unused to the world's ways; her impulse overcame her; she clasped George very tightly in her arms; held him defiantly a moment, daring the whole world to take him from her, and wept out her bitter grief upon his friendly bosom, which seemed the only resting place or home in the universe for her.

\* \* \* \* \*

#### IV.

TEN days after Clara's father was buried George sat alone in his studio at Papa Zadwinski's. Unearthly blackness obscured the Crescent and all its surroundings. Even the poor light which George had thus far found sufficient at dawn to paint by had not visited his studio window for days. Great fog-palls overhung the grimy, crowded ways leading to the riverside, and the masts of the hundreds of vessels ranged along the Thames looked, dimly seen through the mist, like spears of giants advancing under cover of battle smoke. George held a letter in his hand, and was musing over it. These were its contents.

"DEAR GEORGE;

"I am very sorry that I am compelled once more to ask you whether or not you intend to comply with the wishes of your family, and their efforts for your future welfare. An immediate answer is commanded by

"Your father,

"JAMES WALDRON.

"11 Avenue Friedland,

"Paris, June 10."

"I suppose the old gentleman imagines me trembling at that phrase '*commanded by*,'" said George; and he took up another letter and read it slowly, word by word, aloud:

**"DEAR GEORGE;**

"I am very glad to know that your family still think you obstinate, and have not the least idea of our approaching marriage. What a surprise it will be for them! Your father will bestow all his money on you, and then we can realize, with our combined fortunes, one of the dreams of my life. I wish you to buy a country seat in England; some grand old manor. I presume one of the old families may be prevailed upon to part with their home if splendid inducements are offered, and we can settle down into a jolly life of hunting, company, and driving. Won't that be delightful? You must positively promise to give up art, George. It would shame me to death to have my husband have a picture rejected at the Royal Academy, and you know the fate of your '*Urchins by the Sea-side*'! When may we expect you in Paris? Arthur Young is here; he is the delight of our circle, and we are all going to Compiègne fishing next Wednesday. Can we expect you Tuesday? Do get yourself up in style, dear George. Your folks have money enough, and it is now time that you should drop the romantic. I will drive down to the Garde du Nord to meet you if you will write me when I may expect you. Will your father send his carriage for you?

"Your future wife,

"MADGE ATHERTON.

"73 Boulevard Haussmann,  
"Paris, June 10."

George read over the words, "your future wife," two or three times. "I don't know," he finally said, slowly, "whether it is the fling at my '*Urchins by the Sea-side*' or the talk about the money which wounds and offends me; but something in this letter from Madge jars strangely on my nerves."

Then a thought passed through his mind like an arrow through the air: "Is this the feeling with which one should read a letter from a future wife. Do I—love her?"

Why did he ask himself that question? Surely he loved no other than Madge, even if he did not passionately adore her.

Who was that on the stairs? It was Martha helping Clara down in her box. His heart beat strangely, and he felt im-

peled to look out and to say some word of cheer.

No, he would not do that. He would sit down and re-read the letter from Madge—Confusion! a knock at the door. Surely Clara did not intend to ask admittance. But even if she did! Then he remembered how she had clasped him in her arms and held him to her breast on the day of her father's death. What! that waif; that street beggar, whose face had already too much interested him? He made an impatient gesture as he arose to open the door. He hesitated and reflected. For a moment he despised himself. Finally, a light came over his face and he said aloud: "I was about to rush headlong to the sacrifice. Madge would hardly like to know that I hesitated, when she supposed me eager to stand before the altar. I will go over to Paris and see her. If she does n't please me anew—then, George Waldron will still be artist, beggar, and—"

"Strange," he thought, rather than said, as he threw open the door, "strange how that girl Clara runs in my head."

It was only Papa Zadwinski at the door, very sibilant, very polite, and very demonstrative. "Vell, vell," he said, "how is my dear Mister George? Ah! such news! Ah, my dear George, such sad news! Clara is quite beside herself. I don't know what I shall do with my poor Clara; she grieves me very mooth!"

The old man's lips quivered, and his hands shook as he came in and closed the door.

Instantly George was beside him, his face white with apprehension. "Where is she?" he said, "I must go to her."

To his amazement, Papa Zadwinski began laughing violently.

"Ah! George," he said, "I knew that I could get at your secret. No, my dear, you cannot cheat the old man. You love my poor Clara, Mister George."

"Sir!" thundered the artist; then he bethought himself. "Is there really anything the matter with the child?"

"Ah, yes, she is very sick—heart-sick, George, and the malady is contagious. Her poor body is crippled, George; she cannot walk graciously, nor dance beautifully; but her heart is not crippled. Ah, my beautiful Clara! If I could only see her happy."

There was another knock at the door, and a telegram was handed in. George read it hastily.

"Paris—London. George Waldron, Minories, Crescent 6, E. C.—Be sure and come Tuesday. Charades at Mrs. Young's in the evening. Compiègne postponed. Answer paid. Madge Atherton."

Answer paid! Perhaps she did not think he had money enough to afford the luxury of telegrams. "Zadwinski, excuse me," he said; "my relatives demand me in Paris. I am going away for a few days. I may not come back at all. But don't tell Clara."

The old man's face grew very stern. "Vell," he said, "there are foolish people in this world who make choices against their consciences. I would not do it. I ——"

But George had vanished into his bedroom.

An hour after he came out, dressed for traveling. As he entered the long hall leading to the street, after having received a singularly crusty salutation, when he paid Zadwinski his bill and bade him good-bye, he suddenly found himself face to face with Martha, drawing in Clara, in her little weather-worn, wooden-wheeled box.

Clara uttered a stifled cry, and sat motionless. Martha drew herself up indignantly. George said no word. Scarcely knowing what he did, he bent down to Clara, took her hands, then knelt and tenderly kissed her forehead. A moment, and the street door closed after him.

#### v.

"THE tidal boat for Boulogne from London Bridge, sir?" "At one o'clock five minutes sharp, sir," was the answer to George's angry demand. So, then, with his usual negligence, he had missed the express train from Charing Cross, and must submit to tossings and stomachic agonies on the night boat to Boulogne? Unless he did, he could not be in Paris on Tuesday; and he knew from experience how exacting Madge was.

He turned away impatiently from the ragged child who pitifully besought alms, and buried himself in the gloomy recesses of a coffee-house stall, until the sleepy waiter came to warn him that it was very late, sir, and would 'e mind drinking his last cup of coffee, sir, and making a little 'aste, kindly? He went out into the night with his head bent downward, and a strange feeling



THE OLD MAN'S SURPRISE.

of regret surging through his brain. Something was lost; had he forgotten his portmanteau at the coffee-house? No; the loss was within; there was a new emptiness of soul; a deadness at the heart,—less light in the eyes,—no inspiration in the rush of the cool night-breeze coming up from the river. What was it that had departed from the world surrounding him? The mute divine glory which had thrilled him now and anon during the few months of his residence at Zadwinski's, no longer hovered about him; the glow, the perfume, the delicious transition from a grand repose to a sweet unrest—the gradual surrender of his being, heretofore so perturbed and rebellious among the world's rough ways; the sublime faith in the development of a future happiness, to be his compensation for long years of loneliness and weariness—all, all seemed departing. He clutched after them—his darling treasures—fiercely, with his hands.

"'Ere you are at the Bolong boat, sir," said a rough voice; "and, bless me, if you 'ain't dropped your portmanteau. Now, then, she's off in less time than the elephant swallowed the 'aystack, and that was a caution."

George could have struck the rude waterman, who was persistently following up his duty; but in a moment he had rallied, and was clambering along the crowded ways leading to the Boulogne boat. She lay among a mass of other craft, close down to the arch of the gigantic bridge which seemed savagely to affront the moonlight. From her deck a plank was laid across to a huge barge, and as George was anxiously following the crowd along the narrow path, he heard a harsh voice say :

"Humbug ! I'll do nothing of the sort."

"But you will though," was the response; "and mind you do it, too. She goes, and I knows it; and I aint afraid to tell on it neither! It's a rum go if I can't have my say once in a lifetime about who shall ride on these boats. Take her along, and land 'er in France, and no 'umbuggin growling at 'er, d'y hear?"

Evidently the first speaker did hear, for he finally consented, with very bad grace, to allow some person who was poor and unfortunate to make the journey from London to Boulogne on the boat of which he was captain, without receiving compensation therefor.

George threw his portmanteau into his berth; and as the boat moved swiftly and almost noiselessly along the dark, deep stream, he leaned upon the rail and tried to question his own heart again. He lit a cigar, and threw it away. He considered the possibilities of cooling his heated brain by getting the steward to dash a bucket of cold water over his head. Then his thoughts drifted idly through the past and present, until they came to the Crescent, and there they eddied, and eddied, and whirled and foamed and frothed and spun up heavenward in myriad-million cloudlets and spray-jets of thought-foam, until they became a very whirlpool of dancing and simmering and vanishing and evanescent passions, which so consumed him that he shuddered as though dissolution were at hand. The Crescent! The arch! Clara! Clara—the dependent and forlorn; Clara, the orphan and the cripple; Clara, the woman who loved him, who worshiped him—whose whole life was bound to his by the chain of irrevocable fate, by a destiny which would not even leave him master of his own thoughts! Clara! he rebelled; he struggled with himself; then, like a flash, the secret of the disorder of his mind was laid bare before him. He did not love Madge; he would not go to

her; let his parents and his fortune vanish; he saw, knew, longed for Clara, and Clara only. The love which he had never analyzed before came to him, and caught him in its fierce caress, and took him entirely to itself. Henceforth, there was no peace for him without the little half-woman who, only a few hours before, he had thought of quitting forever!

"And quitting her for Madge, too," he said. "That was even madder than I should have believed myself."

He turned, and a little way from him, reclining wearily in her worn old cart, near which stood a stout sailor, he saw the half-woman, the love which had but that instant been revealed to him;—the embodied love, henceforth far more beautiful in his eyes than any of the gracious forms of women that had ever haunted his imagination—*the Clara!*

Love knows all things; he knew by instinct that the poor child had followed him because her heart was breaking without him; he uttered a faint cry, in which the whole passion of a noble life and a true heart rang grandly; he stepped forward, and, kneeling, placed his hand upon Clara's brow. \* \* \* \*

She had been slowly preparing herself, for many days, to follow George, afar off, when he should go to France to live in the gay and grand city of Paris, and to enjoy the fortune which he could spend there to such good advantage. She would beg in the by-streets; she would place herself now and then in a crowded fashionable thoroughfare, where she might hope to



UP AND DOWN THE CRESCENT.

catch a glimpse of him, and adore him in silence. He would not drive her away when he saw her; she would never annoy him by word or look; only to see him now and then would be too much joy; and she knew she could beg her way to Paris.

When Papa Zadwinski saw George's preparations for departure, he lost no time in telling Clara; and she had told him of her mad design to follow George to Paris. The old man was frightened, and bade her never more to think of it; but she seduced simple Martha to her aid, and the good old servant dragged her in the cart to the boat, and placed her, ticketless, upon it. She trusted Clara implicitly, and did not even question the half-woman's ability to wrestle with travel in a foreign land.

Then, when the boat had started, Clara sat very still, thinking. She was not dismayed at her reckless advent to a new life; her only thought was, George has gone to Paris by the express train to-night; to-morrow he will be in Paris; some day, I also shall be there; perhaps I shall see them together. Then she clenched her hands very tightly, and trembled, saying softly to herself: "I feel his presence near me. If it only could be."

Ah! would to Fate, that all we who long and sigh in bitterness of unrest for the presence of the loved, for the presence of the lost, might clasp them for a moment in our arms when we seem to feel that presence near, even as Clara suddenly, and with ecstasy of impulse, clasped to her breast the man she loved. Do you not think, O loved ones, O lost ones, even when thousands of miles—vasty deeps, impassible gulfs, yawn between us, that we feel your blessed presence, and stretch out our hands to you? Do you not know that love and longing go to you, even beyond the graves into which you have thrust our past, and cry bitterly for you, even though it be in vain? The great echo of the cry rings ever—

"O Christ, that it were possible  
For one short hour to see  
The souls we love, that they might tell us  
What and where they be!"

But Clara was not deceived, for the real presence—the living, breathing, loving George was at her side; and she knew that for her the melody of existence was henceforth set to more joyous measure; that the massive, plaintive minors, the great crescendoes of sorrow, were gone; and that on and on forever would flow the joyous refrain of a tranquil love, which no poverty could deaden, which no privation could sadden.

"I knowed as you would meet him, Miss," said the rough sailor behind Clara's cart, solemnly; "I seen it in your face, Miss."

The boat was at the mouth of the Thames; it sped swiftly out into the great channel, and bore away toward the French coast. To the music of the rushing of the summer waves, amid a harmony that seemed to pervade every atom of the universe, the half-woman passed the night of her betrothal, leaning on the breast of her strong lover. They sat together until the stars paled, and sunrise was hinted; other groups had sat around them all night; and yet none save the two knew of the culmination of the great drama which had been so stirring, so alternately bitter and sweet, and at last sublime, to two souls.

\* \* \* \* \*

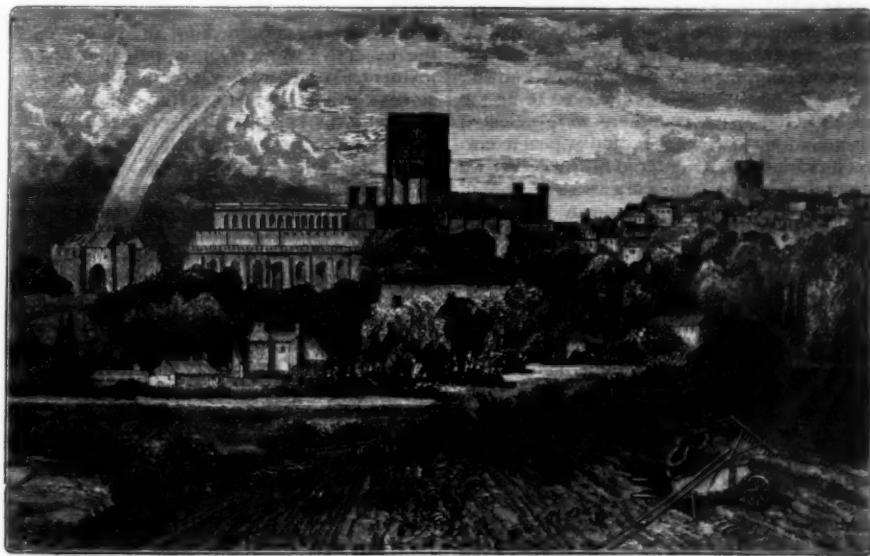
George is still painting in East London, and Papa Zadwinski sometimes draws a sprightly baby up and down the Crescent in a worn, peculiar-looking old cart. Clara has a new carriage, with springs, much more graceful than was the little cart. George paints passably well; and it is an affectionation this living in the Crescent, for he gains a good income by his brush. But he finds his subjects there, he says; and Clara loves the black old Crescent so much that she sometimes fears she shall be sad in Italy, whither they are going when the babe is a little older. George's father sometimes speaks of "his undutiful son, who married a crippled beggar."

But George's father has not fathomed all the depths of love.

## ANNALS OF AN ENGLISH ABBEY.

BY JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE.

## PART I.



ST. ALBANS.

HUMAN history, say the philosophers, is the evolution of events which lie already in their causes, as the properties of geometrical figures lie in the scientific definition of those figures. The qualities which Euclid proves to belong to the circle, exist in the circle eternally. There is no before and no after, and the sense of sequence is only in the successive steps by which proposition after proposition is made known to the limited understanding of man. In like manner the unnumbered multitude of living things, the animated throng of beings which fill the air, and crowd the water and the earth, lie potentially in the elemental germs out of which they seem to be developed; and the life of the individual man, the long sequel of the acts and fortunes of his race, and all that he has done and is to do, till the type is exhausted and gives place to other combinations, is governed by laws as inherent and as necessary as those through which the mathematician develops his inferences from the equation of an ellipse.

Were the equation of man constructed out of elements as few and simple, we should know all that has been, and all that is to be,

without moving from our library chairs; but with the knowledge we should lose the uncertainty which gives life its purpose and its interest. The pleasure of existence depends upon its anxieties, and if we are indeed but the automata spiritualia which Leibnitz defines us to be, then, of all the gifts which God has bestowed upon us, the choicest of all is the trick which he has played upon our understandings—which makes the certain appear as uncertain, which cheats us with the belief that the future is in our hands, to mould either for good or ill. Of the dynamic forces of humanity the most powerful is forever concealed from us. The acorn has produced the oak, and the oak the acorn, from the time when oaks first began to be, and one oak, for practical purposes, is identical with another. Man produces man; but each individual brings into the world a character and capabilities differing from those of his fellows, and incalculable till they have had room to display themselves. An idea generated in a single mind penetrates the circle of mankind and shapes them afresh after its likeness. We talk of a science of history—we dream that we

can trace laws of causation which governed the actions of our fathers, and from which we can forecast the tendencies of generations to come. The spontaneous force in the soul of a man of genius will defeat our subtlest calculations : —and of all forecasts of the future there is but one on which we can repose with confidence, that nothing is certain but the unforeseen.

So long as the rules of our spiritual navigation were supposed to be definitely known ; so long as conscience was believed to be the voice of God in us, and there were celestial constellations to which we could appeal to correct its variations, it mattered little whether we comprehended to what port we were bound. Our course had been laid down for us by the Master Navigator of the Universe, and we could sail on without misgivings over the ocean of untried possibilities. From a combination of many causes we are passing now into a sea where our charts fail us, and the stars have ceased to shine. The tongue of the prudent speaks stammeringly. The fool clamors that he is as wise as the sage, and the sage shrinks from saying that it is not so. Authority is mute. One man, we are told, is as good as another : each by divine charter may think as he pleases, and carve his actions after his own liking. Institutions crumble ; creeds resolve themselves into words ; forms of government disintegrate, and there is no longer any word of command. For the pilots who stood once at the helm, gave their orders and compelled obedience, we have crews now, all equal, who decide by the majority of votes. We have entered on an age of universal democracy, political and spiritual, such as the world has never seen before ; and civilized mankind are broken into two hundred million units, each thinking and doing what is good in his own eyes.

Experience of the past forbids the belief that anarchy will continue forever. Man is a gregarious animal, and as the earth fills up, the flocks must be packed more densely. Fresh combinations are inevitable—and combinations cohere only when formed on definite principles to which individual inclinations must bend. Strong minds have a natural tendency to direct weak minds. Majorities vote wrongly. The wrong course runs the ship upon the rocks ; and the fool, when his folly issues in practical disaster, understands in some degree that he is a fool. The universal sand-heap will and must once more organize itself ; though in what shape politically, or round what kind of spiritual conviction, it were waste of labor to conjecture. Meanwhile the results of life as they appear in ad-

vanced countries like England and America were never less interesting. Each of us, left to his own guidance and compelled by the restlessness of his nature to aspire to something, turns to the one direction plainly open to him, and sets himself with might and main to make money. Money is power ; money commands a certain kind of enjoyment ; the excessive want of it is palpable disengagement. We desire to succeed ; to make ourselves considerable among our fellows ; and money is the best standard of measurement readily appreciable. But when we have got it we are still unsatisfied. The pleasures which money will buy are soon exhausted. The chief delight has been in the getting ; the thing got becomes a weariness : and we must either throw our inclinations into chains and determine to desire nothing but what the dollar will purchase for us, or else to escape vacuity we fling ourselves into *dilettante* sciences, study the anatomy of shells and beetles, or find a spurious interest in the fictitious world of novel-writers which reality denies us in our own.

On these terms the better sort of men and women find existence grow tedious. So long as they are obliged to work they are in contact with facts, and retain their moral health. When money is provided in sufficient quantities, and work has become unnecessary, they cast about for occupation. The new order of things has none to give them of a noble kind, and in despair they fling themselves into the past. They see in the old world what the modern world fails to provide. The Catholic Church, which their fathers broke with, tells them that the disease from which they suffer is the natural fruit of apostasy. The Catholic Church alone can fill the void in their hearts. The noble employment for which they pine, the Church holds out with ever-open hands—employment in which the companies of the saints earned the aureoles around their brows—and many and many a high-souled man and woman among us is taking the Church at its word, and trying the experiment. The Reformers led them out into the wilderness, but in that wilderness was no Sinai with the revelation of a new law—only a sandy desert strewed with nuggets of gold. There was no Jordan, with a promised land beyond it—only a deluding mirage with gold-dust for water.

Thus, among other strange phenomena of this waning century, we see once more rising among us, as if by enchantment, the religious orders of the middle ages. Benedictines, Carmelites, Dominicans ; houses of monks

and nuns, to which American and English ladies and gentlemen are once more gathering as of old, flying no longer from a world of violence or profligacy, but from a world of emptiness and spiritual death.

In Spain and Italy, where the continuity of Catholicism has been unbroken, and the conventional life has been too long familiar to seek to disguise its true features, it is regarded with the same hatred with which it was abhorred by our fathers; it denotes nothing but sensuality, ignorance and sin. The Italian government is rooting out the whole system as ruthlessly as Henry VIII. Royalists and Republicans may make their alternate revolutions in the Spanish peninsula; the provinces submit indifferently, knowing that to them it matters little whether they be ruled by king or president; but suggest a restoration of the cowled fraternities, and the paving-stones of Valladolid and Burgos would rise up in mutiny. In England, where the past is obscured by sentimental passion; in America, where there is no past, or where the lessons of the old world are supposed to have no application; in France, where the entire nation is swimming in a sea of anarchy, and the vessel of the state is shattered and the drowning wretches cling to each shattered plank which the waves drift within their reach, conventional institutions for both men and women are springing up as mushrooms after an autumn rain. As mushrooms is it to be? growing as fast, and as soon to perish? Or are we really witnessing the revival of an order of things which, after a violent overthrow, is recommencing a second period of enduring energy and power?

Time will answer. It depends on whether the Catholic form of Christianity can recover its hold on the convictions of educated men. Meanwhile it will not be uninteresting to look particularly at the history of one of these foundations as it actually existed in ancient England. As in science, if we would know the nature of any animal or plant, we can learn much, if not the whole, of its character from a single specimen, so the career of a distinguished abbey, from its beginning to its end, can hardly fail to resemble what other abbeys are likely to be, if we are again to have them among us. Planted in the same soil of human life, surrounded by the same temptations, and nourished by the same influences, the idea will naturally develop in the same direction.

The old English records in the course of publication under the Master of the Rolls,

provide an exceptional opportunity for a study of this kind; and without further preface I shall introduce the reader to the Abbey of St. Albans, in Hertfordshire, the wealthiest and most brilliant of all the religious houses of Great Britain, the annals of which have been lately edited by the accomplished and learned Mr. Riley.\*

The surviving ruins convey a more imposing sense of the ancient magnificence than Melrose or Fountains or Glastonbury. The moral ruin which preceded the suppression — not magnificent, but shameful and ignominious — has the advantage of being attested to us by evidence to which the most passionate admirer of the ages of faith can make no exception. But to this we shall be more properly led by pursuing the course of the story.

The town of St. Albans, famous in English history for two battles fought there in the wars of the Roses, stands on the great North road, twenty miles from London, on the site of the Roman Verulam. The aboriginal British village was a military post in the time of the Emperor Nero. Destroyed by Boadicea, the works were reconstructed when Britain was finally subdued, and Verulam grew into a municipal town of wealth and consequence. The preachers of Christianity followed in the track of the legions; and in the Hertfordshire colony was shed the blood of the first English martyr to the new faith. Albanus, a citizen of Verulam, was called under the Dioclesian persecution to give account for his apostasy from the religion of the masters of the world, and, preferring Christ to the Emperor, was sent to join his Lord by the sword of the executioner. Legend embellished the death-scene with miracles which it is needless to repeat. The general fact that a person bearing the name Albanus was killed at this spot because he was a Christian may be accepted as true. When the persecution ceased the martyrdom was commemorated by an inscription on the wall of the town. A church was built on the site where the blood had fallen. It acquired a special sanctity, and during the Pelagian controversy was the scene of a provincial council. St. German of Auxerre, the champion of orthodoxy against Pelagius, preached and paid his orisons at St. Alban's tomb.

\* [1. *Gesta Abbatum monasterii Sancti Albani.*  
A Thoma Walsingham compilata, Regnante Ricardo Secundo.

2. *Johannis Amundesham Annales Mon. S. Albani.*

3. *Registrum Abbatiae Johannis Whethampstead.*  
Edited by Henry Thomas Riley, Barrister-at-Law.]

A more dangerous enemy than a theorist on the freedom of the will appeared upon the scene immediately after; Britain was overwhelmed by a flood of Saxon heathens; Roman civilization disappeared in smoke and ruins; and of Verulam and all that it contained, there was nothing left by the middle of the sixth century but a green rounded hill, sloping up from the little river Ver, where sheep browsed on the undulating ridges which clothed and concealed the wreck of street and market-place. There, for generation after generation, lay unthought of and undisturbed the bones of England's Protomartyr. The fame of his suffering was revived when Augustine brought back Christianity. But Alban himself still slept in his unknown grave, and three hundred and fifty years of rain and sunshine, and gathering mould and springing herbage had effaced the last traces of his traditional resting place. Somewhere under those turf-mounds he was still lying. Piety forbade the belief that remains so precious could have perished like common bones. But there was no divining-rod to detect the buried treasure. Only God could reveal where it was deposited; and devout souls could but wait and pray that in time the mystery might be made known.

Miracle like that which restored the cross on which the Saviour had suffered to the adoration of the Christian world, discovered in the fullness of time the relics of his servant.

In the year 758, Mercia, the central kingdom of the Saxon Heptarchy, was shaken by civil disorder. Ethelbald the king was killed. Beornred, who snatched at the throne, was defeated and had to fly for his life. The Thanes, unanimi consensu, elected as their sovereign a youth named Offa, brave in battle and noble in blood, for he was 17th in descent from Odin himself. The seven kingdoms were already tending to become one. Offa was no sooner in the saddle than he began to extend his borders at the expense of his neighbors, fell into correspondence with Charlemagne—aspired, perhaps, to imitate Charlemagne on a smaller scale, and become monarch of a united England. Aiming especially at securing a seaboard, he coveted the Eastern counties, and he proposed a match for one of his daughters with Ethelbert of East Anglia. The proposition was well entertained, and Ethelbert paid a visit to the Mercian court to make acquaintance with his bride. The mind of Offa was set rather on the territories than the person of his intended son-in-law. His own queen was am-

bitious like Lady Macbeth for her husband's greatness, and as little scrupulous as to the means that she used. She suggested that Ethelbert was in his power, and that there was a shorter road than marriage towards the annexation of the coveted province. Offa, a professing Christian, started in horror at the hint of murder. Ethelbert, nevertheless, having entered Offa's castle, never left it alive. Feasted in splendor, and led to rest in a gorgeous bed hung with gold and purple, he was let down through a trap-door and smothered below with pillows. Offa seized East Anglia and obtained his desires; but the ghost of the murdered Ethelbert haunted his slumbers and made night hideous to him. He shut himself up in his chamber. He refused to touch food. Awake he was haunted by his crime,—when exhaustion brought sleep, it was to exchange the pain of remorse for the more fearful anguish of imagination. At length in a dream, or from the suggestions of his confessor, he learnt the condition on which he might be pardoned. He must discover the bones of St. Alban, and raise an abbey in his honor.

The skeptical reader will have his private thoughts on the mode in which the adventure was achieved. In the legend which passes as history, king Offa sent to the Bishop (or Archbishop as he was then called) of Lichfield to meet him with his brother prelates on the site of Verulam. It was a summer day, the first of August, 793, a year after the murder. Offa, then a gray-haired man of sixty or thereabouts, appeared on horseback attended by his son and his thanes. The prelates marched in procession with banners and crosiers, and long files of priests and monks chanting their Litanies. Lightning flashed suddenly out of the sky and struck the ground before their feet with blinding splendor. The bishops threw themselves on their knees and prayed. The king and his lords prayed. The spectators who had gathered in a crowd joined in expectant adoration. At length, trembling with excitement, terram percutiunt, “they strike the earth.” “There was no need of long search when Heaven had pointed to the spot.” St. Alban's skeleton, or the bones composing it, was found entire. Evidence of an earthly kind to identify them as really those of Alban there was none—but none was needed. The celestial indication was itself proof conclusive. Weak believers, if any such were present, had their doubts dispelled by the powers which the sacred things at once displayed. Lame men leapt upon their feet, deaf ears heard, and blind eyes were opened.

A band of gold was fastened about the skull with Alban's name inscribed upon it. The relics were deposited tenderly in a loculus or box inlaid with gold and set with sapphires, and Offa set out instantly for Rome to imprint his discovery to Pope Adrian the First. He confessed his guilt for the murder of Ethelbert. He related his dream and the result of it. Adrian admitted the Protomartyr at once on the roll of the Saints, gave Offa power to found his monastery "in tuorum peccatorum remissionem," and promised that it should be the peculiar charge of himself and his successors. No bishop, archbishop, or even legate should have authority to meddle with it.

On the king's return to England, a great council of thanes and bishops was held at Verulam, for the ceremony of laying the first stone; a number of monks were collected from the best ordered existing houses; and endowed with broad lands, fenced round with privileges and liberties, and exempt from fees and taxes to king or pontiff, St. Alban's Abbey began to be a fact.

Of Willegod, the first Abbot, little survives but the name. This much only is distinctly visible, that about the year 793 there was established here, as in so many other places, a community of persons who had bound themselves by the usual vows of poverty, chastity and obedience, men and women (for a separate convent of sisters formed part of the foundation) who had forsaken all earthly ties, all earthly interests and ambitions, and had determined to spend their lives in devotional exercises, in attending the poor and sick, in meditation and intercessory prayer. In this conception, the monasteries were to be ever-burning lamps, from which divine grace should perennially radiate.

Reality, in this world of ours, falls generally too short of theory. The shortcomings at St. Alban's became visible scandalously soon. The first care of the monks should have been for their founder. Offa died soon after the abbey was set going. The ungrateful Willegod allowed the king's body to be consigned by unknown hands to an unknown grave. It was uncertain whether the burial was so much as Christian. Willegod was punished for his negligence by an illness of which he died. The brethren could but hope that Offa's soul might not be suffering for it in purgatory.

The sapling, planted as it was full grown, was slow in taking root. Eadric, the second abbot, a relation of Offa's, showed the same carelessness, and ended soon also an equally undistinguished rule. Wulsig, the next, was

actively objectionable. He was of the blood royal, and, *erectus est in superbiam*, was lifted up with pride. Thinking more of his descent from Odin than of his bondage to Christ, Wulsig dressed in silks, spent his time in hunting-field and banquet,—was a politician and a courtier. With these expensive tastes he was accused of wasting the Church's treasures, and, worst crime of all, he invited ladies to dine with him in the abbot's parlor, and lodged the nuns too near his private chamber. Was it for this that lightning had come from heaven to discover the relics of the Protomartyr? The scandalized brethren rose in mutiny against their Carnalis Abbas. Wulsig, too, closed his career prematurely. He died, as was said, by poison,—ut dicitur potionatus,—and was followed to his grave by the curses of the community.

Slightly, very slightly, matters now mended. Abbot Wulnoth, who succeeded, shifted away the nuns, established discipline, and recovered lands which Wulsig had alienated. But Wulnoth too was far from a saint. Too often he was to be met afield in buff jerkin, with horn and hunting-knife, when he ought to have been at chapel. He preferred hawk and hound to mass-book and breviary. St. Alban's Abbey seemed likely to be a failure after all. Eadfrith, fifth abbot, was no better. Eadfrith was nobly born, but *filius hujus aeculi*, a child of this world, who set a pernicious example to the weaker brethren. Clearly enough, the tree which Offa had planted so carefully needed to be watered afresh or it would wither away.

Help came when it was least looked for. Uneasy times had dawned for Saxon England. Each summer brought fleets into the Channel of plundering Danes. They landed in force. Half the country was overrun and wasted by them. Their chiefs were heathens, who spared neither shrine nor altar, monk nor nun. St. Alban's, far inland as it was, had not escaped a visit from them, and half the treasures of the Church had been carried off. From these stones was raised up a savior. Wulfa, a Danish rover, whose heart was penetrated, became, on one of these marauding visits, converted to Christianity. He carried his fervid spirit into his faith, turned hermit, settled himself down in St. Alban's woods to crusts and watercresses; and so famed among the degenerate Saxons became the pirate recluse, that high prelates went to him to confess their sins and be absolved; while Abbot Eadfrith, shamed by such an example at his door, laid down his crosier, took to the woods at Wulfa's side, and the community,

inspired with fresh enthusiasm, mended their ways.

A series of abbots followed who brought St. Alban's into the average condition of Saxon monasteries. They were neither devout especially nor especially undevout. They were wholesome churchmen, of solid substantial type, who carried on their business with propriety and decency. The country grew settled again under the later Saxon kings. A town sprung up under the abbey's shadow, with a market and a parish church. Marshes were drained, woods were cleared. The abbey itself was enlarged. In laying the foundations for the new buildings the ruins were exposed of the ancient Roman city: walls and pavements, cellars and vaults, and arched passages which became the dens of thieves and highwaymen. The bricks were used again for modern houses. The vaults and caves were filled in and leveled. Inside the abbey and outside chaos was reduced to order, and life became rational and human. As at present, in the disinterment of the Assyrian and Babylonian monuments there is an eagerness to discover connecting links with the sacred Hebrew history, so at St. Alban's pious eyes were on the watch for traces of the martyred saint. Imagination, and possibly invention, came to the assistance of fact. In the débris of a Roman house were found urns of pottery and glass, containing, as was assumed, ashes of men and women. Both urns and ashes, as belonging to unbaptized heathen, were carefully destroyed. Old scrolls and books were said to have been discovered also, which the learned declared to be books of religion, or rituals of devils, and which, therefore, were consigned to the fire. A crumbling box, however, was turned up, with a parchment in it in ancient British, and this on examination proved to be a life of St. Albanus himself, agreeing in all particulars with the account given of him by Bede. It was part of the duty of monks to learn by heart the biographies of their patron saints. The minuteness of agreement, therefore, throws suspicion on the independence of the testimony. The British version was, nevertheless, at once translated into Latin, and appointed to be read in the church, and further curious inquiry was cut short by miracle. The translation was no sooner complete than the parchment crumbled to dust.

Monkish fraud! the modern reader exclaims impatiently. Rather, perhaps, without more fraud or thought of fraud than has been displayed by some enthusiastic decipherers of the arrow-head inscriptions. A veritable

record of some kind or other, in a half-known language, may easily have been construed into a preconceived meaning by an overcredulous imagination, without any dishonesty at all. When the balance is eventually struck between the opposing tendencies which evolve between them the spiritual history of mankind, an over-readiness to believe in a cause generally honorable will be found to have been less mischievous than the skepticism which creates nothing, and is content to sneer and destroy.

So long as the Saxon monastery continued, the prelacy of the abbey continued to run in the great Saxon families. Two nobly-born brethren, Leofric, and Alfric who was afterward Primate, ruled successively at St. Alban's,—both men of distinguished piety, both of them a perplexity to the monastic community, which knew not whether most to praise or blame their administration. Those abbots found most favor with the brethren who most enriched the corporation. Large land grants fell in under Leofric and Alfric, and therefore they were admired and honored; but the monks considered that they were themselves the first object of Christ's care, and that the increased wealth should show itself in increase of comfort. The two brothers regarded the poor and miserable as having a superior claim, and lavished Christ's patrimony in relieving the necessities of the neighborhood. Even the jewels intended for St. Alban's shrine were sacrificed in a severe famine—Abbot Leofric daring to say that the true temples of Christ were the bodies of his suffering members.

Whether the abbot did well or ill in this judgment of his, snuffed a discontented brother, Noverit ille qui nihil ignorat. The apostle who thought most about the poor was the traitor Judas. The poor we had always with us, and pious monks of St. Alban's were not to be met with every day. There was open mutiny at last, and the secular arm had to be called in. Leofric, excellent as he was, proved rebellibus austerus. Rough policemen came down from London and chained up the most refractory in their cells. The rest were left to grumble in private over their shortened rations.

Under Abbot Alfric the monotony of ordinary life was broken by a curious episode. The special distinction of the abbey was the possession of the genuine relics of the great Protomartyr. No one questioned that they had been really discovered by Offa. A doubt was raised, however, and it will be seen with reason, whether the shrine at St. Alban's

continued to hold them. The abbey had been plundered by the Danes. The Danes, it was asserted, were not likely to have left behind the greatest treasure that it possessed ; and tradition so far admitted the argument that in the current story the relics had been actually carried away to Denmark, and had been recovered by the adventurous ingenuity of a member of the convent. That a band of pagan warriors should have burdened themselves with a box of bones is not very probable. It is likely enough, that they stripped the gold from the shrine. The value, in their eyes, must have been in the shell. The kernel they would have flung away in contempt. It is just possible that, seeing the extraordinary importance attached to such things by the monks, they might have taken them away intending to ransom them. The Danish business, at any rate, whether real or imaginary, is a necessary feature of the story which is now to be told, and a better illustration could not be found of the respect in which the remains of saints were regarded. They were more precious and more coveted than any other form of property, yet the ordinary rules of property did not apply to what it was held permissible and even commendable to steal.

A pretension was suddenly set up by the monks of Ely that they and only they possessed the genuine skeleton of the martyr of Verulam, and they had come by it in the following manner : In Abbot Alfric's time half England had become Danish, and other fleets of Danes were going and coming. The abbot had reason to expect that a troop of them were about to visit St. Alban's, and in resentment at the trick which had been played upon their countrymen, might take away the relics once more. The Ely monastery lay among swamps and morasses not easily penetrable. Abbot Alfric therefore wrote to his friends there asking them to take charge of St. Alban's loculus till the danger should be over. The monks of Ely professed themselves highly honored by so precious a charge. According to their account the box was sent, and the box was afterwards restored, but rifled, with a skill of which they were not ashamed to boast, of its sacred contents. They consigned the bones of the real Alban to their own treasure house. They sent back to Hertfordshire the bones of a sham Alban who had been one of their own abbots. So Ely insisted, and so the world believed, and forgave the fraud in consideration of the temptation.

Abbot Alfric however was equal to the occasion. He too had played a trick, and a trick still more notable. His object had been to

throw the Danes off the scent, but he had never seriously thought of parting with his choicest jewel. He knew the persons with whom he was dealing and had been beforehand with them. The real Alban had lain buried all along in a secret place in his own chapel. The loculus had carried to Ely the relics of a commonplace respectable brother, accompanied, to prevent suspicion, with other jewels which were genuine. The monks of Ely might have made the change which they pretended, but they had gained nothing by it, and were themselves the parties deceived. Sic dolori dolo pio decepti sunt Elyenses.

Thus encountered, the world who required St. Alban's help knew not to which shrine they should pay their adorations. Edward the Confessor was called in, and gave judgment for Alfric ; but who was Edward, and what could Edward know of such a matter more than another man ? The Pope was called in. The Pope decided for the Hertfordshire abbey also ; but even the Pope was not yet infallible. Even Heaven gave an uncertain answer. The St. Alban's relics worked miracles. The Ely relics replied with other miracles. The power of self-multiplication, attributed by modern Catholics to the wood of the true cross, would have explained the difficulty ; but no one thought of this hypothesis, and the controversy raged on for two centuries. In the hope of making an end there was at length a formal examination of the relics themselves. The Bishop of Lincoln and a commissioner from Ely came to St. Alban's. The shrine was solemnly opened and the bones were lifted out. King Offa had fastened a band of gold about the skull. To the consternation of the men of Hertfordshire the band was gone, and in the place of it a strip of parchment, attached by a silk thread, on which, however, was emblazoned in golden characters of great antiquity : *Hic est Sanctus Albanus.* Ely claimed the victory. What now could St. Alban's say ? But St. Alban's was not yet at its last resource. An account was produced that an artist, employed many generations before in decorating the shrine, had taken the gold and used it. The abbot of the time discovered what had been done too late to prevent it, and had attached the scroll as a substitute.

All parties were thus again at sea. The knot was too intricate for human hands to untie. Doubts had spread. The townspeople, and even the monks of the house themselves were beginning to waver, and the blessed Alban himself found it necessary to interfere. A person of the neighborhood,

one Herbert Duckit, declared that one day when praying at the shrine he felt an emotion of incredulity. He was shriveled to the dimensions of an ape, and returned to his natural size only when he renewed his convictions. This ought to have been sufficient : but assurance was made doubly sure. A skeptical brother of the house was alone praying at night in the church. The shrine burst open ; an awful form strode out of the obscurity, and stood in front of the prostrate unbeliever.

*Ecce ego Albanus, the figure said. Hic quiesco. Nonne me vidisti de meo feretro exire ? Behold me. I am Albanus. Here I rest. Didst thou not see me issue from my tomb ?*

Yea, Lord and Martyr, I did see thee, the monk answered.

*Hoc de cetero penitus palam testificare,* said the saint. Bear me witness then, for the future, in the face of all men.

With these words, Beatus Albanus rediit in loculum suum. The blessed Alban returned into his box.

Thus satisfactorily the uncertainty was well ended ; for, as the chronicler naïvely observes, "doubts of this kind were working mischief." Questions had been raised of the genuineness of the relics of many other distinguished saints,—and fewer miracles had been worked in consequence [unde minus solito in eorum ecclesiis miracula coruscant.]

On the Norman conquest St. Alban's narrowly escaped shipwreck. Connected as it had been with the native princes, it was a strong-hold of Saxon sentiment. At a convention which met at Westminster, soon after the battle of Hastings, the king let fall an expression of contemptuous surprise at the ease with which the Saxons had allowed themselves to be overcome. The Abbot of St. Alban's, Abbot Frederic, himself a passionate nationalist, had been exasperated perhaps at the submissiveness with which the Saxon priesthood had sacrificed their patriotism to the Pope's dictation.

"Most illustrious prince," the abbot said, "you owe your triumphs to the clergy of this realm. Our late sovereigns have been so heavenly minded, that they have bestowed a large part of English soil on the houses of religion. Had temporal lords held it, they would have made a stouter fight. The clergy could not and would not."

"Ha !" answered William, "is that the secret of it ? because the lands were taken from knights and gentlemen and given to you ?

Then the same thing may happen to me. The Danes may come again, and there will be no one to fight with them. Out of your own mouth I judge you. I will have your St. Alban's lands again, and settle men on them that I can depend upon."

The domains of St. Alban's extended at this time from their own gates to London stone, and the forest with which the intervening country was covered was the hiding-place of Saxon outlaws. Half was at once resumed by the crown. The woods were cleared, roads were opened through them and patroled. Abbot Frederic, taking to treason, was hunted off into the Ely marshes, where he died. The abbey itself was saved by the intercession of Lanfranc ; and shorn of its splendor, it was placed under the rule of the Norman Paul, who was Lanfranc's near kinsman.

The change was in all ways beneficent. The days of ease and idleness were over. In Church and State the Norman conquest meant the end of anarchy—called in modern language "liberty,"—and the inauguration of order and discipline. We travel rapidly in these historical sketches. The reader flies in his express train in a few minutes through a couple of centuries. The centuries pass more slowly to those to whom the years are doled out day by day. Institutions grow and beneficially develop themselves, making their way into the hearts of generations which are shorter-lived than they, attracting love and respect, and winning loyal obedience ; and then as gradually forfeiting by their shortcomings the allegiance which had been honorably gained in worthier periods. We see wealth and greatness ; we see corruption and vice ; and one follows so close upon the other that we fancy they must have always coexisted. We look more steadily and we perceive long periods of time, in which there is first a growth and then a decay, like what we perceive in a tree of the forest.

The thing which has taken root and become strong, has thriven only because it had life in it—and the question which we ought to ask of any organized scheme, political or spiritual, is not whether it is good or evil, but whether it is alive or dead. If it is alive, we may take the rest for granted. Age follows age, families remain from father to son on the same spot and subjected to the same conditions. Where the conditions work to create happiness, favorable impressions are formed and are handed on and deepen with the progress of the years. Where they work ill, displeasure, at first imperceptible

changes to anger and then to impatience, and then to scorn and rage and active enmity. The spectator, looking back from a distant period, sees a worthless government tyrannizing for generations, or sees an exploded creed continuing to mislead the world after every active mind has divined its falsehood. He is impatient for the catastrophe. He wonders how men of sense could bear so long with the intolerable. He thanks God with snug self-satisfaction that he is not such a fool as his ancestors. Nature happily is more enduring than we are ; or rather we, wise as we think ourselves, are in turn bearing unconsciously with theories and systems which philosophers will equally see to have been at this moment dying or dead ; and they will meditate on our patience with equal perplexity or with equal self-complacence.

In the two centuries which followed the conquest, the monastic orders in England were in the maturity of vigor and worth. The Normans, while they retained their individuality, were among the noblest races which the earth has possessed. They were no blameless saints who picked their way through life in dread of spots upon their garments. They were Nature's policemen, whose mission was to substitute law and order for self-will and self-indulgence. They were rough-handed, but not rougher than occasion required, and they possessed the restrained moderation which is characteristic of real strength.

Paul, the first Norman abbot, was appointed to St. Alban's eleven years after the conquest, in the year 1077. The historian Walsingham, the collector of the annals, and himself a monk of the abbey, thus speaks of him :

" This Paul was a man of piety and culture. The monastic discipline, which had been forgotten both by rulers and ruled in the seductions of pleasure, he determinately and yet prudently restored. He was content to work by degrees, lest too sudden changes should lead to mutiny ; but so well he succeeded, that under him St. Alban's Abbey became a school of religious observance for all England."

King William, seeing the abbey rescued from Saxon license, restored part of the lands. Money was found with Lanfranc's help, and the abbey church, which had been allowed to fall to ruins, was simply and solidly rebuilt. The splendor so much admired in these later days was still absent. Monasticism did not begin to care about adorning its shell till the soul of it had begun to sicken. The

Normans were content with sound and strong buildings which would last, if necessary, till Domesday. Abbot Paul collected books, and set his monks to read them. The easy life which had become a second nature was at an end. No pleasant lying in bed was allowed any longer in the mornings ; no meat dinners upon fasting days ; or retirement under pretense of sickness to the indulgence of the infirmary ; no agreeable running in and out was permitted any longer with the sisterhoods.\*

The rule of the order was set up in its rigidity, as a law to be obeyed ; and as a mark of disapproval of the loose ways which had been so long tolerated, the austere Normans destroyed the monuments of his predecessors on the floor of the chancel, and " spoke of them as idiots and blockheads."

Offa had obtained from Rome, as a special favor, the exemption of the abbey from inspection. The abbots had gone their own way in consequence, and the absence of supervision had been the cause of degeneracy. Abbot Paul's successor, Richard, ut monachos suos rigidius gubernaret, that he might keep his monks in still tighter order, surrendered the so much cherished independence to the see of Lincoln ; and thus by these two rulers St. Alban's was made for the first time to assume an aspect of genuine saintliness. The work which it was intended to do was actually done. In the person of the abbots were combined the functions of earthly magistrate and spiritual father ; and for two centuries the monastery was at once an example of saintly life, and a living center of authority where severity was tempered by affection. " Happy," says the proverb, " is the country whose annals are a blank." Happy the institution which works silently. Written history is a record of crimes and errors and their consequences. When there is nothing to relate, day follows upon day, and year upon year ; and each has brought its allotted duties, and those duties have been fulfilled. In one direction only were symptoms visible of growing disorder at St. Alban's. Settled government and increasing fervor of piety

\* At the best of times the morals of the Saxon monasteries seem to have been indifferent. In the Penitentials of Bede and Egbert, monks and nuns appear in as vicious colors as the most uncharitable Protestant has represented them. The details cannot be quoted, even in Latin. The curious may satisfy themselves by referring to the third volume of " Councils and Ecclesiastical Documents relating to Great Britain and Ireland," pp. 327-8-9, and see pp. 417-428.

brought with them a taste for the decoration of the shrine. Each abbot sought to add something to the magnificent receptacle in which the martyrs reposed. The appetite for splendor extended to the church, and as the treasury failed to meet the demands upon it, money was borrowed from the Jews, who alone had money to lend. The usurer's trade was held dishonorable, yet those who condescended to borrow had to stoop to the endurance of insult from the ministers of their necessities. In the twelfth century Aaron of Winchester, a noted lender of the day, presumed to present himself at the sacred gate of the abbey. Of course the porter spurned at him. As he turned away he flung an invective behind him, which stung by its truth. Proud as the martyr's shrine might seem, it was he—he, the despised, Jew—who had found the gold with which it was inlaid. To him the monks owed the very roof over their heads, yet he was unworthy to set foot within their walls.

Slowly, too, very slowly the severity of the rule was relaxed, as enthusiasm cooled into habit. Twice a year, to keep down unruly inclinations, the monks were bled. Under Abbot Paul and his successors the bleeding was in the afternoon. It was treated as a matter of course, and those who had undergone the operation went about their business afterwards as if nothing had happened. In process of time they complained that the bleeding exhausted them. They were placed on the sick list, and they were bled in the mornings that they might have their dinners afterwards to comfort them. They were excused matins that they might lie in bed and recover strength. They were allowed a siesta after refectory, or were sent into the country for change of air. The convent, as an act of general relief, were permitted to lay aside their heavy cloaks at shaving-time—an indulgence which, as the shaving house was the scene of gossip and pleasant talk, was received with extraordinary gratitude.

Traces again began to be visible of quarrels with the neighboring gentry about the boundaries of property. The monks in their spiritual aspect might still be objects of awe and veneration. As landowners they descended to the level of the laity, and received layman's usage. Parties formed even in the abbey itself. Profigate brothers took the side of the children of this world, for private objects of their own. Sir Robert Fitzwilliam laid claim to a wood on the church estate. Brother William Pygon, who had a grudge against the abbot, forged a deed in Fitz-

william's favor, stole the abbot's signet and sealed it. The fraud was discovered, and the wood was rescued, but the scandal had been terrible. The convent knew not how to proceed for fear of exposing their shame. Providence ultimately took the matter into its own hands. *Deorum injuriæ diis curae.* Brother Pygon had been sent to expiate his sins by penance in a dependent priory. His allotted diet was meager. One night, to console himself, he secreted a pastry and a flagon of wine, and not daring to enjoy himself when he would be seen, he carried his spoils to the cloaca. There seated he got drunk and fell asleep, and the night being cold he was frozen to death. In his joviality he had trolled catches which the frightened brothers conceived afterwards to have come from a chorus of devils; voices had been even overheard shrieking "Cape Satan! Cape Satan!"

Of the Norman abbots, the most interesting after Abbot Paul was John of the Cell, elected in 1195, who had been a student in the University of Paris. The heads of the religious houses, having extensive property to administer, were usually men of business. Abbot John, however, the chronicler observes, had more of Mary than of Martha in him, and contributed, in the brethren's opinion, less than he ought to have done to the outward greatness of his charge. Nor was he otherwise as considerate of them as a good abbot ought to have been. He rebuilt the refectory and the dormitory. He employed two of the monks, who were artists, to execute some of those exquisite carvings and paintings in the chapel which are the despair of modern architects; but to pay for these things, he stopped the wine allowance for fifteen years, and kept the house upon beer and water.

On idleness, too, the secret poison of monasticism, Abbot John made constant war. When monasteries were first instituted, the monks were made to work upon the farms. As they grew in wealth and importance, outdoor labor was passed over to the serfs. For healthy industry a substitute was found in blood-letting; and the duties became exclusively "religious." The business of a monk was to pray and meditate. Prayer and meditation converted themselves inevitably into the mechanical repetition of devotional forms, and the victims of an unnatural system were driven as a relief of their weariness to amusements or to vice out of doors. Abbot John took the rule as he found it. He could not return to the practice of earlier times. He could not force the community to experience in

themselves a revival of spiritual emotion, of which enthusiasm alone makes ordinary temperaments capable; but he could, at least in his own person, set an example which might rouse them to imitation. None were stricter than he in vigils and fasts. He committed the Psalter to memory and repeated it through without book or note. When the convent was sleeping the abbot was on his knees in the oratory, and the drowsy monks dreamt they heard celestial music, as if companies of angels had descended to sing nocturns with him. He lived to be a very old man, and when he came to die at last the singular beauty of his end became part of the traditions of the abbey.

He had studied medicine at Paris, and while in health had watched by many a sick-bed. Knowing by his symptoms that his end was approaching, he called the monks together, crawled into the chapter house, and took his usual seat.

"My dear brethren," he said, with a faint playfulness, "*Praefui et minus quam decuit profui.* I have been your prefect, but less your profit than I ought to have been. My time is now come. There is not one of us who does not sin and offend in many things. If I have injured any one among you here, on my knees I beg your forgiveness, and as far as lies in you I desire you to absolve me." *Fiat ut petatis,* "Be it as you demand," they all answered. The abbot then sent for a stool which was called *Judicium Anglice*, "the flogging-block." He threw off his gown, leant over it, and bade the brethren each strike him on his bare back. His frame

was shrunk—the bones stood out from the shriveled skin. The monks burst into tears, but each approached and did what he desired. They struck lightly—how could they do otherwise? He reproached them for their weakness, crying at every blow, *Confiteor Deus!*

The sad ceremony over, an attendant covered his wounded body. He then bade them all farewell, and was assisted back to the infirmary, where, on the hard stones, after receiving the viaticum and extreme unction, *migravit ad Dominum*, he departed to the Lord.

[July, 17, 1814.] Beautiful! even if it was all illusion.

Man, it is said, walketh in a vain shadow, and disquieteth himself in vain. We know not what we are or what we shall be. Feeling only that all is not as it seems, that within this animal frame there is a something which links us inexplicably to the mystery of spiritual existence, some few among us, like Abbot John, have flown to strange remedies to appease the longing of their souls. The enlightened modern smiles with a scorn which he scarce cares to conceal. Yet Abbot John may after all have been nearer the truth than his complacent critic who, in his arm-chair, is satisfied to believe that he is the descendant of an ape; that he is but animated dust returning, when the pulse ceases to beat, into the clay of which he is composed, and holding it therefore his best wisdom to enjoy such pleasure as he can snatch as long as the life is in him.

(To be continued).

### ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

There are some poets whom we picture to ourselves as surrounded with aureolas; who are clothed in so pure an atmosphere that when we speak of them,—though with a critical purpose and in this exacting age,—our language must express that tender fealty which sanctity and exaltation compel from all mankind. We are not sure of our judgment; ordinary tests fail us; the pearl is a pearl, though discolored; fire is fire, though shrouded in vapor, or tinged with murky hues. We do not see clearly, for often our eyes are blinded with tears;—we love, we cherish, we revere.

The memory and career of Elizabeth Barrett Browning appear to us like some beautiful ideal. Nothing is earthly, though

all is human; a spirit is passing before our eyes, yet of like passions with ourselves, and encased in a frame so delicate that every fiber is alive with feeling and tremulous with radiant thought. Her genius certainly may be compared to those sensitive, palpitating flames, which harmonically rise and fall in response to every sound-vibration near them. Her whole being was rhythmic, and, in a time when art is largely valued for itself alone, her utterances were the expression of her inmost soul.

I have said that while the composite period has exhibited many phases of poetic art, it is not difficult, with respect to either of them taken singly, to find some former

epoch more distinguished. The Elizabethan age surpassed it in dramatic creation, and in those madrigals and canzonets which—to transpose Mendelssohn's fancy—are songs without harping; the Protectorate developed more epic grandeur,—the Georgian era, more romantic sentiment and strength of wing. Recent progress has been phenomenal, chiefly, in variety, finish, average excellence of work. To this there is one exception. The Victorian era, with its wider range of opportunities for women, has been illuminated by the career of the greatest female poet that England has produced,—nor only England, but the whole territory of the English language; more than this, the most inspired woman, so far as known, of all who have composed in ancient or modern tongues, or flourished in any land or time.

What have we of Sappho, beyond a few exquisite fragments, a disputed story, the broken strings of a remote and traditional island-lyre? Yet, from Sappho down, including the poetry of Southern and Northern Europe and the whole melodious green-sward of English song, the remains of what woman are left to us, which in quantity and inspiration compete with those of Mrs. Browning? What poet of her own sex, except Sappho, did she herself find worthy a place among the forty immortals grouped in the hemicycle of her own "Vision of Poets?" Take the volume of her collected writings,—with so much that we might omit, with so many weaknesses and faults,—and what riches it contains! How different, too, from other recent work, thoroughly her own, eminently that of a woman—a christian sibyl, priestess of the melody, heroism and religion, of the modern world!

## II.

What is the story of her maidenhood? Not only of those early years which, no matter how long we continue, are said to make up the greater portion of our life; but also of an unwedded period which lasted to that ominous year, the thirty-seventh, which has ended the song of other poets at a date when her own—so far as the world heard her—had but just begun. How grew our Psyche in her chrysalid state? For she was like the insect that weaves itself a shroud, yet by some inward force, after a season, is impelled to break through its covering, and come out

a winged tiger-moth, emblem of spirituality in its birth, and of passion in the splendor of its tawny dyes.

Elizabeth B. Barrett was born at London, of wealthy parents, in 1809, and began her literary efforts almost contemporaneously with Tennyson. Apparently,—for the world has not yet received the inner history of a life, which, after all, was so purely intellectual, that only herself could have revealed it to us,—apparently, I say, she was the idol of her kindred; and especially of a father, who wondered at her genius and encouraged the projects of her eager youth. Otherwise, although she was a rhymer at the age of ten, how could she have published, in her seventeenth year, her didactic *Essay*, composed in heroics after the method of Pope? Apparently, too, she had a mind of that fine northern type, which hungers after learning for its own sake, and to which the study of books or nature is an instinctive and insatiable desire. If Mrs. Browning left no formal record of her youth, the spirit of it is indicated so plainly in "*Aurora Leigh*," that we scarcely need the letter:

"Books, books, books!  
I had found the secret of a garret-room  
Piled high with cases in my father's name;  
\* \* \* \* \*  
The first book first. And how I felt it beat  
Under my pillow in the morning's dark,  
An hour before the sun would let me read!  
My books!  
At last, because the time was ripe,  
I chanced upon the poets."

Doubtless this sleepless child was one to whom her actual surroundings, even if observed, seemed less real than the sights in dreamland and cloudland revealed to her by simply opening the magical covers of a printed book. An imaginative girl sometimes becomes so entranced with the ideal world, as to quite forego the billing and cooing which attend upon the springtime of womanhood. Such natures often awake to the knowledge that they have missed something: love was everywhere around them, but their eyes were fixed upon the stars, and they perceived it not. This abnormal growth is perilous, and to the feebler class of dreamers, who have poetic sensibility without true constructive power, insures blight, loneliness, premature decay. For the born artist, such experiences in youth not only are inevitable, but are the training which shapes them for their after work. The fittest survive the test.

Miss Barrett's early feasts were of an omnivorous kind, the best school-regimen for genius:

"I read books bad and good—some bad and good  
At once; \* \* \* \* \* And being dashed  
From error on to error, every turn  
Still brought me nearer to the central truth."

A gifted mind in youth has an unconsciousness of evil, and an affinity for the beautiful and true, which enable it, when given the freedom of a library, to assimilate what is suited to its needs. Fact and fiction are inwardly digested, and in maturer years the logical faculty involuntarily assorts and distributes them. Aurora reads her books,

"Without considering whether they were fit  
To do me good. Mark, there. We get no good  
By being ungenerous, even to a book,  
And calculating profits—so much help  
By so much reading. It is rather when  
We gloriously forget ourselves and plunge  
Soul-forward, headlong, into a book's profound,  
Impassioned for its beauty and salt of truth—  
'Tis then we get the right good from a book."

Much of this reading was of that grave character to which court-maidens of Roger Ascham's time were wonted, for her juvenile *Essay on Mind* evinced a knowledge of Plato, Bacon, and others of the world's great thinkers:—I do not say familiarity with them; scholars know what that word means, and how loosely such terms are bandied. She gained that general conception of each, similar to what we learn of a man upon first acquaintance, and often not far wrong.

With time and occasion afterward came the more disciplinary process of her education. Fortunate influences, possibly those of her father,—if we may still follow "Aurora Leigh,"—guided her in the direction of studies as refining as they were severe. She read Latin and Greek. Now, it is noteworthy that a girl's intellect is more adroit in acquirement, not only of the languages, but of pure mathematics, than that of the average boy. Any one trained at the desks of a New England high-school is aware of this. In later years, the woman very likely will stop acquiring, while the man still plods along and grows in breadth and accuracy. Miss Barrett became a loving student of Greek, and we shall see that it greatly influenced her literary progress.

Among her maturer friends was the sweetly gentle and learned Hugh Stuart

Boyd, to whom in his blindness she read the Attic Dramatists, and under whose guidance she explored a remarkably wide field of Grecian philosophy and song. What more beautiful subject for a modern painter than the girl Elizabeth,—“that slight, delicate figure, with a shower of dark curls falling on each side of a most expressive face, large tender eyes richly fringed by dark eye-lashes, and a smile like a sunbeam,”\*—than this ethereal creature seated at the feet of the blind old scholar, her face aglow with the rhapsody of the sonorous drama, from which she read of Oedipus, until

"The reader's voice dropped lower  
When the poet called him BLIND?"

Here was the daughter that Milton should have had! An oft-quoted stanza from her own "Wine of Cyprus," addressed to her master in after years, may be taken for the legend of the picture:

" And I think of those long mornings,  
Which my thought goes far to seek,  
When, betwixt the folio's turnings,  
Solemn flowed the rhythmic Greek.  
Past the pane the mountain spreading,  
Swept the sheep-bell's tinkling noise,  
While a girlish voice was reading  
Somewhat low for *aī*'s and *oī*'s.

Aside from repeated indications in her other writing, this graceful poem shows the liberal extent of her delightful classical explorations. Homer, Pindar, Anacreon,—“Æschylus, the thunderous,” “Sophocles, the royal,” “Euripides, the human,” “Plato, the divine one”—Theocritus, Bion,—not only among the immortal Pagans did Miss Barrett follow hand in hand with Boyd, but attended him upon his favorite excursions to those “noble Christian bishops”—Chrysostom, Basil, Nazianzen—“who mouthed grandly the last Greek.”

What other woman and poet, of recent times, has passed through such a novitiate, in the academic groves and at the fountain-heads of poetry and thought? I dwell upon Miss Barrett's culture, because I am convinced that it had much to do with her pre-eminence among female poets. Many a past generation has produced its songsters of her sex, whose voices were stifled for want of atmosphere and training. An auspicious era gave her an advantage over

\*Miss Mitford's description of her, in *The Recollections of a Literary Life*.

predecessors like Joanna Baillie, and her culture placed her immeasurably above Miss Landon, Mrs. Hemans, and others who flourished at the outset of her own career. Lady Barnard, the Baroness Baird, Mrs. Norton,—women like these have written beautiful lyrics; but here is one, equally feminine, yet with strength beyond them all, lifting herself to the height of sustained imagination. George Sand, Charlotte Brontë, and Mrs. Lewes, have been her only compeers, but of these the first—at least in form, and the two latter both in form and by instinct, have been writers of prose, before whom the poet takes precedence, by inherited and defensible prerogative.

It was a piece of good fortune that Miss Barrett's technical study of roots, inflections, and what-not, was elementary and incidental. She and her companion read Greek for the music and wisdom of a literature which, as nations ripen and grow old, still holds its own—an exponent of pure beauty and the universal mind. The result would furnish a potential example for them who hold, with Prof. Taylor Lewis, that the classical tongues should be studied chiefly for the sake of their literature. She was not a scholar, in the grammarian's sense; but broke the shell of a language for the meat which it contained. Hence her reading was so varied as to make her the most powerful ally of the classicists among popular authors. Her poetical instinct for meanings was perhaps equal to Shelley's;—as for Keats, he created a Greece and Olympus of his own.

Her first venture of significance was in the field of translation. *Prometheus Bound, and Miscellaneous Poems*, was published in 1833, her twenty-fourth year. The poems were equally noticeable for faults and excellences, of which we have yet to speak. The translation was at that time a unique effort for a young lady, and good practice; but abounded in grotesque peculiarities, and in fidelity did not approach the modern standard. In riper years she freed it from her early mannerism, and recast it in the shape now left to us, "in expiation," she said, "of a sin of my youth, with the sincerest application of my mature mind." This later version of a most sublime tragedy is more poetical than any other of equal correctness, and has the fire and vigor of a master-hand. No one has succeeded better than its author in capturing with rhymed

measures the willful rushing melody of the tragic chorus. Her other translations were executed for her own pleasure, and it rarely was her pleasure to be exactly faithful to her text. She was honest enough to call them what they are; and we must own that her "Paraphrases on" Theocritus, Homer, Apuleius, etc., are enjoyable poems in themselves, preserving the spirit of their originals, yet graceful with that freedom of which Shelley's "Hymn to Mercury" is the most winsome English exemplar since Chapman's time.

Our poet was always healthful and at ease wherever her classicism blossomed on the sprays of her own song. "The Dead Pan" is an instance of her peculiar utilization of Greek tradition, and in other pieces her antique touches are frequent. Late in life, when unquestionably failing,—her eyes growing dim and her poetic force abated,—amid a peal of verses, that sound to me like sweet bells jangled, there is no clearer strain than that of "A Musical Instrument." For a moment, indeed, as she sang a melody of the pastoral god, her

"Sun on the hills forgot to die,  
And the lilies revived, and the dragon-fly  
Came back to dream on the river."

A distinction between Landor's workmanship and that of Mrs. Browning was, that the former rarely used his classicism allegorically as a vehicle for modern sentiment; the latter, who did not write and think as a Greek, goes to the antique for illustration of her own faith and conceptions.

Of Miss Barrett's life we now catch glimpses through the kindly eyes of Miss Mitford, who became her near friend in 1836. She had entered upon a less secluded period, and probably the four years which followed the appearance of her "Prometheus" were as happy as any of her maidenhood. But, always fragile, in 1837 she broke a blood-vessel of the lungs; and after a lingering convalescence was again prostrated in 1839 by the death of her favorite brother—drowned in her sight off the bar of Torquay. Months elapsed before she could be removed to her father's house; there to enter upon that absolute cloister-life which continued for nearly seven years. It was the life of a couch-ridden invalid, restricted to a large but darkened chamber, and forbidden all society but that of a few dear friends. I

think of her, however, in that classic room as of one shut up in some Belvidere, where, by means of a camera, the outer world is reflected upon the table at your breast. For she returned to her books as a diversion from her thoughts, and with an eagerness that her physicians could not restrict. Miss Mitford says that she was now "reading almost every book worth reading in almost every language, and giving herself, heart and soul, to that poetry of which she seemed born to be the priestess." The creative faculty re-asserted itself; the moon will draw the sea despite the storms and darkness that brood between.

In 1838, she published *The Seraphim and other Poems*; in another year, *The Romaunt of the Page*, a volume of ballads entitled from the one which bears that name. In 1842 she contributed to the London *Athenaeum* some Essays on the Greek-Christian and English Poets—the only specimens of her prose left to us,—enthusiastic, not closely written, but showing unusual attainments and critical perception. In 1844—her thirty-fifth year—she found strength for the collection of her writings in their first complete edition, which opened with "The Drama of Exile." These volumes, comprising the bulk of her works during her maiden period, furnish the material and occasion for some remarks upon her characteristics as an English poet.

Her style, from the beginning, was strikingly original, uneven to an extreme degree, equally remarkable for defects and beauties, of which the former gradually lessened and the latter grew more admirable as she advanced in years and experience. The disadvantages, no less than the advantages, of her education, were apparent at the outset. She could not fail to be affected by various master-minds, and when she had out-grown one influence was drawn within another, and so tossed about from world to world. "The Seraphim," a diffuse, mystical passion-play, was an echo of the Æschylean drama. Its meaning was scarcely clear even to the author; the rhythm is wild and discordant; neither music nor meaning is thoroughly beaten out. I have mentioned Shelley as one with whom she was akin—is it that Shelley, dithyrambic as a votary of Cybele, was the most sexless, as he was the most spiritual, of poets? There are singers who spurn the earth, yet scarcely rise to the heavens; they utter a melodious, errant

strain that loses itself in a murmur, we know not how. Miss Barrett's early verse was strangely combined of this semi-musical delirium and obscurity, with an attempt at the Greek dramatic form. Her ballads, on the other hand, were a reflection of her English studies; and, as being more English and human, were a vast poetic advance upon the "Seraphim." Evidently, in these varied experiments, she was conscious of power, and strove to exercise it, yet with no direct purpose, and half doubtful of her themes. When, therefore, as in certain of these lyrics, she got hold of a rare story or suggestion, she made an artistic poem; all are stamped with her sign-manual, and one or two are as lovely as anything on which her fame will rest.

My own youthful acquaintance with her works began, for example, with the "Rhyme of the Duchess May." It was different from any romance-ballad I had read, and was to me a magic casement opening on "faery-lands forlorn;" and even now I think, as I thought then, that the sweetness and power of scenery and language, the delicious meter, the refrain of the passing bell, the feeling and action, are highly poetical and have an indescribable charm. The blemishes of this lyric are few: it is adjusted to just the proper degree of quaintness; the overture and epilogue are exquisitely done, and the tone is maintained throughout—an unusual feat for Mrs. Browning. I have never forgotten a pleasure which so contrasted with the barren sentiment of a plain New England life, and here fulfill my obligation to lay a flower of gratitude upon her grave. Yes, indeed: all she needed was a theme to evoke her rich imaginings, and I wish she had more frequently ceased from introspection and composed other ballads like that of the "Duchess May."

Of her minor lyrics during this period,—"Isabel's Child," "The Romaunt of the Page," "The Lay of the Brown Rosary," "The Poet's Vow," etc.,—few are so good as the example just cited; but each is quite removed from commonplace, and, with its contrasts of strength and weakness, entirely characteristic of its author.

The effect of Miss Barrett's secluded life was visible in her diction, which was acquired from books rather than by intercourse with the living world; and from books of all periods, so that she seemed unconscious that certain words were obso-

lete, or repellent even to cultured and tasteful people. Reviewers who accused her of affectation were partly correct; yet many uncouth phrases and forgotten words seemed to her no less available than common forms obtained from the same sources. By this she gained a richer structure; just as Kossuth, learning our language from books, had a more copious vocabulary than many English orators. But she lost credit for good sense, and certainly at one time had no sure judgment in the use of terms. Since she explored the French, Spanish, and Italian classics as eagerly as those of her own tongue, perhaps the wonder is that her diction was not even more fantastical. Her *taste* never seemed quite developed, but through life subordinate to her excess of feeling. So noble, however, was the latter quality, that the critics gave her poetry their attention, and endeavored to correct its faults of style. For a time she showed a lack of the genuine artist's reverence, and not without egotism followed her willful way. The difficulty with her obsolete words was that there they were introduced unnaturally, and produced a grotesque effect instead of an attractive quaintness. Moreover, her slovenly elisions, indiscriminate mixture of old and new verbal inflections, eccentric rhymes, forced accents, wearisome repetition of favored words to a degree that almost implied poverty of thought,—such matters justly were held to be an outrage upon the beauty and dignity of metrical art. An occasional discord has its use and charm, but harshness in her verse was the rule, rather than the exception. When she had a felicitous refrain—a peculiar grace of her lyrics—she frequently would mar the effect and give a shock to her readers by the introduction of some whimsical or repulsive image. Her passion was spasmodic; her sensuousness lacked substance; as for simplicity, it was at one time questionable whether she was not to be classed among those, who, with a turbulent desire for utterance, really have nothing definite to say. Her sonnet on "The Soul's Expression," showed that the only thing clear to her mind was that she could state nothing clearly:

"With stammering lips and insufficient sound  
I strive and struggle to deliver right  
That music of my nature day and night  
With dream and thought and feeling interwound."

Metaphysical reading aggravated her natural vagueness and what is termed transcendentalism,—perilous qualities in the domain of art. Long afterward, she herself spoke of "the weakness of these earlier verses, which no subsequent revision has succeeded in strengthening."

In "The Drama of Exile," where she had a more definite object, these faults are less apparent, and her genius shines through the clouds; so that we catch glimpses of the brightness which eventually lighted her to a station in the Valhalla of renown.

During her years of illness she had added some knowledge of Hebrew to her acquirements, and could read the Old Testament in the original. The grander elements of her imagination received a new stimulus from the sacred text, with which, after all, her mind was more in sympathy than with the serene beauty of the Greek. In "The Drama of Exile," she aimed at the highest, and failed; but such failures are impossible to smaller poets. It contains wonderfully fine passages; is a chaotic mass, from which dazzling lustres break out so frequently that a reviewer aptly spoke of the "flashes" of her "wild and magnificent genius," the "number and close propinquity of which render her book one flame." My essay presupposes the reader's familiarity with her writings, so that citation of passages does not fall within its intention. Yet, let me ask what other female poet has risen to such language as this of Adam to Lucifer?

"The prodigy  
Of thy vast brows and melancholy eyes  
Which comprehend the height of some great fall.  
I think that thou hast one day worn a crown  
Under the eyes of God."

And where in modern verse is there a more vigorous and imaginative episode than Lucifer's remembrance of the couch'd lion, "when the ended curse left silence in the world?"

"Right suddenly  
He sprang up rampant, and stood straight and stiff,  
As if the new reality of death  
Were dashed against his eyes,—and roared so fierce,  
(Such thick carnivorous passion in his throat  
Tearing a passage through the wrath and fear,)  
And roared so wild, and smote from all the hills  
Such fast, keen echoes crumbling down the vales  
Precipitately,—that the forest beasts,  
One after one, did mutter a response  
Of savage and of sorrowful complaint  
Which trailed along the gorges. Then, at once—  
He fell back, and rolled crashing from the height  
Into the dusk of pines."

Miss Barrett in this drama displayed a true conception of the sublime; though as yet she had neither grace, logic, nor sustained power. The most fragile and delicate of beings, she essayed, with more than man's audacity, to reach the infinite and soar with "the birds of light."

That she was a tender woman, also, and that her hand had been somewhat trained by varied lyrical efforts, was manifest from some of those minor pieces through which she now began to attract the popular regard. Among those not previously mentioned, the tributes to Mrs. Hemans and Miss Landon, "Catarina to Camoens," "Crowned and Wedded," "Cowper's Grave," "The Sea-Mew," "To Flush, my Dog," and "The Swan's Nest," were more simple and open to general esteem than their companion pieces. "An Island," "The Lost Bower," and "The House of Clouds," are pure efforts of fancy, for the most part charmingly executed. "Bertha in the Lane" is treasured by the poet's allusions for its virginal pathos—the sacred revelation of a dying maiden's heart—an exquisite poem but greatly marred in the closing. It was difficult for the author, however fine her beginnings, to end a poem once begun, or to end it well under final compulsion. "The Cry of the Human," with its impassioned refrain and almost agonized plea that the ancient curse may be lightened, evinced her recognition of the sorrows and mysteries of existence:—all these things she "kept in her heart," and uttered brave invectives against black or white slavery, and other social wrongs. "The Cry of the Children," uneven as it is, takes its place beside Hood's "Song of the Shirt," for sweet pity and frowning indignation. In behalf of the little factory-slaves, after reading Horne's report of his Commission, her soul took fire and she did what she could. If the British owners were little likely to be impressed by her imaginative ode, with its Greek motto, it certainly affected the minds of public writers and speakers, who could fashion their more practical agitation after the pattern thus given them in the Mount.

But "Lady Geraldine's Courtship" was the ballad,—and often a poet has one such,—which gained her a sudden repute among lay-readers. It is said that she composed it in twelve hours, and not improbably; for, although full of melodious sentiment and dainty lines, the poem is marred by commonplaces of frequent occurrence.

Many have classed it with "Locksley Hall," but while certain stanzas are equal to Tennyson's best, it is far from displaying the completeness of that enduring lyric. I value it chiefly as an illustration of the greater freedom and elegance to which her poetic faculty had now attained, and as her first open avowal, and a brave one in England, of the democracy which generous and gifted spirits, the round world over, are wont to confess. As for her story, she only succeeded in showing how meanly a womanish fellow might act, when enamored of one above him in social station, and that the heart of a man possessed of healthy self-respect was something she had not yet found out. Her Bertram is a dreadful prig, who cries, mouths, and faints like a school-girl, allowing himself to eat the bread of the Philistines and betray his sense of inequality, and upon whom Lady Geraldine certainly throws herself away. He is a libel upon the whole race of poets. The romance, none the less, met with instant popularity on both sides of the Atlantic, and has passed into literature, somewhat pruned by later touches, as one of its author's more conspicuous efforts.

Miss Barrett now, at the relatively mature age of thirty-five, appeared to have completed her intellectual growth. It was a chance whether her future should be greater than her past. Thus far I regard her experience as merely formative. Much of her vagueness and gloom had departed with the physical prostration that so long bore her down. For her improving health showed that study and authorship, though against the wishes of her attendants, were the best medicine for a body and mind diseased.

As the scent of the rose came back "above the mould," she was to emerge upon a new life, different from that which we hitherto have considered as the day is from the night. She was not to be enrolled among the mournful sisterhood of women, who

"Sit still  
On winter nights by solitary fires  
And hear the nations praising them far off."

The dearest common joys were yet to be hers, and that full development which a woman's genius needs to make it rounded and complete. There is a pretty story of her first meeting with the poet Browning, based upon the lines referring to him in

"Lady Geraldine's Courtship." This, however, is not credited by Theodore Tilton, her American editor and friend, who wrote, in the ardor of his youth, the glowing yet discriminative Memorial prefixed to the collection of her "Last Poems." Four lyrics, thrown off at this time,—entitled, "Life and Love," "A Denial," "Proof and Disproof," and "Inclusions,"—go far to show Miss Barrett's humility, and inability to comprehend the happiness which had come to her. But nevertheless, the poet wooed and won her; and in 1846, her thirty-seventh year, she was taken from her couch to the altar, and at once borne away by her husband from her native land. Some facts in my possession with respect to this event have too slight a bearing upon the record of her literary achievements to warrant their insertion here. It is well known that the marriage was opposed by her father, but she builded better than he knew. Her cloister-life of maidenhood in England was at an end. Fifteen happy and illustrious years in Italy lay before her; and in her case the proverb *Cælum, non animum*, was unfulfilled. Never was there a more complete transmutation of the habits and sympathies of life than that which she experienced beneath the blue Italian skies. Still, before all and above all, her refined soul remained in allegiance to the eternal Muse.

### III.

He is but a shallow critic who neglects to take into his account of a woman's genius a factor representing the master-element of Love. The chief event in the life of Elizabeth Barrett was her marriage, and causes readily suggest themselves which might determine the most generous parent to oppose such a step on her part. The dedication of her edition of 1844 shows how close was the relation existing between her father and herself, and I am told by one who knew her for many years, that Mr. Barrett "was a man of intellect and culture, and she had been his pride, as well as the light of his eyes, after he became a widower." To such a parent, now well in the vale of years, a marriage, which was to lift his fragile daughter from the couch to which she had been bound as a picture to its frame, must have seemed a rash experiment and a cruel blow to himself, however eminent and devoted the suitor

who had claimed her. But when the long-closed tide-ways of a woman's heart are opened, the torrent comes with double force at last, sweeping kith and kin away by Nature's inexorable law. If the old East India merchant had not afterwards acted with utter selfishness, in respect to the marriage of another daughter, I should be disposed to estimate his wounded love for Elizabeth, as she herself did, by his steadfast refusal, despite her "frequent and heart-moving" appeals, to be reconciled to her throughout the remainder of his darkened life.

Wedlock was so thoroughly a new existence to her, that her kindred well might fear for the result. A veritable Lady of Shalott, she now entered the open highways of a peopled world. She left a polar region of dreams, solitude, introspection, for the equatorial belt of outer and real life. The beneficent sequel shows how wise are the instincts of a refined nature. To Miss Barrett, love, marriage, travel, were happiness, desire of life, renewed bodily and spiritual health; and when, in her fortieth year, the sacred and mysterious functions of maternity were given her to realize, there also came that ripe fruition of a genius that hitherto, blooming in the night, had yielded fragrant and impassioned, but only sterile flowers.

The question of an artist's married life, it seems to me, has wholly different bearings when considered from the opposite stand-points of the two sexes. A discerning writer recently has mentioned an artist whose view was, that a man devoted to art might marry "either a plain, uneducated woman devoted to household matters, or else a woman quite capable of entering into his artistic life;" but no one between the two extremes. The former would be less perilous than to marry a daughter of the Philistines, "equally incapable of comprehending his pursuits, but much more likely to interfere with them." Yet in behalf of a man of artistic genius and sensibility, who is born to a career if he chooses to pursue it, I would not accept even the first-named alternative, unless he has sufficient wealth to insure him perfect independence or seclusion. An author's growth, and the happiness of both parties, are vastly imperiled by his union with the most affectionate of creatures, if she has an inartistic nature and a dull or common-place mind. The Laureate makes the simple wife exclaim: "I cannot understand: I

love!"—but there is no perfect love without mutual comprehension; at the best, a wearisome, unemotional forbearance takes its place. On the one part jealousy, active or disguised, of the other's wider range too often exerts a restrictive influence, by which the art-impulse, and the experiences it should feed upon, are modified or repressed. It is a law of psychological mathematics that the constant force of dullness will in the end overcome any varying force resisting it; and when Pegasus can be driven in harness, one generally finds him yoked with a brood-mare—ay, and broken-in when young and more or less defenseless.

Again, we so readily persuade ourselves to lapse from the efforts of creative labor, when temptation puts on the specious guise of duty! The finest kind of art, that possessing originality, is unremunerative for years; and who has the courage to pursue it, while responsible for the conventional ease and happiness of those who possibly regret that he is not so practical as other men, and look with distrust upon his habits of life and labor? Ordinary people can more easily attain to that perfect mating which is the sum of bliss. But let an artist marry art, and be true to it alone, unless by some rare chance he can find a companion whose soul is kindred with his own, who can sympathize with his tastes, and aid him with tact and circumstance in his social and professional career. If she has genius of her own, and her own purposes in any department of art, then all obligations can be entirely mutual, and under favorable auspices the highest wedded felicity should be the result.

The relations of art and marriage, where the development of female genius is concerned, are of a distinctive character, and must be so considered. It is no doubt true that a woman, also, can only arrive at extreme happiness, by wedlock founded upon entire congeniality of mind and purpose; and yet it may be essential to her complete development as an artist that she should marry out of her own ideal, rather than not be married at all. So closely-interwrought are her physical and spiritual existences, that otherwise the product of her genius may be little more than a beautiful fragment at the most. We must therefore esteem Mrs. Browning doubly fortunate, and protected by the gods themselves. For marriage not only had given her, by one of Nature's charming miracles,

a precious lease of life, but had united her with a fellow-artist whose disposition and pursuits were in absolute harmony with her own,—the one man in the world whom she would have chosen, yet who sought her out, and deemed it his highest joy to possess her as a wife, and cherish her as companion, lover and friend. In this life of incongruities it is encouraging to find such an instance of the serene fitness of things. The world is richer for their union, than which none more distinguished is of record in the annals of authorship.

The ten years following the date of Mrs. Browning's marriage were the noonday of her life, and three masterworks, embraced in this period, represent her at her prime. *Casa Guidi Windows* appeared in 1851, the same volume including the matchless "Sonnets from the Portuguese." *Aurora Leigh* was published in 1856. None of her later or earlier compositions were equal to these, in scope, method, and true poetical value.

At first the influence of her new life was of a complex nature. It opened a sealed fountain of love within her, which broke forth in celestial song: it gave her a land and a cause to which she thoroughly devoted her woman's soul; finally, a surprising advance was evident in the rhythm, language, and all other constituents of her metrical work. The Saxon English, which she hitherto had quarried from the basis of her verse, now became conspicuous throughout the whole structure. Her technical gain was partly due to the stronger themes which now bore up her wing,—and partly, I have no doubt, to the companionship of Robert Browning. Even if he did not directly revise her works, neither could fail to profit by the other's genius and experience; and the blemishes of his wife's earlier style were such as Browning at this time would not relish, for they were of a different kind from his own. Besides, we are sensitive to faults in those we love, while committing them ourselves as if by chartered right.

I am disposed to consider the "Sonnets from the Portuguese" as, if not the finest, a portion of the finest subjective poetry in our literature. Their form reminds us of an English prototype, and it is no sacrilege to say that their music is showered from a higher and purer atmosphere than that of the Swan of Avon. We need not enter upon cold comparison of their respective excellences; but Shakespeare's personal

poems were the overflow of his impetuous youth:—his broader vision, that took a world within its ken, was absolutely objective; while Mrs. Browning's Love Sonnets are the outpourings of a woman's tenderest emotions, at an epoch when her art was most mature, and her whole nature exalted by a passion that to such a being comes but for once and all. Here, indeed, the singer rose to her height. Here she is absorbed in rapturous utterance, radiant and triumphant with her own joy. The mists have risen and her sight is clear. Her mouthing and affectation are forgotten, her lips cease to stammer, the lyrical spirit has full control. The sonnet, artificial in weaker hands, becomes swift with feeling, red with a "veined humanity," the chosen vehicle of a royal woman's vows. Graces, felicities, vigor, glory of speech, here are so crowded as to tread each upon the other's sceptered pall. The first sonnet, equal to any in our tongue, is an overture containing the motive of the canticle;—"not Death, but Love" had seized her unaware. The growth of this happiness, her worship of its bringer, her doubts of her own worthiness, are the theme of these poems. She is in a sweet and, to us, pathetic surprise at the delight which at last had fallen to her:

"The wonder was not yet quite gone  
From that still look of hers."

Never was man or minstrel so honored as her "most gracious singer of high poems." In the tremor of her love she undervalued herself,—with all her feebleness of body, it was enough for any man to live within the atmosphere of such a soul! In fine, the Portuguese Sonnets, whose title was a screen behind which the singer poured out her full heart, are the most exquisite poetry hitherto written by a woman, and of themselves justify us in pronouncing their author the greatest of her sex,—on the ground that the highest mission of a female poet is the expression of love, and that no other woman, approaching her in genius, has essayed the ultimate form of that expression. An analogy with "In Memoriam," may be derived from their arrangement and their presentation of a single analytic theme; but Tennyson's poem,—though exhibiting equal art, more subtle reasoning and comprehensive thought,—is devoted to the analysis of philosophic Grief, while the Sonnets reveal to us that Love which is the most ecstatic

of human emotions and worth all other gifts in life.

Mrs. Browning's more than filial devotion to Italy has become a portion of the history of our time. Independently of the husband's enthusiasm, everything in the aspect and condition of the country of her adoption was fitted to arouse this sentiment. It became a passion with her; she identified herself with the Italian cause, and for fourteen years her oratory in Casa Guidi was vocal with the aspiration of that fair land struggling to be free. Its beauty and sorrow enthralled her; its poetry spoke through her voice; its grateful soil finally received her ashes, and will treasure them for many an age to come.

Nothing can be finer than the burst of song at the opening of her Italian poem,

"I heard last night a little child go singing,  
'Neath Casa Guidi windows, by the church,  
*O bella liberta, O bella!*"

unless it be the passages which begin and close the second portion of the same work, composed after an interval of three years, when the hope of the first exultant outbreak was for the time obscured. Between the two extremes the chant is eloquently sustained, and is our best example of lucid, sonorous English verse composed in a semi-Italian *rima*. While full of poetry, its increase of intellectual vigor shows how a singer may be lifted by the occasion and capacity for pleading a noble cause. Deep voice, strong heart, fine brain,—the three must go together in the making of a great poet. "Casa Guidi Windows" won a host of friends to Italy, and gained for its devoted author an historic name. During the interval mentioned, she had given birth to the child whose presence was the awakening of a new prophetic gift :

"The sun strikes through the windows, up the floor;  
Stand out in it, my own young Florentine,  
Not two years old, and let me see thee more!  
It grows along thy amber curls to shine  
Brighter than elsewhere. Now look straight before,  
And fix thy brave blue English eyes on mine,  
And from the soul, which fronts the future so  
With unabashed and unabated gaze,  
Teach me to hope for what the Angels know  
When they smile clear as thou dost!"

While experience of motherhood now had perfected her woman's nature, Mrs. Browning was also at the zenith of her lyrical career. Her minor verses of the period are admirable. She revised her earlier poetry for the edition of 1856, and Mr. Tilton

has pointed out some of her fastidious and usually successful emendations. It was the happiest portion of her life, as well as the most artistic. The sunshine of an enviable fame enwreathed her; rare and gifted spirits, wandering through Italy, were attracted to her presence and paid homage to its laureled charm. Hence, as a secondary effect of her marriage, her knowledge of the world increased; she became a keen though impulsive observer of men and women, and of the thought and action of her own time. Few social movements escaped her notice, whether in Europe or our own unrestful land; her instincts were in favor of agitation and reform, and her imagination was ever looking forward to the Golden Year. And it was now that, summoning all her strength —alas! how unequal was her frail body to the tasks laid upon it by the aspiring soul!—with heroic determination and most persistent industry, she undertook and completed her *capo d'opera*—the poem which, in dedicating to John Kenyon, she declares to be the most mature of her works, “and the one into which my highest convictions upon Life and Art have entered.”

If Mrs. Browning's vitality had failed her before the production of “Aurora Leigh,”—a poem comprising twelve thousand lines of blank-verse,—her generation certainly would have lost one of its representative and original creations: representative in a versatile, kaleidoscopic presentation of modern life and issues; original, because the most idiosyncratic of its author's poems. An audacious, speculative freedom pervades it, which smacks of the new world rather than the old. Tennyson, while examining the social and intellectual phases of his era, maintains a judicial impassiveness; Mrs. Browning, with finer dramatic insight—the result of intense human sympathy, enters into the spirit of each experiment, and for the moment puts herself in its advocate's position. “Aurora Leigh” is a mirror of contemporary life, while its learned and beautiful illustrations make it, almost, a handbook of literature and the arts. As a poem, merely, it is a failure, if it be fair to judge it by accepted standards. One may say of it as of Byron's “Don Juan” (though loth to couple the two works in any comparison), that, although a most uneven production, full of ups and downs, of capricious or prosaic episodes, it nevertheless contains poetry

as fine as its author has given us elsewhere, and enough spare inspiration to set up a dozen smaller poets. The flexible verse is noticeably her own, and often handled with as much spirit as freedom; it is terser than her husband's, and, although his influence now began to grow upon her, is not in the least obscure to any cultured reader. The plan of the work is a metrical concession to the fashion of a time which has substituted the novel for the dramatic poem. Considered as a “novel in verse,” it is a failure by lack of either constructive talent or experience on the author's part. Few great poets invent their myths; few prose character-painters are successful poets; the epic songsters have gone to tradition for their themes, the romantic to romance, the dramatic to history and incident. Mrs. Browning essayed to invent her whole story, and the result was an incongruous frame-work, covered with her throning, suggestive ideas, her flashing poetry and metaphor, and confronting you by whichever gateway you enter with the instant presence of her very self. But either as poem or novel, how superior the whole, in beauty and intellectual power, to contemporary structures upon a similar model, which found favor with the admirers of parlor romance or the lamb's-wool sentiment of orderly British life! As a social treatise it is also a failure, since nothing definite is arrived at. Yet the poet's sense of existing wrongs is clear and exalted, and if her exposition of them is chaotic, so was the transition-period in which she found herself involved. Upon the whole I think that the chief value and interest of “Aurora Leigh” appertain to its marvelous illustrations of the development, from childhood on, of an æsthetical, imaginative nature. Nowhere in literature is the process of culture by means of study and passionnal experience so graphically depicted. It is the metrical and feminine complement to Thackeray's “Pendennis;” a poem that will be rightly appreciated by artists, thinkers, poets, and by them alone. Landor, for example, at once received it into favor, and also laid an unerring finger upon its weakest point: “I am reading a poem,” he wrote, “full of thought and fascinating with fancy. In many pages there is the wild imagination of Shakespeare.” \* \* \* \* \* I had no idea that any one in this age was capable of such poetry. \* \* Here are indeed, even here, some flies upon the surface, as there always will

be upon what is sweet and strong. I know not yet what the story is. Few possess the power of construction."

The five remaining years of Mrs. Browning's life, were years of self-forgetfulness and devotion to the heroic and true. Her beautiful character is exhibited in her correspondence, and in the tributes of those who were privileged to know her. What poetry she wrote is left to us, and I am compelled to look upon it as belonging to her period of *decline*. However fine its motive, "We are here," as M. Taine has said, to judge of the product alone, and "to realize not an ode but a law." Physical debility was the main cause of this lyrical falling-off. Her exhausted frame was now, more than ever, what Hillard had pronounced it, "nearly a transparent veil for a celestial and immortal spirit." Her feelings were again more imperative than her mastery of art; her hand trembled, her voice quavered with that emotion which is not strength. She now, as I have said, unconsciously began to yield to the prolonged influence of her husband's later style, and it affected her own injuriously, though it must be acknowledged that her poetry acquired, toward the last, a new and genuine, but painful, dramatic quality. Her "*Napoleon III. in Italy*," and the minor lyrics upon the Italian question, are submitted in evidence of the several points just made. Some of her latest poems were contributed to a New York newspaper, with whose declared opinions she was in sympathy, and which was the mouthpiece of her warmest American admirers; and, in the effort to promptly meet her engagements, she tendered unrevised and faulty work. At intervals the production of some gracious, healthful hour would be a truly effective poem, and such Lyrics as "*A Court Lady*," "*The Forced Recruit*," "*Parting Lovers*," and "*Mother and Poet*," made the world realize how rich and tuneful could be the voice still left to her. One evening it was my fortune to listen to a recitation of the last-named poem, from the lips of a beautiful girl who looked the very embodiment of the lyric Muse, and I was struck with the truthfulness and strength displayed in the poet's dramatic conception of the mingled patriotism and anguish in a bereaved Italian mother's heart. But the dominant roughness which too generally pervades her *Last Poems* shows how completely she now had accepted Browning's theory of entire subor-

dination, in poetry, of the art to the thought, and his method of giving expression to the latter, no matter how inchoate, at any cost to the finish and effectiveness of the work in hand.

## IV.

In a former essay I wrote of "an inspired singer if there ever was one—all fire and air—her song and soul alike devoted to liberty, aspiration, and love." The career of this gifted woman has now been traced. In conclusion, let us attempt to estimate her genius, and discover the position to be assigned to her among contemporary poets.

And first, with regard to her qualities as an artist. She was thought to resemble Tennyson in some of her early pieces, but this was a mistake, if anything beyond form is to be considered. In reading Tennyson you feel that he drives stately and thorough-bred horses, and has them always under control; that he could reach a higher speed at pleasure; while Mrs. Browning's chargers, half-untamed, prance or halt at their own will, and often bear her away over many a rugged, dimly-lighted tract. Her verse was the perfect exponent of her own nature, including a wide variety of topics in its range, but with the author's manner injected through every line of it. Health is not its prominent characteristic. Mrs. Browning's creative power was not equal to her capacity to feel; otherwise there was nothing she might not have accomplished. She evinced *over-possession*, and certainly had the contortions of the Sibyl, though not lacking the inspiration. We feel that she must have expression, or perish; a lack of restraint common to female poets. She was somewhat deficient in aesthetic conscientiousness, and we cannot say of her works, as of Tennyson's, that they include nothing which has failed to receive the author's utmost care. She had that distrust of the "effect" of her productions which betrays a clouded vision; and in truth, much of her vaguer work well might be distrusted. Her imagination was radiant, but seldom clear; it was the moon obscured by mists, yet encircled with a glorious halo.

Her meters came by chance, and this often to her detriment; she rarely had the patience to discover those best adapted to her needs, but gave voice to the first strain which occurred to her. Hence she had a

spontaneity which is absent from the Laureate's work. This charming element has its drawbacks; she found herself hampered by difficulties which a little forethought would have avoided, and her song, though as fresh, was too often as purposeless, as that of a forest-bird. There is great music in her voice, but one wishes that it were better trained. She had a gift for melodious and effective refrains—"the nightingales, the nightingales," "Marget, Marget" "You see we're tired, my Heart and I," "Toll Slowly!" "The River floweth On," "Pan, Pan is dead!" these and other examples captivate the memory, but occasionally the burden is the chief sustainer of the song. One of her repetends, "He giveth His beloved sleep," is the motive of an almost celestial lyric, faultless in holy and melodious design. It is a poem to read by the weary couch of some loved one passing away, and doubtless in many a heart is already associated with memories that "lie too deep for tears."

Her spontaneous and exhaustless command of words gave her a large and free style, but likewise a dangerous facility, and it was only in rare instances, like the one just cited, that she attained to the strength and sweetness of Repose. Her intense earnestness spared her no leisure for humor, a feature curiously absent from her writings: she almost lacked the sense of the ludicrous, as may be deduced from some of her two-word rhymes, and from various absurdities solemnly indulged in. But of wit and satire she has more than enough, and lashes all kinds of tyranny and hypocrisy with supernal scorn. It is perhaps due to her years of in-door life that the influence of landscape-scenery is not more visible in her poetry. Her girlhood, nevertheless, was partly spent in Herefordshire, among the Malvern Hills, and we find in "Aurora Leigh," and in some of her minor pieces, not only reminiscences of that region, but other landscape, both English and Italian—executed in a broad and admirable manner. But when she follows the idyllic method, making the tone of the background enhance the feeling of a poem, she uses by preference the works of man rather than those of nature: architecture, furniture, pictures, books above all, rather than water, sky and forest. Men and women were the chief objects of her regard—her genius was more dramatic than idyllic, and lyric first of all.

The instinct of worship and the religion  
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of humanity were pervading constituents of Mrs. Browning's nature, and demand no less attention than the love which dictated her most fervent poems. A spiritual trinity of zeal, love, and worship, presided over her work. If in her outcry against wrong she had nothing decisive to suggest, she at least sounded a clarion note for the incitement of her comrades and successors, and this was her mission as a reformer. Religious exaltation breathes through every page of her compositions. Her eulogist aptly called her the Blaise Pascal of women, and said that her books were prayer-books. She had a profound faith in christian revelation, interpreted in its most catholic sense. Her broad humanity and religion, her defense of her sex, her subtle and tender knowledge of the hearts of children, her abnegation, hope, and faith, seemed the apotheosis of womanhood and drew to her the affection of readers in distant lands. She was the most beloved of minstrels and women. Jean Paul said of Herder that he was less a poet than a poem, but in Mrs. Browning the two were blended: she wrote herself into her works, and I have closely reviewed her experience, because it is inseparable from her lyrical career. The English love to call her Shakespeare's Daughter, and in truth she bears to their greatest poet the relation of Miranda and Prospero. Her delicate genius was purely feminine and subjective, attributes that are made to go together. Most introspective poetry, in spite of Sidney's injunction, wearies us, because it so often is the petty or morbid sentiment of natures little superior to our own. Men have more conceit, with less tact, than women, and, as a rule, when male poets write objectively they are on the safer side. But when an impassioned woman, yearning to let the world share her poetic rapture or grief, reveals the secrets of her burning heart, generations adore her, literature is enriched, and grosser beings have glimpses of a purity with which we invest our conceptions of disenthralled spirits in some ideal sphere.

I therefore regard Mrs. Browning as the representative of her sex in the Victorian era, and a luminous example of the fact that "woman is not undeveloped man, but diverse;" as the passion-flower of the century; the conscious medium of some power beyond the veil. For, if she was wanting in reverence for the form and body of the poet's art, she more than all her tuneful

brethren revered the poet's *inspiration*. To her poets were

"The only truth-tellers now left to God ;  
The only speakers of essential truth  
Opposed to relative, comparative,  
And temporal truths ; the only holders by  
His sun-skirts."

And this in a period when technical refinement has caused the mass of verse-makers to forget that art is vital chiefly as a means of expression. Like her Hebrew poets, she was obedient "to the heavenly vision," and I think that the form of her religion, which was in sympathy with the teachings of Emanuel Swedenborg, enables us clearly to understand her genius and works. I have no doubt that she surrendered herself to the play of her imagination, as if some angelic voice were speaking through her—and of what other modern poet can this be said? With equal powers of expression, such a faith exalts the bard to an apocalyptic prophet—to the consecrated

interpreter, of whom Plato said in "Ion": "A poet is a thing light, with wings, and unable to compose poetry until he becomes inspired and is out of his sober senses, and his imagination is no longer under his control ; for he does not compose by art, but through a divine power."

At the close of the first summer month of 1861, a memorable year for Italy, the land of song was free, united, once more a queen among the nations; but the voice of its sweetest singer was hushed, the golden harp was broken ; the sibylline minstrel lay dying in the City of Flowers. She was at the last, as ever, the enraptured seer of celestial visions. Some efflux of imperishable glory passed before her eyes, and she said that it was beautiful. It seemed to those around her, as if she died beholding

"— in jasper, clear as glass,  
The first foundations of that new near Day  
Which should be builded out of Heaven to God."

#### TOPICS OF THE TIME.

##### A Greeting to our English Readers.

AN edition of two thousand copies of SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY has been ordered for the English market, commencing with the present number, by a house whose name will appear upon the cover of that edition. It is fitting that we note the fact, as one of the steps toward that community of English and American letters which is certain, sooner or later, to arrive ; and to extend a hearty greeting to our new readers over the sea. We send to them a characteristic American monthly—a mirror, so far as we can make it such, of American thought, literary culture and art, produced without stint of labor or expenditure. They will find within its pages the products of some of their own best writers, and, notably, in the present number, the beginning of a series of papers upon an English topic, by their greatest historian. We present to them this month, also, a critique upon one of their own poets by one of ours, who brings to his work a rare critical judgment and a strong and graceful pen. We are writing and publishing for and about one another more and more ; and the two great English-speaking peoples of the world are becoming more closely united in literary brotherhood every year.

The grand feature of our periodical for the year will be a series of American papers, entitled "The Great South," the first of which is herewith pre-

sented. These papers will exhibit, by pen and pencil, a vast region of country almost as little known to the Northern States of the Union as it is to England, and only very imperfectly known, in its completeness, by its own inhabitants. The preparation and publication of these papers form an enterprise never equaled by any monthly on this side of the Atlantic, and never surpassed by any upon the other. We take great pleasure in calling attention to this series of illustrated articles, which will be continued throughout the year, and in assuring our new English friends that they will find it worth all that the magazine will cost them. As for our story-tellers and singers and essayists, we dare say they will find little to choose between them and their own, in the points of skill and fertility ; but they will find ours working with material that is comparatively fresh to them, and under the inspirations of other social and civil institutions and a widely different national and popular history. These latter facts ought to give to the magazine a peculiar interest to foreign eyes, and we trust that they will.

Hoping that our little English edition of two thousand copies may soon be multiplied by ten, so that it may be at least a third as large as that which we print on this side the water, we give to our new readers the pledge to do what we can to win their practical approval, and to rank that approval among the choicest rewards of our enterprise.

## St. Nicholas.

MAKE way for the children's magazine! The publishers of the older monthly, for older people, will issue their new periodical cotemporaneously with this number, with a face as fresh and handsome as a school-boy's, and with contents more varied and precious than he carries in his pockets. Whether we shall lead the little child, or the little child shall lead us, remains to be seen; but it will be pleasant to have him at our side, to watch his growth and development, and to minister, as we may, to his prosperity.

As we have undertaken to make "SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY" as good as labor and money can make it, so no pains will be spared to make the "ST. NICHOLAS" the best juvenile that lives. It will be adorned with beautiful and costly pictures, it will be filled with contributions by the best writers, it will be edited by Mrs. Mary Mapes Dodge. What more can be said of it, except to assure fathers and mothers and children everywhere that they will want it, and must have it. Wherever "SCRIBNER" goes, "ST. NICHOLAS" ought to go. They will be harmonious companions in the family, and the helpers of each other in the work of instruction, culture and entertainment.

## The New York Observer.

IT is an evidence alike of the unchanging quality of human nature, the intolerance of religious partizanship, and the pride of theological opinion, that as soon as a Christian scholar and thinker comes to the defense of Christianity with methods that cast doubts upon the efficacy and soundness of those which are older, he is denounced at once as "catering to the semi-infidelity of the times," or of assuming an attitude of "decided hostility to Christianity itself." Some months ago, Rev. Augustus Blauvelt appeared in this Magazine with an article on the Miracles of Christ. He had prepared himself to write this article by years of thorough study, in which he had familiarized himself with the works of all the modern skeptics to a degree equalled by few American scholars, and surpassed by none. His mode of argument was his own; and so ably and conclusively did he conduct it to the determination so dear to all Christian minds and hearts, that one of the most orthodox colleges in the land hastened to confer upon him the honorable degree of Doctor of Divinity. Abroad as well as at home the paper attracted profound attention, and elicited the highest commendation. It declared, at least, the side upon which the writer stood, and was a pledge in itself that all that he should subsequently write would be in the interest of Christianity, in whose divine authority he cherished an unwavering faith.

Before the death of Mr. Scribner, Dr. Blauvelt confided to him the scheme of a book, embracing his

views, his argument, and his conclusions, and Mr. Scribner gave to him his confidence and sympathy, and the warm encouragement which so many writers have received at his hands. The book has not appeared, but some of the papers of which it was to be composed, in addition to that on Miracles, have been published under the title of "Modern Scepticism." The reasons for stating these facts will appear in what follows:

A few weeks ago, an anonymous communication appeared in the *New York Observer*, the writer of which was endorsed by the editor of that paper "as the ablest theological writer of the present age." We regret that the amiable and venerable genius who has so long presided over the fortunes of the great religious weekly, should have admitted to his columns the communication of one whom he could not also have endorsed as a Christian gentleman. That communication began with the following words:

"Charles Scribner is dead. This sad fact is manifest not only by the vacant seat in his household, and by 'the aching void' in the hearts of his numerous friends, but it is painfully revealed by the course adopted by the magazine which bears his honored name. Many of its readers have been grieved by the travesties of religious experience which have appeared from time to time on its pages; and now it seems disposed to assume an attitude of decided hostility to Christianity itself. This is not done boldly and avowedly, but in a way far more dangerous. Such articles as those on 'Modern Scepticism,' in the recent numbers of that magazine, are adapted to produce a more injurious impression on the public mind than anything which Comte or Herbert Spencer has written."

Now mark: An anonymous writer summons from his grave a noble man, that, over his shoulder, who can make no protest, he may stab the reputation of his chosen associates and closest friends—associates and friends who knew him best and loved him most. He accuses this Magazine (by implication), with disgracing Mr. Scribner's name, with publishing travesties of religious experience, and with being disposed to assume an attitude of decided hostility to Christianity. These are grave charges. They are published in a religious paper that has the confidence of many Christian people, all over the country. They have all the editorial sanction that can be given them, yet we are sure that the readers of *The Observer*, no less than the readers of SCRIBNER will unite with us in lamenting the fact that great theological attainments are not always associated with Christian charity, and that a man may be "the ablest theological writer of the present age," without losing the capacity for cowardly and most cruel slander. If the writer supposes that this sort of attack will be satisfactory to the public, in its present mood, he is sadly mistaken. Ecclesiastical authority can no longer kill, and no longer settle for thinking men and women the great problems connected with their spiritual interests.

It is a stupendous and most momentous fact, patent to all but the willfully blind, that there exists a modern school of skepticism in which critical scholarship and material science have united to unsettle the faith of the world in Christianity. The leaders of this movement have not been met and fully answered; and all who are *en rapport* with the public thought know that they have made a deep impression. To meet these men on their own ground, and defeat them there, are the aims of the papers that have appeared in this magazine—papers which are only preliminary to the grand work—a work from which no opposition is to frighten us, and no amount of vituperation can drive us. Our method is simply to substitute a non-partizan investigation for partizan controversy, and to establish by an appeal to the universal reason and heart that which not only does not stand by force of ecclesiastical authority, but which totters under its weight.

In this work we ask and claim the sympathy of all Christian men and women. To it we invite their attention. The letters which we receive from every part of the country, and our constantly increasing list of readers, show how deep an interest is everywhere taken in the subject, and prove to us that we have neither misinterpreted the signs of the times, nor misdirected our efforts. Is it not time that men engaged in a common cause join hands in friendship, and not in angry contest? Is it not time to cease forbidding men because they follow not with us? Of what use is our Christianity if it do not give us charity for our fellows, freedom in our work and worship, release from human authority and censorship, and fellowship in the search for truth and the helping of the world?

Thus much in our own defense, and thus much in declaration of the spirit that moves, and the motives that govern us. Dr. Blauvelt will take care of himself.

#### The Old Types.

THE country-bred men and women who have reached the age of fifty years are all able to recall a picture—lying now far back in the mellow atmosphere of the past—of a band of children, standing hand-in-hand by the side of the dusty highway, and greeting with smile and bow and “curtsy” every adult passenger whom they met on their way to and from school. They were instructed in this polite obeisance by their teachers. It was a part of the old New England drill, which, so far as we know, has been entirely discontinued. We do not remember to have seen such a sight as this for twenty-five years. It would be such an old-fashioned affair to witness now, that multitudes would only reward it with a smile of amusement; yet with all our boasted progress can we show anything that is better or more suggestive of downright healthy good breeding? Are the typical boy and girl of the period better mannered, more reverent, more respectful

toward manhood and womanhood, more deferential to age? Do they grow up with more regard for morality, religion, law, than they did then? Alas! with all our books, and our new processes of education, and the universal sharpness of the juvenile intellect of the day, we miss something that was very precious among the children of the old time—reverence for men and women, systematic courtesy in simple forms, and respect for the wisdom of the pulpit, the school-room and the fireside. If we were called upon to describe the model boy or girl, we should be obliged to call up the old type—the rude, healthy lads and lasses who snow-balled each other, battled with each other in spelling-bouts, and imbibed the spirit of reverence for their elders with every influence of church and school and home. We have made progress in some directions, but in some we have sadly retrograded. Our boys are all young men, and our girls are fearfully old. Our typical child has no longer the spirit of a child.

Occasionally, we meet what are popularly denominated “gentlemen of the old school.” We have only enough of them among us to make us wish that we had many more,—men of courtly dignity, of unobtrusive dress, of manners that seem a little formal but which are, nevertheless, the manners of gentlemen. They remind us of the worthies of the old colonial time, and of the later time of the Revolution—of Washington and Madison and Franklin—of men whom all revered, and to whom all gave obeisance. Into what has this style of men grown, or into what have they been degraded? Looking where they would be pretty certain to congregate if they were in existence, we see them not. Has any one seen them at Newport during the past season? Have they abounded at Saratoga? Have they been found in dignified and graceful association with the President of the United States at Long Branch? Are they presiding over municipal affairs in our great cities? Do they enter largely into the composition of Congress, even after we have subtracted the gamblers and carpet-baggers? If we have them in considerable numbers, where are they? Certainly they have either ceased to be reproduced in our generation, or they are so much disgusted with the type of men met in public life and fashionable society that they studiously hide themselves from sight. There is little comfort in either alternative, but we must accept one or the other.

Progress has doubtless been made in many things. We are richer, better clothed, better housed, better fed and better educated than we used to be. Our railroads run everywhere; our well-nigh exhaustless resources have been broached in a thousand directions; we count the increase of our population by millions; the emigrations of the world all move toward us; colleges, churches and school-houses have gone up with the building of the States, and the States themselves have multiplied so rapidly that not one American in ten knows exactly how many are in the

Union. All this is true; but during the past twenty-five years we judge that we have made no improvement in the typical American gentleman. If the old men with their breeches and knee-buckles and cocked hats could have looked in upon the President and his chosen friends at Long Branch last summer, we are inclined to think the latter would have been a good deal embarrassed with the situation. If they could have walked through the piazzas of the Grand Union at Saratoga, how many equals would they have met?—how many men who in manners, dignity, culture and spirit would have felt at home with them? The old type of merchants—the old type of statesmen—the old type of gentlemen—surely we have not improved upon these. The restless, greedy, grasping, time-serving spirit of our generation has vitiated and degraded this type, and in our efforts at improvement we may well go back to the past for our models.

What shall we say about the old type of women as compared with the present representatives of the best of the sex? The saintly, heroic, frugal, industrious wives and mothers of the earlier days of the Republic—have we improved upon them? Have the latter-day doctrines of woman's rights made them more modest, more self-denying, more virtuous, better wives and mothers, purer and more active Christians, better heads of the institution of home, more lovely companions for men? We are aware that the answer to those questions involves the approval or the condemnation of the doctrines themselves, and it is

well that the men and women of America be called upon to see and decide upon those doctrines from this point of view. Is the type of the American woman improved? Has it been improved in the last twenty years, especially inside the circles that have taken the improvement of the position of woman upon their hands? America is full of good women. As a rule they are undoubtedly better than the men, but certainly the men whose instincts are true are attracted most to those women who approach nearest to the ancient type.

The final result of our civilization is to be reckoned in character. If this is not satisfactory, nothing is satisfactory. If we are not rearing better children and ripening better men and women than we were a century ago, then something is radically wrong, and the quicker we retrace our steps to see where we have diverged from the right track, the better. The typical American—man, woman and child—is the representative product of all the institutions and influences of our civilization. As the type improves or degenerates, do these institutions and influences stand approved or condemned before the world. Progress cannot be reckoned in railroads and steamboats, or counted in money, or decided in any way by the census tables. Are we producing better children and better men and women? That is the question which decides everything; and we have called attention to the old types in order that we may arrive at an intelligent conclusion.

#### THE OLD CABINET.

I WONDER whether it is true that we do not get used to the unpleasant features of humanity. Can it be that while age may soften our hearts, widen our sympathies, and increase our charity, that while it may make us more philosophical with regard to the flaw in the jewel, more lenient in the matter of the failings of our fellow mortals, more apologetic as to their peccadilloes in manners or morals—we nevertheless grow more and more sensitive in these very matters. We say: "O, yes! it is foolish to expect perfection;" and we fret more and more at the absence of it.

That we continue to be amused at the things that annoy us, by no means proves that we do not continue to be annoyed. The tendency is toward cynicism.

Is there not a delicate subacid in the humorous flavor of some of our so-called most genial author-students of society. The laugh is not wanting, but there is a sneer in it. How very funny these vulgar people are; but, how long, O Lord, how long!

Not only may we be philosophical about, and amused by them, but we may even go so far toward reconciliation as to see the pathos in these little imperfections. I fear I can hardly convey to your

mind the pathetic impression upon my own of the way the heavily-jeweled Mrs. Quickrich, who sat near me at table one summer at Oldport, handled her fork as if it were a knife. I pray you observe how subtly yet surely the poor woman's grade of culture was thus marked. Not to wander too far back into the family history, the mother of Mrs. Q., had evidently used the knife itself to convey her food from plate to mouth. Mrs. Q., in her youth, had done the same; but the self-consciousness that comes with sudden wealth, had not only caused her to cover her person with silks and laces, ribbons and rings, but to attempt a more elegant method of eating. Lack of true culture made her, of course, as awkward with her fork as she was conspicuous and ungainly in her dress and adornment. I am afraid, however, that I found my neighbor uncomfortably loud and harrowing in many ways, and that before long the milk of human kindness in my bosom dried up, so to speak, in its relations to Mrs. Q.

I am led to believe that petty pomposity is one of the most unendurable of the minor unpleasantnesses. The mildest case of this kind which I can at this moment recall is, at the same time, so ob-

noxious that, I regret to say, I can hardly bring myself to a proper frame of mind for its calm discussion.

I think I must be peculiarly sensitive to this style of social nuisance, because so few of my friends fully sympathize with my antipathy. Indeed there is so much diffidence in the manner of the pompous gentleman I have in my mind,—it is such a gentle tragedy,—that there are many who do not perceive, or else are not in the least discomfited by, the thing that irritates me so. Perhaps my own self-consciousness helps me to detect the same quality in others; and perhaps the manner to which I allude is rather the outgrowth of a large self-consciousness than anything else. It may be this that affects the tone of his voice and conversation,—to whose murmurous common-places he seems to be listening with a sweet content. He says a thing, not in order to convey an idea (supposing him possessed of such an anomaly), but that the air may be burdened with the soft and measured tones of his utterance, as with a soothing song, bringing delight to his own ears and, incidentally, to those of his auditors. Thus his simplest question or remark,—as to the price of huckleberries, or the imminence of rain,—has a cadence all its own. The thing that maddens me is that this fellow of no accomplishment arrogates the subdued grandeur of a hero; he thinks to wear that fine flower of gentility which has its roots only in a chivalrous life.

It is easy for me to understand that some of the best lovers of their kind may be found in the wilderness—souls impatient of the excrescences that cling to the Man whom they would have fine and flawless. In the desert we escape even the looking-glass. Surely the hermit is not always the hater. When he seems most cynical, I think he may be most affectionate. "Nothing is inexorable but love."

I feel moved to say that, for all my fault-finding, mankind never seemed nobler to me than at this moment. After all, we do not require so very much. There are times,—and this is one of them,—when I think that all we really ask of our fellows is that they keep their teeth and nails clean.

It may be that this influx of charity is owing to my present surroundings. I am in the woods. I am alone. Above my head the green branches lift a swaying vault, with skyward windows as in the old temples. I am lying prone upon the soft, brown, warm carpet of the pine-needles; a delicious, dreamy, resinous odor pervades the air, bringing back more surely than can anything else in nature, the imaginative joyousness of boyhood; and over and through all is the mysterious, near yet distant, new yet centuries-old song of the wind in the pines. I have been lying here still so long that the ants, the spiders, the yellow-birds and the squirrels make no stranger of me. I have been lying here so long that the busy world seems no more to have any just claim upon me. I may have been here years—ages; I may—I shall—stay here unnumbered eons longer. I ask myself—are there beyond these sun-spotted, leaf-stirred shadows, other beings like myself. I remember—yes, I remember Broadway, with its panorama of human faces,—and into the midst of my reverie comes a strange, new curiosity concerning these creatures. They pass across my vision like the procession of a dream. A new interest awakens in my mind concerning them. I see them freshly, as one sees a familiar landscape by looking at it between his legs. A new beauty beams from some homely face recalled in this my vision. I have a queer new tenderness even toward the pompous gentleman.—I hear the rumble of the stage. I think I should like to see the odd little group of villagers that is sure to gather at the post-office. And perhaps there are some letters waiting for me!

## HOME AND SOCIETY.

### Hints of Styles.

ALTHOUGH new and startling changes of modes have been heralded by merchants and dressmakers for a month past, the "openings" show few radical differences from last season's garments. There are some changes, but the general effects are similar. The line is more marked than heretofore between dresses intended only for house wear and those for the street, and for evening dresses overskirts have abdicated in favor of elaborately ornamented trains.

The most noticeable alteration is the plainness and tastefulness of the walking suits. A majority of them are made with the comfortable and convenient redingote, and a skirt really artistic by reason of its appropriateness. The others, as a rule, are

made with a single skirt and jacket-basque, which unites the desirable qualities of basque and polonaise, and has the awkwardnesses of neither.

The relinquishment of overskirts, predicted at regular intervals for the last two years, seems to be an accomplished fact. They are still made, of course; but the most elegant dresses are without them. For home costumes, overskirts are simulated by trimmings; for street, the jackets and polonaises take their place; and for full and dinner toilette, no pretense of overskirt is made.

There is a severity in the style of the new costumes, restful and pleasing to eyes wearied with the involved and meaningless trimmings of the past. Trimmings are by no means forsaken; but they

are generally flat and much simpler in design. Gimp and fringes, woolen and linen laces are as frequently employed as flounces and puffs, and appear by comparison, the essence of simplicity. The redingote is, in a measure, responsible for this change, as its plainness demands plainness in the accompanying garments. Buttons are assuming more modest proportions; and, though still striking the vision with painful effrontery, they seem less of an excrescence than formerly.

Skirts are as scant as ever in front and on the sides; the fullness being drawn as far back as possible. The width of walking dresses is not more than three yards and a half or less than three and a quarter around the bottom.

The puff in the back of trained skirts was so popular last winter that it is revived. It is pretty and graceful, and if it leads, as is to be hoped, to speedy diminishing of, and final dispensing with, the inelegant and unseemly bustle, it will be a blessing in pleasing disguise. The trains of evening dresses are covered with diaphanous puffs, and garlanded with dainty vines of flowers and berries more frequently than they are trimmed with stiff and heavy flounces of the same; but, whatever the decoration, it is arranged with a carefully studied irregularity, of which it is difficult to discover the beginning or end.

The fashion of ornamenting the fronts and backs of suits without regard to each other, or to the rules of good taste, still exists; but is likely to die soon of its own ugliness.

#### Social Customs.

THE party-giving season is near at hand, and will soon be fairly begun. Social entertainments, except in purely fashionable circles, are growing simpler and more agreeable year after year. The elaborately unsuccessful attempt to entertain guests which was once deemed an indispensable part of a hostess's duty is so no longer. Guests are allowed to wander about as they choose, talking to whom they please, or not talking at all, as suits them best; and, beyond a careful oversight of their comfort and pleasure, she does not feel responsible for them. To present to each other such persons as she thinks have kindred tastes or interests, is one of the necessities of her position; but to try to make people converse who have nothing in common, is almost a discourtesy on her part. While it is, usually, more agreeable to be introduced to your neighbor at a reception, since hearing his name will probably give you a key to his personality, yet the lack of an introduction should not prevent your speaking to him, if you be so inclined—the fact of meeting him in your friend's house being sufficient endorsement of his position.

The pleasantest parties in New York are frequently the weekly, fortnightly, or monthly receptions,

given on specific evenings, where even handsome street dress is permissible; and where bright conversation supersedes formal supper, clever epigrams adding a stimulus that wine cannot yield. To these gatherings the people are bidden verbally; the lady simply telling her friends, when she meets them, that she is at home on such and such an evening, and shall be glad to see them. Then, the guest is at liberty to go at once, or half a dozen times as he chooses. Sometimes, a slight refreshment of ices, cake, coffee, or chocolate,—sometimes nothing at all; in which case the sole expense is for a little extra gas and a few flowers.

The wide use of flowers for social reunions is an imported custom of rather modern date; but, like most borrowed habits, we have carried it to an extreme unheard of abroad. At fashionable parties the bill for flowers will often be one of the largest,—sometimes reaching thousands of dollars. Charming as floral decorations are, there is such a thing as too great a profusion. The heavy perfume of tuberoses, heliotrope and tea-roses in a hot and crowded room frequently produces a faint and sickly atmosphere, extremely unpleasant to many persons. In arranging flowers for parties, therefore, it is better to select fully twice as many non-odorous as odorous blossoms. Potted plants in bloom are lovely in lighted drawing-rooms, and artistically disposed in odd corners about the house. The effect of begonias and other foliage plants against pale tinted walls is very striking. There is no house, however old, no room, however ugly, that cannot be rendered attractive by an abundance, not superfluity, of flowers.

At the most elegant and well-arranged reunions, one point has of late been especially noticeable. Elaborate and expensive suppers, though the rule, are not positive necessities, as once they were; thus receptions are placed within reach of many who will be delighted to give the social ball a kindly push, but who cannot afford the needless cost and display of ambitious entertainments.

There is really growing to be something which may be strictly called Society in America. We are discovering that Society does not mean a collection of rich people, whose possessions permit to them any sort of extravagance; but that it means all sorts of people: those who have much money, and those who have little; those who are clever and those who are dull; those whose mansions hold hundreds, and those whose parlors are crowded with fifty. And the last is the most important discovery. The left-out feeling that many persons of moderate means have had is passing away. They find they can take a graceful part in social life without too great outlay of time and money; and they embrace the opportunity with cordiality. Society must always be so different in this country from what it is anywhere else that no comparison is possible. But it cannot fail to have a freedom and variety very attractive.

## Dress Goods.

IT seems as if there could be nothing new in fabrics, so great has been the variety before; but beautiful new goods, with soft twills, fine diagonal reps, rough surfaces, and wrought figures lie temptingly on every counter. Cashmere will not be quite so fashionable this season as it has been, notwithstanding its wonderful capacity for wear. A fresh material called camel's hair cashmere takes its place for street suits. This resembles both its namesakes, having the hairiness of the one and the twill of the other, with a degree of thickness between the two.

Alpaca and mohair are more than ever in vogue, not only in black but in colors. Brilliantine, a fine alpaca, with the luster of silk, and three times its serviceableness, is widely employed for the odd black skirt that is part of every feminine wardrobe nowadays; and for full suits as well. Although it is apt to grow rumpled with constant wear, a hot iron easily remedies the difficulty, and from dust and all other soil it is more readily cleansed than any material in the market.

Most of the new goods have a rough face of some kind, which is certain to catch dust and mud, and be difficult of tidy keeping. They have an eminently business aspect, as though not intended for the quietness of domestic life. However, they are sufficiently attractive for street costumes, and being so totally different from the softness and silkiness of recent years, their novelty will, undoubtedly, make them popular. Woolen stuffs are woven wider than formerly; the majority of them being double fold. For most purposes this is a vast improvement, rendering it possible to cut a costume out of less material than before.

The Shah's visit to the West has induced the dealers to christen their goods by all sorts of Eastern names; so that, until the goods are seen, they are rarely recognizable by their names. As they are seldom called the same at different stores, it is wiser to ask for the class of goods desired than to ask for them by name.

Silks have altered less than any other materials; the only change being in the finer rep of the gros grains. Unpleasant experience has taught that the large cords of the old gros grains caused the other threads to crack and wear flat and shiny; therefore, the fine cords and smooth surfaced taffetas are likely to take their place.

There come for redingotes, of which one at least is now necessary to every wardrobe, heavy, rough cloths, resembling gentlemen's cloths; warm, soft and specially adapted to the severe style of the garment. They are seldom black, the favorite tints being the darkest of browns, blues, grays, steels and bronzes. Frequently they appear black until compared with it, when their richness and deepness of hue is perceptible. Of these heavy fabrics, the most useful and becoming is the deep purple-blue English waterproof. It is a yard and a half wide, and ranges, according to its quality, from \$3 to \$4 a yard. A redingote of this takes the place of the ugly waterproof cloak, and forms likewise a becoming garment. All these heavy cloths should be thoroughly sponged before cutting, to prevent shrinking and cracking, of which faults most of them are guilty.

The improvement in colors, promised a month ago, has not yet been made visible. Perhaps the dealers are disappointed that their goods have not fulfilled the promises made for them; certainly the customers are. To unpracticed eyes the same pale, cold tints, characteristic of last year, are quite as much so of this year. A new shade or two in blue, or a trifling change in every tint bordering on black is all that attracts attention.

Instead of the bronzes, greens and browns, and red and purple plums of last winter, deep blues and grays are by caprice made the favorite colors.

Almost no plaids are used for ladies' dresses, though numerous stripes for polonaises are always to be had. Plain stuffs of darkest shades are always more lady-like and really elegant for the street, and this year fashion and good taste join hands.

## CULTURE AND PROGRESS.

## A Word of Suggestion.

THE Metropolitan Museum of the Fine-Arts is again open to the public, and we regret to record that the Trustees persist in making a charge of twenty-five cents for a single admission, and ten dollars for season tickets, with no half-price for children. There is, indeed, a free day "for the lower classes who cannot afford to pay twenty-five cents," but this, as everybody knows who has gone to such places on a holiday and suffered from the crowd, is small relief for those who wish to study. By making every day a free day, the pressure is distributed,

and a crowd is avoided. Sooner or later (and we trust, for their own sakes and the public's, that it may be soon), the Trustees will discover that this is a mistake. The high tariff will drive away, not merely "the riff-raff"—a class, by the way, that ought not to exist for the managers of any museum—but thousands of cultivated people as well, who need the museum, who know how to value what it contains, but to whom the fee of even twenty-five cents demanded for every admission is a tax that they cannot afford.

We earnestly desire, for ourselves and for others, more and better opportunities for culture than we

have at present, and we shall not willingly believe that our hope, that the Metropolitan Museum was to give us such opportunities, is to be wholly, or even greatly, disappointed. We confess, we cannot see any reason for the restriction of which we complain. Even supposing it necessary to make a charge for admission, it has long ago been proved that a high tariff in such cases is less profitable than a low one. But, we do not believe in the necessity. The Museum is controlled by certain Trustees, rich men, and backed, besides, by a large subscription from the general public, and by a reasonable yearly allowance from the State. The contents of the Museum, though not remarkably extensive, are so intrinsically valuable, so varied, and so interesting, that if the public were once freely admitted to study and enjoy them, the question of money-supply would speedily settle itself. The legislature would have little hesitation about appropriating a sufficient sum to maintain an institution whose value could be witnessed to, not merely by a few well-to-do people, but by every class in the community.

We should be glad if we could make the excuse for the Trustees, of timidity, arising from ignorance of what has been the experience of people elsewhere in the matter of freely admitting the public to museums and picture-galleries. But no such ignorance can possibly exist. All the Trustees are well-informed, traveled men, who know, by frequent experience, the hospitality that is shown to the whole public, without distinction of sex, or age, or class, by the museums and picture-galleries of Europe. The British Museum, the South-Kensington Museum, the National Gallery, in London; the Louvre, the Hotel Cluny, the Luxembourg, in Paris; the Brera Gallery and the Ambrosian Library in Milan; the Uffizii, the Pitti Galleries, and the Academy of the Fine Arts in Florence; the Vatican in Rome, and the Academy of Fine Arts in Venice, are all as free to the general public as the air they breathe or the water they drink. The Naples Museum does, if we remember rightly, make a small charge for admission on certain days of the week, and so do some of the German galleries, but these are exceptions. That the authorities who control these places find generosity to be the best policy, witness the swarm of tourists that every summer seek in European capitals the means of study, the intellectual delights, from which they are almost entirely cut off at home, but which, abroad, they enjoy as if these were to each one a private possession.

New York cannot afford much longer to be the only great city of the world that leaves the intellectual and spiritual, nay, even the more refined of the merely material, wants of her citizens ungratified and uncared for. We have excellent eating and drinking, and plenty of good water, but we have ill-lit-ed, ill-paved, dirty streets, no cabs, and only one park, that, by comparison with a dozen pocket-handkerchiefs of grass and shrubbery, we call large.

These are serious drawbacks, but a city may be without many of the comforts and conveniences of civilized life and yet be, like Rome, a city of the soul. But how can New York ever hope to be a city of the soul, until she has something with which to keep the soul alive? We have no libraries, no museums, no collections of natural-history, no galleries of pictures and statues, worthy even of a large town, much less worthy of a city that writes herself "Metropolitan." And it is a practical blunder that the Trustees of the wanling Museum we have are committing, in trying to make it not a public possession, enjoyed, studied, taken pride in by all the citizens, but a mere extension of their own comfortable and luxurious private parlors.

#### Mr. Longfellow's "Aftermath."

THOSE of our readers who are not agricultural or poetically bucolic may not be aware that the aftermath is the rowen, or the second mowing of the grass. Mr. Longfellow published some years ago the *Tales of the Wayside Inn* (J. R. Osgood & Co.), and these are what remains of them:

"The rowen mixed with weeds,  
Tangled tufts from marsh and meads,  
Where the poppy drops its seeds  
In the silence and the gloom."

There is perhaps no living poet with whom the critic has such difficulty in dealing to his own satisfaction as with Mr. Longfellow. Of almost every poem it may be said that to judge him fairly you must be intimate with his personality. His works are his confession. Almost every man of original genius bears upon him marks that strongly distinguish him. This is true of every one of the great writers of this time. Tennyson, Browning, Matthew Arnold, Emerson, Whittier, Bryant, Lowell, are all men of sharply defined individuality.

It is clear on the contrary, that Mr. Longfellow's genius is without those projections upon which the critic loves to seize. Indeed, it is evident that he is not a man of much original force of intellect; he is harmonious rather than brilliant or profound; his emotion, though tender and perhaps deep, is not powerful.

And yet judged by the test of performance he fairly deserves a place among the first literary men of his time. Of such a poem as "Evangeline," his muse may say to the critics: "No matter how I came by it; judge me by my fruits." "Evangeline" is to the present century what "The Deserted Village" was to the last; and the two stand as yet alone and apart in English literature. For centuries yet, Longfellow's beautiful poem will continue to purify the hearts of men. And this is the mission of literature. It is to teach silence to the scorner and to forever remind the embittered, baffled strugger amid the waves of life that existence is not entirely shadow and defeat, but that all the while the eternal stars shine above untouched by the storm and the violence.

It is to be remembered, also, that an artist is to be judged by the effect of his gift as well as by the intensity of his mood during its exercise. The *rarity* of the gift is to be considered. Longfellow has a certain sweet facility of touch. By a line, he calls up a pleasant image, and suffuses the mind with a soft and tender sense of beauty; no other writer quite reaches it. We remember once strolling upon a foreign coast with a friend who repeated the verse:

"There all the air is balm, and the peach is the emblem of beauty."

Had we been struck in the face by a wet bough of peach blossom, it could not have been sweeter. We suspect that it is not only Longfellow's gift which is uncommon; his mood is also rare.

It is true that the artist does not answer his critic by challenging him to do as well. The critic's function is to judge, not to produce. But if the answer were good from anybody, it would be from the admirers of Mr. Longfellow. A poet, we have said, is to be judged as much by the rarity as by the intensity of his mood or gift. The inability of anybody else to do what seems so very easy is good ground from which to infer the rarity of the gift. So we are not so very unreasonable when we recommend the depreciating critic to try his hand at writing "*Excelsior*" before he despises it.

Mr. Longfellow is evidently right in the modest estimation in which he holds *Aftermath*. All of the poems have Mr. Longfellow's agreeable facility and exhibit his wonderful mechanical talent. But with thought, sentiment or emotion, the volume is by no means highly charged. Yet as Thackeray says:—"A writer cannot always play first fiddle." Some of his work must be poorer than the rest. The question is how bad may work be and yet be fit for publication. We think Mr. Longfellow did well to print these poems. They are all readable and pleasing. The following we might call feebly airy and gently glad, but pretty:

"Now was the winter gone and the snow; and Robin the Redbreast,  
Boasted on bush and on tree it was he, it was he and no other  
That had covered with leaves the Babes in the Wood, and  
blithely  
All the birds sang with him and little cared for his boasting,  
Little cared for his Babes in the Wood or the Cruel Uncle  
and only  
Sang for the mates they had chosen and cared for the nests  
they were building."

That method, as old as Homer, and ever so much older, which all poets have, of choosing an out of the way fact to tell in a word the exact physiognomy of a conception in the mind, is one which Mr. Longfellow has used often and well. But this does not seem to be successful:

"Hannah, the housemaid, the homely, was looking out of  
the attic,  
Laughing aloud at Joseph, then suddenly closing the casement,  
As the bird in a cuckoo-clock peeps out of its window,  
Then disappears again, and closes the shutter behind it."

The naïveté and simplicity of this image strike us as excessive.

These lines appear to be fine, dramatic and accurate:

"Then swift as a shooting star,  
The curved and shining blade  
Of Iskander's scimitar  
From its sheath, with jewels bright,  
Shot, as he thundered; "Write,"  
And the trembling Scribe obeyed,  
And wrote in the fitful glare  
Of the bivouac fire apart,  
With the chill of the midnight air  
On his forehead white and bare,  
And the chill of death in his heart."

The best of the poems strike us as those at the end of the volume, called *Birds of Passage*; some of them are tender and lovely.

#### "CHANGED."

"From the outskirts of the town,  
Where of old the mile-stone stood,  
Now a stranger, looking down  
I behold the shadowy crown  
Of the dark and haunted wood.

"Is it changed, or am I changed?  
Ah! the oaks are fresh and green,  
But the friends with whom I ranged  
Through those thickets are estranged  
By the years that intervene.

"Bright as ever flows the sea,  
Bright as ever shines the sun,  
But alas! they seem to me  
Not the sun that used to be  
Nor the tides that used to run."

There is not much in *Aftermath* as good as this. The volume is made up mainly of the stories of a poet, a student, a theologian, a Spanish Jew and a Sicilian told around the hearth of an inn. There is an interlude between the tales which acts the part of chorus and critic. The stories, as we have said, are not very stirring, but they are pleasantly and often sweetly told. Mr. Longfellow's beautiful and generous culture, his gentle and refined nature and the unselfish devotion of his life to pure literature are qualities which appear upon every page and with which there is little danger nowadays that men will get too familiar.

#### Old Rome and New Italy.\*

In Italy Emilio Castelar seems to have been as much carried away as any Jean Paul Friedrich Richter. Nevertheless he is very far from a German: he is not only a Spaniard,—a word which is almost a synonym for gravity,—and a fervid admirer as well of what may be called the kindred beauties of his own surprising land, but he is furthermore a statesman, to whom the world is now looking for his country's salvation. Indeed President Castelar, the Latin or Celt by race, would not be

overpleased at an accusation of Teutonic *Schwärmer*; yet in these "Italian Reminiscences" how do the outbursts of feeling on all subjects differ from that enthusiasm of sentiment for which Germans have coined a word? We smile, but cannot help admiring.

Above all things Castelar possesses the orator's gift. The flow of similes, parallels, historical examples, that pour in a foaming torrent from his pen, is in danger of carrying the reader off his feet. There is a breathlessness in his style which may be convincing in a speech, but in all the calmness of print produces a certain effect of wordiness, which annoys we know not why. He does not give us time, or we may not be able to refute him, but in any case we are not ready to agree.

It is quite possible that his literary characteristics may hold a hint respecting his future Presidential career. The Castelar we see in Italy is not the silent, grave type of man we are fond of thinking the best leader of a nation in a tremendous crisis. The very excellence of his talent, the slightly heroic cast of his mind, may place him in the ranks of servants too good for work. Again arises the question whether a man can be at once a talker and a worker. Most people come to the conclusion that, unless he be a very extraordinary genius, he can not. Castelar, therefore, has a chance to prove himself one of the few elect who combine statesman, man of letters, and philosopher in one great mind. "Old Rome and New Italy" can hardly be said to encourage us to expect the miracle with confidence. Essentially a talker and theorizer, a real necessity to the State, and one whose place could be with difficulty supplied—it is contrary to the usual limits of human nature to find one man preaching a reform and taking on his shoulders the chief part of the work besides. One mind invents, another applies.

The chapter entitled "The God of the Vatican," which treats of the Pope from personal, historical and political standpoints without either bigotry or rancor, may serve to sketch an outline of the anomalous position held in the Church by such men as Döllinger, Castelar, and Hyacinthe—whom a certain American Archbishop calls "that Loyson." No Roman Catholic can accept them as fellows. In this very chapter, certainly a powerful statement in admirable shape of his own views, he boldly states that not only is Infallibility blasphemy and folly, but that if the Church does not follow after and unite with Science, the Church is dead! The truth is Castelar is a Protestant, who from training, and still more from natural antipathy, preserves a thorough distaste for such nations as once protested. Evidently Latin in tastes and education, it is possible to discover here and there among his pages a truly Latin objection to things Teutonic. Thus, Mozart stole his music from the Miserere at St. Peter's: liberty in the Western world is South American liberty: the Germans are not to be approved for their conduct of the late war.

There are not wanting indications in his writings of a strong French influence, and France is treated with a silence which is undoubtedly favorable. This, however, is by no means blinding: his critic's eye remains as keen, and an amusing sketch is drawn of a garrulous and irreverent French gentlemen at St. Peter's objecting to the too literal Roman reading of the Scriptural "Sheep and Goats." Witty as well as amusing is the chapter on Naples, in which he pathetically complains of the extreme of shouting and gesticulation, the restless activity of that curious populace.

Venice and the lagoons are painted as if the author had just arrived among their Oriental scenes from the bleakest Hyperborean lands. A certain conversation he holds here with a young priest of the famous Armenian convent is an instance of wordiness which approaches flippancy, so grave are the subjects discussed. These he touches with the same lightness with which he skims over many another question of state or race, just as his gondola flitted across the golden-hued lagoon.

Saturate a really clever Irish gentleman with art, and you have the man that Castelar appears in these recollections of travel. Painters may perhaps open their eyes at his confession that *architecture* is his favorite art: he goes even further, for in architecture he admires a mixture of styles; all the Greek types in one building for instance. Yet for this some other pages will make amends. In the Sistine Chapel his wonder boils over in a frenzy of admiration; mighty and world-wide are the subjects suggested by the wonderful Sibyls; it is only when he is steadied by the history of Michael Angelo himself that he touches earth again, and treats us to an admirable chapter on that mighty genius and the divine Rafaele.

#### Dr. Hake's Poems.\*

We are glad to notice that the author of "Madeleine" possesses in an eminent degree the enviable and, for a poet, particularly indispensable gift of seeing himself as others see him. The bias of his talent in the direction of what he calls the *parable*, and what more accurately might be denominated a *moral* (if the technical phraseology of the medieval stage did not preclude the use of this word for a narrative poem), was indeed so evident in his first volume, that the admirers of his poetry will not be astonished to see their favorable expectations realized, and even surpassed, in this second work of the author. The present volume consists of eight poems of an average length of from twelve to fifteen pages, four of them appearing here a second time in a partly remodeled form.

Dr. Hake's position among contemporaneous poets, it seems to us, will be one quite apart from the pre-

\* *Parables and Tales.* By Thomas Gordon Hake. With illustrations by Arthur Hughes. Chapman & Hall. London.

vailing tendency of modern poetical production. Notwithstanding the striking differences in form and feeling amongst the leading poets of our time, we discern one most important feature common to all of them which is the essentially *artistic* purpose of their works. Mr. Tennyson and Mr. Swinburne, Mr. Rossetti and Mr. Morris, as of one accord, address themselves much less to the speculative than to the imaginative faculty of the human mind; and even Mr. Browning—although his readers may require the greatest exertion of their wits to follow his thoughts and guess his riddles—wishes ultimately to move rather than to teach. The vacant position of a moralist on the English Parnassus has now been filled up by Dr. Hake. He absolutely disregards the enormous change which, since Wordsworth, Byron, and Shelley, has come over the spirit of the till then emphatically moralizing tendency of English literature. There is no limit of time in the ideal realms of fiction, so we may safely say that Dr. Hake, as a poet, was born about the end of Queen Anne's reign, and that he was the intimate friend of Dr. Goldsmith, to whom the genius of our author betrays a close elective affinity. One day he went to sleep for a century or so, and has just awoke, another Rip Van Winkle, to find the scene shifted and the world changed. By this we mean in no way to imply that this author is out of place in the present century. We think, on the contrary, that he fills up a gap in the development of modern poetry, in reviving a tendency once so prominent in English literature. The fact, indeed, of a *new*, we will not venture to say *young*, poet rising up with an unmistakable faculty of saying something of his own, and saying it in his own way, is in itself highly commendable at a time when the accidental peculiarities of a few leading men are but too easily caught and, *ad nauseam*, reproduced by the herd of imitators. The style of Dr. Hake, as we have indicated, is entirely free from the influence, good or bad, of any modern writer. It runs along with the smooth undisturbedness of the brook that "beneath the hillside flows," and wherever an expression does not seem to issue from the immediate requirement of the poetical situation, we may be sure that it resembles the Della Cruscanism of the last century more than anything of a less remote period.

But let us turn to those pure and lovable sides of our author which, of course, are independent of time and custom, and belong exclusively to his own poetical individuality. We have said that his purpose is always an essentially moral one, and indeed one might append to each of his stories the condensed moral purport thereof in distinct words; but never does this tendency take the form of dry lecturing. His doctrine is always the result of a kind and human perception of things, exceptionally free from the prejudices of sect or caste. Whether he depicts the sad, still life of the poor cripple by the village, road-side, or the feelings of infinitely deeper misery of the

morally crippled and neglected London street-arab, we always find the same broad-based sympathy with human sufferings which looks on moral shortcomings more in the light of a disease than of a punishable crime.

Our limited space will not permit us to consider the *Parables and Tales* one by one. They are all excellent in their way, and show in different degrees and phases the remarkable talent of the author. The tinker in "Old Souls," who wanders about in unwearied search of "souls to mend," has a charming touch of John-Bunyanlike puritanism about it. "Mother and Child" is the only tale which contains a distinct plot, and a very impressive and beautiful story it is. "The Cripple" and "The Blind Boy" (first published in this magazine, December, 1871) are specimens of idyllic calm hardly surpassed, we think, by any of the great models of our literature. In the latter story we admire the deep insight into the charms of nature, and an extraordinary faculty of symbolising its phenomena on the part of our author, which, in another place, makes him call the hawthorn bush, with the whimsical formation of its branches, the "clown of the forest," and to which the gray willows near the "workhouse, bare and gaunt," appear to "crouch like aged men." This poem also displays a rare faculty of diagnosis with regard to the finest psychological nuances of the disease described. The way in which the blind boy transfers the expressions of his sister, referring to light and shade, into the domain of sound, which alone is open to his mind, is wonderfully rendered in the following stanza, which we quote at the same time as a fair specimen of our author's diction:

" 'The river's flow is bright and clear,  
The blind boy said, 'and were it dark,  
We should no less its music hear.  
Sings not at eventide the lark?  
Still when the ripples pause, they fade  
Upon my spirit like a shade.' "

It remains to add a few words about the beautifully invented and designed ornamental cover of the charming little volume, and the illustrations by Arthur Hughes. Some of the designs are in the best style of this fertile artist, while the impression of others suffers slightly from his tendency towards the sweet and gentle. The most perfect amongst them is the charming representation of the blind boy and his sister sitting by the sea-shore. In "Old Souls" the night watchman shows a close resemblance to the form in which this worthy appears in numerous drawings of the incomparable Richter.

#### Liberty, Equality and Fraternity.

Mr. Fitzjames Stephen is well known in literary circles in England as a journalist of great ability and success, and also as an experienced and learned officer of the Government in its East Indian civil service. If we are not mistaken, however, his first published volume is that made up of critical essays

under the above title, and chiefly directed against the philosophical system, (so far as that system is concerned with practical morality,) of the late John Stuart Mill. Against the tendencies of Mr. Mill's teaching, Mr. Stephen writes in vigorous English which it is pleasant to read, and with strenuous argumentation which for the most part it is not easy to gainsay. To us in America, the discussion is at least as interesting and important as to the people of Great Britain. The tendencies of our democracy are not yet so unmistakable that we can afford to neglect the criticisms of any strong and honest thinker, even if those criticisms seem to us (as in one or two allusions to ourselves they do seem,) somewhat unintelligent and even somewhat ill-natured. That the book is a good one, as against Mr. Mill, and the extreme notions which the motto taken for its title commonly suggests, is not to be denied. Whether it is so undeniably good in itself, and in the doubts and negations to which it naturally leads, we are not ready to assert. But as a contribution to the discussion of subjects which are profoundly and practically important and which are every day assuming larger proportions and growing more urgent and perilous, it is a book which no thinker can afford to overlook.

#### Sunday School Commentaries.

Messrs. Scribner, Armstrong & Co. have recently issued with special reference to the wants of Sunday School teachers, new editions in compact and convenient forms, of Lange, Alexander, and Owen on the Gospel of Matthew. It is a gratifying proof of the increasing thoroughness of Sunday School instruction that such helps as these volumes furnish should be in demand. The characteristics of each volume are well enough known to make a detailed and extended notice unnecessary. It is sufficient to

say, that any earnest layman will find, in these scholarly and evangelical commentaries, the explanations and suggestions which he will need, to furnish him thoroughly for the work of interpreting the Gospel to his class or to himself.

#### "Bed-Time Stories."

THE children of the new generation may well be children of light, in view of all that is done for their enjoyment and profit. Some of us can remember when eight o'clock was bed-time for boys and girls, and small enough was the round of stories, written or unwritten, for us to read or hear! But now our piazzas and parlor-corners are given up to the idylls of Paul and Virginia; while for their younger brothers and sisters our cleverest artisans devise a thousand toys, our daintiest artists draw, and our most graceful and talented authors prepare, the books which give to authorship its surest wages.

This year the children have the good fortune to enlist in their service the genius and womanly tact of Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton, whose Boston literary correspondence in the *Tribune* possesses such an interest for older readers. Of the juvenile books issued in October few, we fancy, will meet a heartier approbation from those unerring critics—the little folks—than her *Bed-Time Stories*. Their title happily describes them; they are each just the length to listen to in the charmed half-hour between candle-light and dream-light, are most sweetly told, and tender with purity and goodness. The graceful dedicatory verses "To my daughter Florence" will make other children envious of the girl privileged to hear these stories from their author's lips. Mrs. Moulton's volume is tastefully brought out by Roberts Brothers, and adorned with the winsome, dimpled faces of picture-children, from the pencil of Addie Ledyard.

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#### NATURE AND SCIENCE.

##### An Order of Intellectual Merit.

EARL Stanhope has proposed in the House of Lords that an order of merit should be created, and dispensed as a reward to those who aid in the advancement of Literature, Art, or Science. In discussing the merits of this proposition, the Editor of *Nature* says; "Most of those who, not being rich men, have done most to advance scientific knowledge have done so in moments snatched from the duties imposed upon them by the necessity of procuring the wherewithal to support life. Many who do the most valuable work in science, which is generally not the work that's most volubly brought before fashionable audiences, are compelled, for bare life, to adopt some profession, and almost the only profession open to men who have qualified themselves for thorough scientific research, is the profession of

teaching. This profession, it is well known, is one demanding for the thorough performance of its duties, a very large expenditure of the highest energy as well as of time, so that men of science of the class we are speaking of, who are compelled to adopt it, have but a small amount of energy and little time left to devote to that pursuit on which their heart is set, for which their whole training has qualified them, and in which they have shown themselves competent to attain the highest results. Is it not shameful, then, nay, does it not argue the greatest blindness on the part of Government to the best interests of the country, that these men should be compelled to expend the very best of their valuable and well-skilled energies in the drudgery of a profession for which they may by no means be peculiarly fitted, merely to keep the life in their bodies, while but a very moderate expenditure on the part of the State

would enable them to devote, without dread of coming to want, the whole of their power to the pursuit of that research from which the country already has reaped the highest benefit? No man, whose opinion is of any value, not even any member of Her Majesty's Government, we believe, doubts the eminently practical utility of scientific research, and the dependence of our country for its foremost place among the nations of the world, that it should have at its disposal the highest and latest results of such research. Instead, then, of devising new and empty honors wherewith to reward men who, amid a life passed in the worry and struggle for existence, have been able to push forward scientific knowledge a short stage, let the Government bestow upon these men the means to do their work thoroughly. It will thus do greater honor to the pioneers of science, and make an investment which in a short time will be repaid a hundred fold."

#### Origin of Nerve Force.

IN a paper by Dr. A. H. Garrod, the following ingenious hypothesis regarding the production of Nerve Force is advanced. Admitting that the force in question is either identical with, or closely allied to, electricity in its properties, he then asks, where does it originate? The existence of special organs for its development in the torpedo and other creatures which exhibit external electrical phenomena, and the absence of any such organ in man and the higher animals, would seem to indicate that the production of electricity in animals requires some other form of apparatus than the nervous ganglia. In answer to this, the Doctor seeks to show that in the difference of temperature between the interior and surface of the living body, a source of energy is presented which, on thermo-electric principles, is capable of producing all the force required. The brain and minor ganglia, he adds, would then act as offices for the reception and transmission of currents in the required directions, being in fact the commutators of the system.

In support of this, the Doctor says: "There are several of the most important phenomena exhibited by the nervous system which are very satisfactorily explained on the above hypothesis. For instance, in cold weather the impulse to action is much more powerfully felt than in summer, when the air is hot; and therefore, the temperature of the surface is higher. It is well known that it is impossible to remain for more than a very short time in a hot-water bath of which the temperature is as high as, or a little higher than, that of the body, on account of the faintness which is sure to come on, and this may be reasonably supposed to be the result of the cessation of the nerve-current, which is consequent on the temperature of the surface of the body becoming the same as that of the interior. This faintness is immediately recovered from by the applica-

tion of a cold douche. When great muscular exertion has to be sustained, as in swimming or rowing, it is always necessary to have the clothes very thin and it is felt during the time that it is necessary for the continuance of the effort that the surface of the body must be kept cool."

#### Change in Habits of the Chickaree.

MR. THOMAS G. GENTRY states that during the early part of last autumn, his attention was called to the fact that the birds in a certain designated locality of Mount Airy, during the hours of the night, were undergoing a system of wholesale destruction, the work of small animals which were supposed to belong to some species of Carnivora. Laboring under this impression, and being desirous of securing a specimen or two, he started for the scene of slaughter, bent upon discovering the name and character of the animal; when within a few rods of the place, the almost deafening noise that greeted his ears from the tall trees, led him to suspect that all was not right. After reaching the spot, a few moments of anxious waiting sufficed to reveal to him the cause of the noise and the origin of the sacrifice alluded to, for sitting upon a twig just over his head, he observed a chickaree holding in its paws a bird which it had captured and from which it was very contentedly sucking the life current.

It is a well-established fact, he further remarked, as far as he had been able to verify it, that the most numerous species of Rodents, with but two exceptions at the most, subsist principally or entirely upon vegetable matter, especially the hard parts of plants, such as nuts, bark, and roots.

This habit of imitating the propensities of the Mustelidae, or weasels, he thought might have arisen from the habit which some squirrels possess, possibly the one under consideration, of sucking the eggs of birds; the blood-sucking habit he assumed to be an out-growth from the other. (*Proceedings of Academy of Sciences, Philadelphia*).

#### Steam in Vessels.

THE increased price of coal in England is causing the reagitation of the question of the use of steam as an auxiliary power in ships. A writer in *Iron* says: A vessel for a long voyage should be of the following dimensions:—Length, 300 feet; breadth, 40 feet; depth of hold, 24 feet, with accommodations for passengers, officers and crew on deck, and a pair of direct acting engines placed in the after part of the vessel, below the main deck, capable of working to about 150 horse power, with boilers to maintain a steam pressure of 60 pounds per square inch. The consumption of coal would be about 72 cwt. per diem, and the speed, with a folding screw propeller, about six knots in a calm. In a sailing vessel built from my design, the best day's work was from 330 to 360 miles for nine days. It appears to be a great pity to dispense

with sails, when such results can be obtained, and if a small auxiliary power were introduced as above described, into a proper proportioned vessel, it would be the most economical and effectual carrier for ocean navigation.

#### Memoranda.

H. C. VOGEL finds that the light emitted by the sun is less intense near the edges of the solar disk than at the center; comparing the latter with a point three-fourths of the solar radius from the center the relations are as 48 to 35. The difference is, in his opinion, caused by the absorption power of the photosphere.

*Iron* states that Russia possesses valuable coal deposits of enormous extent, one of black gas coal on the river Kama being especially valuable.

PROFESSOR HUXLEY, the recently appointed Lord Rector of the University of Aberdeen, proposes certain changes in the medical examinations. German or French is to take the place of Greek in the preliminary examination, and the examinations in Natural History and Botany are to take place earlier in the course.

AN octopus in the Brighton Aquarium has deposited a number of eggs. These she vigilantly guards, usually encircling or concealing them within a coil of one or more of her snake-like arms, and vigorously repelling the approach of any of her comrades in the same tank.

P. CARLES states that the alkaloids are distributed through all the layers of cinchona bark, but that quinine is in much greater proportion in the epidermis than in the liber, the proportion diminishing regularly from the outside to the inside.

A REPORT was recently read by a committee of the Master Mechanics' Association of Baltimore, in which it is recommended that on railroads traversing lime districts it would be an economy to construct rain sheds and reservoirs for the collection of the water to be used in the locomotives, and so avoid the formation of incrustations and the expense of the repairs required in consequence.

MR. JOHN AITKEN has observed, that after the same water had been melted and frozen a number of times, it generally burst the tube in which it was frozen. This he explains on the hypothesis that ice containing air is viscous and adapts itself to the form of the vessel; by repeated freezings the air is removed, and the pure ice being less or but little viscous will not so easily adapt itself to the enclosing walls.

P. HAVREY finds that the lime in calcareous or limestone waters forms an insoluble soap with the suint of wool, and that this interferes with the effects the dyer wishes to produce. This is especially the case when fustic, madder or cochineal are used.

M. BÉCHAMP states in the *Medical Gazette* of Bordeaux, that he believes alcohol is a physiological product of the liver. In the course of his experiments he obtained sufficient alcohol from the excreta of a person whose diet was free from alcohol to determine it by the alcoholometer.

THE *Mining Journal* recommends the use of pulverized fuel in the manufacture of iron. It states that the iron made in this manner will bear a greater tensile strain when reheated and rolled once than that which has been reheated and rolled three times by the ordinary process.

BROMIDE of calcium, in doses of from 15 to 30 grains, is recommended by Dr. Hammond as an excellent hypnotic. It must be kept in the dry state, as the solution decomposes quickly.

MR. COWIE, of Shanghai, in China, has observed the passage across the sun's disk of an object which he thinks is a planet nearer to the sun than Mercury. Prof. Daniel Kirkwood, by comparing Mr. Cowie's observations with other recorded dates of similar phenomena, concludes that they indicate the existence of an interior planet, whose year is 34 days, 22 hours and 32 minutes.

AT a meeting of the Massachusetts Horticultural Society the subject of mowing off the leaves of strawberries was discussed. It was generally agreed that the effect was to produce a more vigorous and healthy foliage with increased strength in the flower buds and roots.

THE urgent necessity of examining the fastenings by which balconies are attached to houses is demonstrated by the recent death of Mr. James Simon, who stepped on a balcony to speak to some friends, when the front rail, which was wedged into the stone by a wooden wedge that had rotted, gave way, and he fell on the spikes of the iron railing below.

MR. H. B. Cornwall finds that the zinc blende from West Ossipee, N. H., contains a notable amount of indium.

OF surface waters Professor Newberry observes: There is much apprehension in the public mind in regard to the purity of the water of streams which drain the surface of our own and other countries. Water in itself is a disinfectant, and a large volume of water, when exposed to the air, so rapidly "fines" itself by the oxidation of its organic impurities, that when cooled and settled or filtered to remove its suspended ingredients, the water of most of our streams is even more palatable and wholesome than that taken from wells.

PURE dry oxygen does not cause the oxidation or rusting of iron. Moist oxygen has only a feeble action. Dry or moist pure carbonic acid has no action, but oxygen containing traces of carbonic acid acts rapidly on iron, producing first a protoxide, then a carbonate of the same oxide, and lastly a mixture of protoxide and hydrated sesquioxide. (Prof. Calvert.)

In the Italian *Chemical Gazette* S. Pollacci shows that the interior of the grape contains more acid than the exterior, and that the fruit is ripe not when the sugar ceases to increase but when the acid ceases to diminish, the latter being subsequent to the former.

A straw-burning engine is on exhibition at the Vienna Exhibition. From a series of experiments

the straw fuel is found to be equal to about one-fifth its weight of coal.

THE paper that stood the Boston fire the best was what paper-makers call poor paper, or that heavily "clayed." The parchment paper used for bonds and legal documents shriveled up and the writing thereon was rarely legible. Print was often deciperable when writing was illegible.

## ETCHINGS.

### A FORLORN HOPE.

"Ten thousand a year, and so fair and *petite* !  
Well, a cottage with Jessie, and all things *en suite* ;  
By Jove ! I'm hard up, and the end of my rope  
I must shape in the conjugal noose," said Fred  
Hope.



FRED.

They had many a tryst, neath a shady old ash,  
Where he played his fine eyes, pulled his tawny  
moustache—  
Jessie shook her small head, all sunlight and curls,  
"Ah, you've said the same things to a hundred  
young girls!"

But Fred placed his hand where his heart ought to be,  
Said he'd flirted, but ne'er been in love until she  
Crept into his heart ; and he blessed his dear fate—  
"If you're earnest," said Jessie, "we're young, we  
can wait."

Alas ! many are promised that never are matched,  
And chickens are counted that never are hatched.  
Even mice have outwitted the wisdom of man,  
And Fred's castle-buildings are *châteaux d'Espagne*.

On the hotel piazza, 'neath midnight's bright stars,  
Sipping "Widow Cliquot," smoking fragrant cigars,  
Sit Fred and his crony, young Tony McVay,  
And the confab grows louder, more rapid, and gay.

Do listeners ever hear good of themselves ?  
And why should dear Jessie, most wakelof of elves,  
Be sitting behind her own green *jalousie*,  
And hear her name spoken by Tony McV.?

"Now tell me about her (here fill your glass, Fred.)—  
The girl with the big eyes and jolly red head."  
"Well she's not over bright," said the hopeful young  
roué,  
And tapping his head, "there's *appartements à louer*."

"I've been very spooney—made love to her aunty,  
(She's an orphan you know)—I've read Byroh and  
Dante.

She's ten thousand a year—I was getting the blues—  
*Et que vouliez vous*, Tony, *Le roi il s'amuse*."

Ten o'clock the next morning, the stage to the West  
Swings up to the porch, and like bird to her nest  
Sinks Jessie all smiling—not sad and forlorn—  
Unconscious that ever Fred Hope had been born :  
Till he stammers: "Why Jessie, there's something  
amiss !"

"Yes sir, I'm a miss, and I'll stay one till this  
'Not over bright' head shall be furnished with  
brains  
That may prompt me to go within doors when it  
rains.



JESSIE.

"So good-bye ! we are starting ; for your kindness to  
aunty

I really do thank you ; when again you read Dante  
Don't forget the inscription, it will bring me to mind  
'All ye who here enter, leave hope [Fred] behind !'"